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SHAKESPEARE

J. PAYNE COLLIER

VOL. III.

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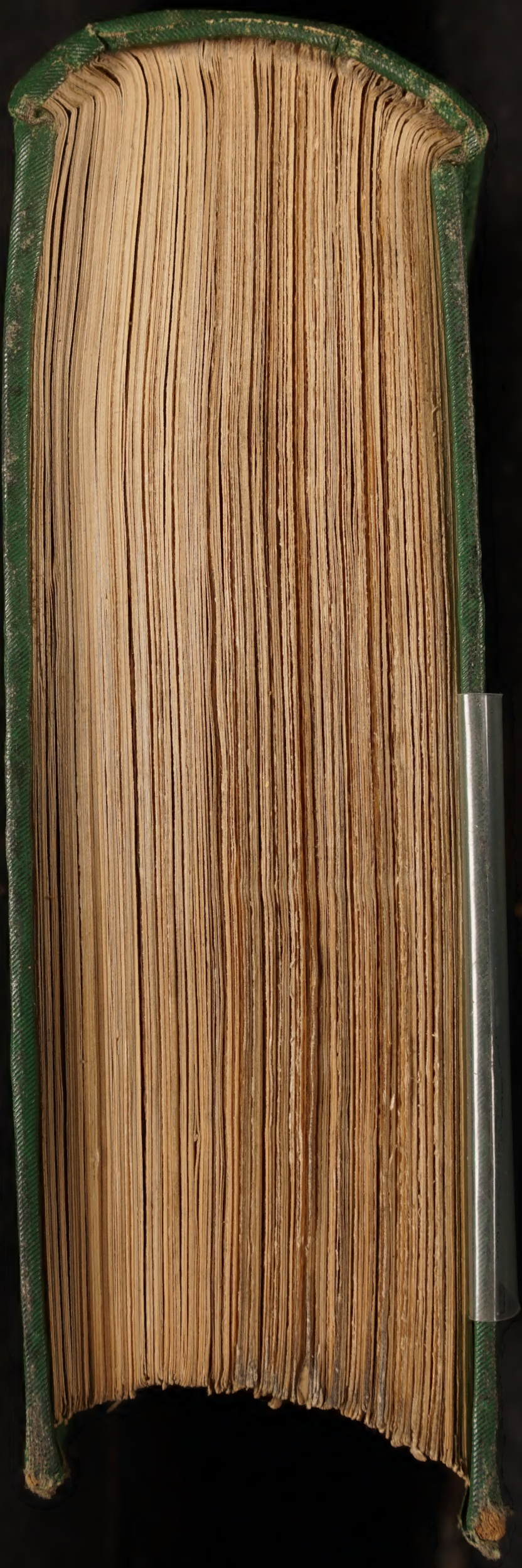

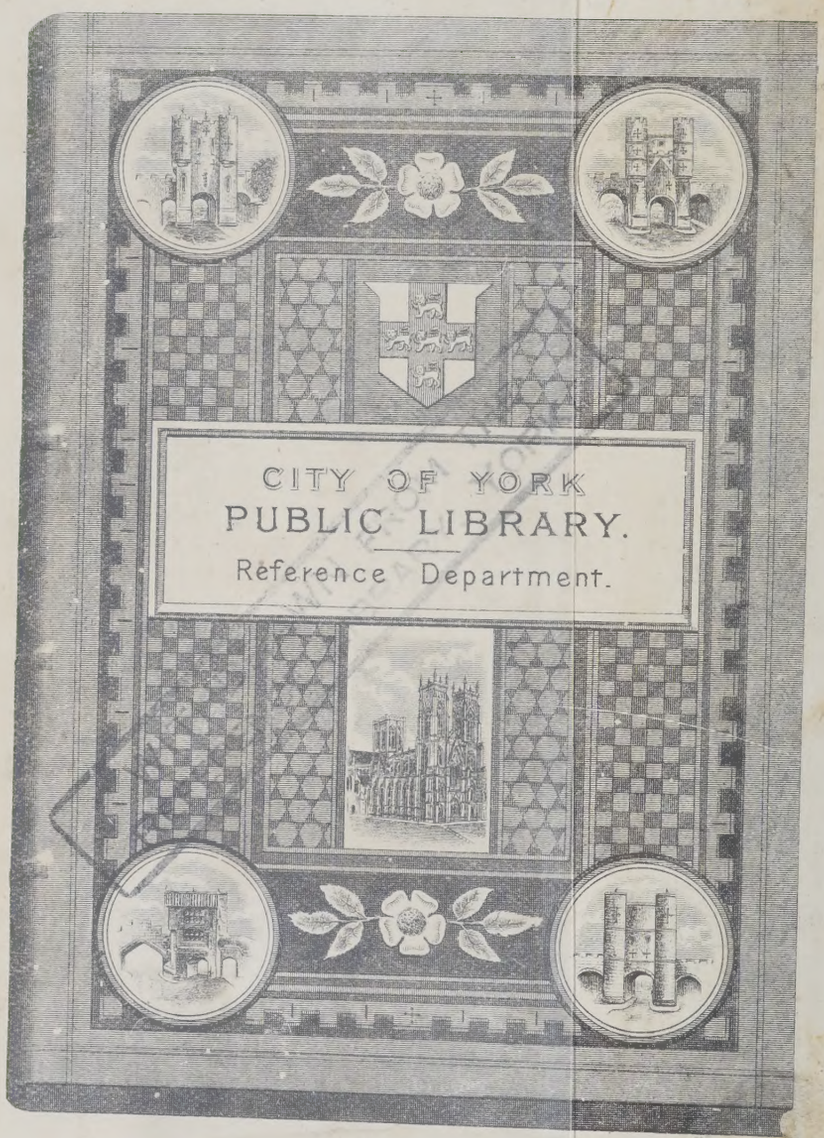
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SHAKESPEARE'S

COMEDIES,

HISTORIES, TRAGEDIES, AND

POEMS.

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ., F.S.A.

NEW EDITION.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

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THE WINTER'S TALE.

"The Winters Tale" was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-seven pages, viz. from p. 277 to 303, and is the last in the division of "Comedies." The back of p. 303 is left blank and unpaged. The later folios adopt the same arrangement.

INTRODUCTION.

LITTLE doubt can be entertained, that "The Winter's Tale" was produced at the Globe, very soon after that theatre had been opened for what might be called the summer season in 1611. In the winter, as has been well ascertained, the king's players performed at "the private house in the Black-friars," and they usually removed to the Globe, which as "a public theatre" was open to the sky, late in the spring.

Three pieces of evidence tend to the conclusion, that "The Winter's Tale" was brought out early in 1611: the first of these consists of the following entry, recently brought to light, in the account of the Master of the Revels, Sir George Buc, from the 31st of October, 1611, to the same day, 1612:

> "The 5th of November: A play called the winters nightes Tayle."

No author's name is mentioned, but the piece was represented at Whitehall, by "the king's players," as we find stated in the margin, and there can be no hesitation in deciding that "the winters nightes Tayle" was Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale." The fact of its performance has been established by Mr. Peter Cunningham, in his "Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court," printed for the Shakespeare Society in 1842, p. 210[1]. "The Winter's Tale" was probably selected on account of its novelty and popularity[2].

[1] From the Introduction to the same work, we find that "The Winter's Tale" was also represented at court on Easter Tuesday, 1618.

[2] The expenses of eleven other plays are included in the same account, viz. "The Tempest," "King and no King," "The City Gallant," "The Almanack," "The Twins' Tragedy," "Cupid's Revenge," "The Silver Age," "Lucretia," "The Nobleman," "Hymen's Holiday," and "The Maid's Tragedy." At most, only one of these had been printed before they were thus acted, and some of them never came from the press. "The Nobleman," by Cyril Tourneur, was entered at Stationers' Hall for publication on 15th February, 1611. "Lucretia" may have

The second piece of evidence on this point has also lately been discovered. It is contained in a MS. Diary, or Note-book, kept by Dr. Simon Forman, (MSS. Ashm. 208.) in which, under date of the 15th May, 1611, he states that he saw "The Winter's Tale" at the Globe Theatre: this was the May preceding the representation of it at Court on the 5th November. He gives the following brief account of the plot, which with some ingenuity includes all the main incidents:—

"Observe there how Leontes, king of Sicilia, was overcome with jealousy of his wife with the king of Bohemia, his friend that came to see him; and how he contrived his death, and would have had his cup-bearer to have poisoned [him], who gave the King of Bohemia warning thereof, and fled with him to Bohemia. Remember, also, how he sent to the oracle of Apollo, and the answer of Apollo that she was guiltless, and that the king was jealous, &c.; and how, except the child was found again that was lost, the king should die without issue; for the child was carried into Bohemia, and there laid in a forest, and brought up by a shepherd; and the king of Bohemia's son married that wench, and how they fled into Sicilia to Leontes; and the shepherd having showed the letter of the nobleman whom Leontes sent, it was that child, and [by] the jewels found about her, she was known to be Leontes' daughter, and was then sixteen years old. Remember, also, the rogue that came in all tattered, like Coll Pipci, and how he feigned him sick, and to have been robbed of all he had; and how he cozened the poor man of all his money, and after came to the sheep-sheer with a pedlar's packe, and there cozened them again of all their money. And how he changed apparel with the king of Bohemia's son, and then how he turned courtier, &c. Beware of trusting feigned beggars or fawning fellows."

We have reason to think that "The Winter's Tale" was in its first run on the 15th May, 1611, and that the Globe Theatre had not then been long opened for the season.

The opinion that the play was then a novelty, is strongly confirmed by the third piece of evidence, which Malone met with late in life, and which induced him to relinquish his earlier opinion, that "The Winter's Tale" was written in 1604. He found a memorandum in the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, dated the 19th August, 1623, in which it was stated that "The Winter's Tale" was "an old play formerly allowed of

been a different play from Heywood's "Rape of Lucrece," which bears date in 1608: if so, there is no exception, and all that came from the press were printed subsequently to 1611-12, the earliest in 1613, and the latest in 1655. Hence a strong inference may be drawn, that they were all dramas which had been recommended for court-performance by novelty and popularity.

by Sir George Buc." Sir George Buc was Master of the Revels from October, 1610, until May, 1622 (Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry, i. pp. 374. 420): he must, therefore, have licensed "The Winter's Tale" between October, 1610, when he was appointed to his office, and May, 1611, when Forman saw the play at the Globe.

It might have been composed by Shakespeare in the autumn and winter of 1610-11, with a view to its production on the Bank-side, as soon as the usual performances by the King's players commenced there. Sir Henry Herbert informs us, that when he gave permission to revive "The Winter's Tale" in August, 1623, "the allowed book" (that to which Sir George Buc had appended his signature) "was missing." It had no doubt been destroyed, when the Globe Theatre was consumed by fire on 29th June, 1613.

"The Tempest" and "The Winter's Tale" were both acted at Whitehall, and included in Sir George Buc's account of the expenses of the Revels from October, 1611, to October, 1612[3]. How much older "The Tempest" might be than "The Winter's Tale," we have no means of determining; but there is a circumstance which shows that the composition of "The Tempest" was anterior to that of "The Winter's Tale;" and this brings us to speak of the novel upon which the latter is founded.

As early as the year 1588, Robert Greene printed a tract called "Pandosto: The Triumph of Time," better known as "The History of Dorastus and Fawnia," the title it bore in some of the later copies. As far as we now know, it was not reprinted until 1607, and a third impression appeared in 1609: it afterwards went through many editions[4]; but it seems not unlikely that Shakespeare was directed to it, as a proper subject for dramatic representation, by the third impression which came out the year

[3] The circumstance that "The Tempest" and "The Winter's Tale" were both acted at court at this period, and that they might belong to nearly the same date of composition, seems to give great additional probability to the opinion, that Ben Jonson alluded to them in the following passage in the Induction to his "Bartholomew Fair," which was acted in 1614, while Shakespeare's two plays were still high in popular favour:—"If there be never a *Servant-monster* i' the *Fair*, who can help it, he says? nor a nest of *Anticks?* He is loth to make nature afraid in his *Playes*, like those that beget *Tales*, *Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries*." The Italic type and the capitals are as they stand in the original edition in folio, 1631. Gifford (Ben Jonson's Works, Vol. iv. p. 370) could not be brought to acknowledge that the words "Servant-monster," "Antics," "Tales," and "Tempests," applied to Shakespeare, but with our present information the fact seems hardly disputable.

[4] How long it continued popular, may be judged from the fact that it was printed as a chap-book as recently as the year 1735, when it was called "The Fortunate Lovers; or the History of Dorastus, Prince of Sicily, and of Fawnia, only daughter and heir to the King of Bohemia," 12mo.

before we suppose him to have commenced writing his "Winter's Tale[5]." In many respects our great dramatist follows Greene's story very closely, as may be seen by some of our notes in the course of the play, and by the recent republication of "Pandosto" from the unique copy of 1588, in "Shakespeare's Library." There is, however, one remarkable variation, which it is necessary to point out. Greene says:—

"The guard left her" (the Queen) "in this perplexitie, and carried the child to the king, who, quite devoide of pity, commanded that without delay it should be put in the boat, having neither sail nor rudder to guide it[6], and so to be carried into the midst of the sea, and there left to the wind and wave, as the destinies please to appoint."

The child thus "left to the wind and wave" is the Perdita of Shakespeare, who describes the way in which the infant was exposed very differently, and probably for this reason:—that in "The Tempest" he had previously (perhaps not long before) represented Prospero and Miranda turned adrift at sea in the same manner as Greene had stated his heroine to have been disposed of. When, therefore, Shakespeare came to write "The Winter's Tale," instead of following Greene, as he had usually done in other minor circumstances, he varied from the original narrative, in order to avoid an objectionable similarity of incident in his two dramas. It is true, that in the conclusion Shakespeare has also made important and most judicious changes in the story; since nothing could well be more revolting than for Pandosto (who answers to Leontes) first to fall dotingly in love with his own daughter, and afterwards to commit suicide. The termination to which our great dramatist brings the incidents is at once striking, natural, and beautiful, and is an equal triumph of judgment and power.

It is, perhaps, singular that Malone, who observed upon the "involved parenthetical sentences" prevailing in "The Winter's Tale," did not in that very peculiarity find a proof that it must have been one of Shakespeare's later productions. In the Stationers' Registers there is no earlier entry of it than that of Nov. 8, 1623, when the publication of the first folio was contemplated by Blount and Jaggard: it originally appeared in that volume, where it is

[5] In a note upon a passage in A. iii. sc. 2, a reason is assigned for thinking that Shakespeare did not employ the first edition of Greene's novel, but in all probability that of 1609, which had recently been published.

[6] Here we have a singular illustration of the way in which words were, of old, not unfrequently misrepresented, in consequence of mishearing: instead of "neither sail nor *rudder* to guide it," the oldest edition of the novel of "Pandosto" has "neither sail nor *other* to guide it:" the compositor printed, or the scribe wrote, *other* instead of "rudder."

regularly divided into Acts and Scenes: the "Wynter's Nighte's Pastime," noticed in the registers under date of May 22, 1594, must have been a different work. If any proof of the kind were wanted, we learn from two lines in "Dido, Queen of Carthage," by Marlowe and Nash, 1594, 4to, that "a winter's tale" was a then current phrase:—

> "Who would not undergoe all kind of toyle
> To be well stor'd with such *a winter's tale?*" Sign. D 3 b.

In representing Bohemia to be a maritime country, Shakespeare adopted the popular notion, as it had been encouraged since 1588 by Greene's "Pandosto." With regard to the prevailing ignorance of geography, the subsequent passage from John Taylor's "Travels to Prague in Bohemia," a journey performed by him in 1620, shows that the satirical writer did not consider it strange that an alderman of London was not aware that a fleet of ships could not arrive at a port of Bohemia:—"I am no sooner eased of him, but Gregory Gandergoose, an Alderman of Gotham, catches me by the goll, demanding if Bohemia be a great town, and whether there be any meat in it, and whether the last fleet of ships be arrived there." It is to be observed, that Shakespeare reverses the scene of "Pandosto," and represents, as passing in Sicily, what Greene had made to occur in Bohemia. In several places he more verbally followed Greene in this play, than he did even Lodge in "As You Like It;" but the general variations are greater from "Pandosto" than from "Rosalynde." Shakespeare does not adopt one of the appellations given by Greene; and it may be noticed that, just anterior to the time of our poet, the name he assigns to the Queen of Leontes had been employed as that of a male character: in "The rare Triumphs of Love and Fortune," acted at court in 1581-2, and printed in 1589, Hermione is the lover of the heroine [7].

"The idea of this delightful drama" (says Coleridge in his Lit. Rem. vol. ii. p. 250) "is a genuine jealousy of disposition, and it should be immediately followed by the perusal of 'Othello,' which is the direct contrast of it in every particular. For jealousy is a vice of the mind, a culpable tendency of temper, having certain well known and well defined effects and concomitants, all of which are visible in Leontes, and, I boldly say, not one of which marks its presence in Othello:—such as, first, an excitability by the most inadequate causes, and an eagerness to snatch at proofs; secondly, a grossness of conception, and a disposition to degrade the object of the passion by sensual fancies and images; thirdly, a sense of

[7] It was reprinted (with four other very rare, if not unique dramas) by the Roxburghe Club in 1851.

shame of his own feelings exhibited in a solitary moodiness of humour, and yet from the violence of the passion forced to utter itself, and therefore catching occasions to ease the mind by ambiguities, equivoques, by talking to those who cannot, and who are known not to be able to understand what is said to them; in short, by soliloquy in the form of dialogue, and hence a confused, broken, and fragmentary manner; fourthly, a dread of vulgar ridicule, as distinct from a high sense of honour, or a mistaken sense of duty; and lastly, and immediately consequent on this, a spirit of selfish vindictiveness."

In his lectures in 1818, Coleridge dwelt on the "not easily jealous" frame of Othello's mind, and on the art of the great poet in working upon his generous and unsuspecting nature: he contrasted the characters of Othello and Leontes in this respect, the latter from predisposition requiring no such malignant instigator as Iago.

We subjoin a ballad written by Thomas Jordan, and inserted in his "Royal Arbor of Loyal Poesie," 8vo, 1664, the foundation of which is Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale." Some circumstances are varied, and the scene transferred to Padua and Parma, and the whole serves to show how much at that date the incidents of Shakespeare's drama had gone out of popular recollection.

"*The jealous Duke, and the injured Dutchess: a story.*

"Tune, 'The Dream.'

"Of all the wedlock plagues that be
None are so fierce as jealousie,
As you shall see drawn to the life
Between a Duke and's vertuous Wife.
He was a Duke of Parma in Italy;
His lady, great with childe,
Was wronged by his jealousie:
He sends her unto prison, guiltless of crime
And in that sickly season,
When as she was near her time.

"Where afterward it came to pass
She of a childe delivered was,
A lovely daughter, which they took
And brought it to the jealous Duke;
Who in fury did protest, as before,
The infant was a bastard
And its mother was a whore.
The noble Lady, that did bring it, did cry,
The vertuous Dutchess suffer'd
Onely for his jealousie.

"The Lady being much revil'd,
She goes away, and leaves the childe.
He straight by oath enjoyns a lord,
Who made a conscience of his word,
Then, quoth the Duke, you must perform my command,
Take shipping strait, and bear this brat into a foreign land.
Leave it in any wilderness you can finde,
And let it there be nourished
Onely by the rain and winde.

"The Nobleman is griev'd to do't,
But that his oath enjoyns him to't.
The Dutchess hearing, that her childe
Was sent away to countreys wilde,
Falls in a swound (her spirits all being fled).
The word was brought unto the Duke
His wife was newly dead;
And that her last words were (her eyes waxing dim),
'Commend me to the Duke:
I ne're knew any man but him.'

"Her dying words the Duke believes;
And now, alack! too late he grieves,
For now the lord (by his command)
Is in the Duke of Padua's land;
Where he the pretty infant layes down (as he
Had sworn to the Duke) and now returns again to sea:
But (by good fate) a shepherd that lost a sheep
Was searching up and down that way,
And heard the infant weep.

"The mantle which the childe did hold
Was rich embroidered cloth of gold;
But when it was undrest, he found
The value of two thousand pound,
Besides a paper where was writ down the name.
This treasure made the shepherd straight
To grow in wealth and fame.
He bred the childe as decently as he cou'd,
But in its disposition one
Might find the parents' bloud.

"At sixteen years of age she was
The prettiest Nimph that trod the grass.
Once on a day, when she did keep
(As she suppos'd) her father's sheep,
A Gentleman, which her fair face lookt upon,
Was strucken straight in love,
And 'twas the Duke of Padua's son;
Who from that hour would every day come to see
His mistress whom he lov'd like life,
Though of a low degree.

"Much love there was betwixt them both,
Till they contracted were by oath:
Which when his father came to know,
Then did begin the lover's woe;
For with extream outrageous words he begun
To bid him leave her, or he'd never own him as a son.
The Prince did vow his love he ne're would withdraw
Although he lost his father,
And the crown of Padua.

"But having got much treasure, he
Doth with his virgin put to sea.
After a while, there was report
They're in the Duke of Parma's court.
The Duke of Padua then, for fear they should wed,
Will follow: if he finde it true,
His son shall lose his head:
But the old shepherd, fearing wrong should befall
His pretty witty daughter,
Doth resolve to finde them all.

"The Bride and Bridegroom now in state
Are going to the Temple-gate.
The Duke of Padua with his trains
Doth stop them, and forbids the banes.
And the Duke of Parma plainly sayes, that
His son did fly from him to marry with a shepherd's brat.
The Bride and Bridegroom, by both Dukes in a breath,
Commanded are to separate,
Or they shall meet in death.

"Both are content, and are led on
Unto their execution:
They were to suffer both alike.
The headsman's axe was up to strike.
'Hold!' quoth the shepherd, 'I bring strange news to town.'
The Dukes were both amazed
And the axe was straight laid down:—
'This lady sixteen years ago did I finde;
This paper and these jewels,
For the childe is none of mine.'

"The lord that bore the childe away,
Seeing the name, did boldly say
'Great Duke of Parma, this is she
Which you did send away by me.
'Tis your own daughter.' Then the Duke[s] full of tears
Embrace them both, and now another marriage day appears.
Bonfires and bells, the conduits all run with wine.
By this we see, there's nothing can
Prevent the Powers divine."

Much cannot be said in favour of the versification of this ballad, but not a few of its irregularities must have been introduced by

corruptions from time to time after its original publication, as we may suppose, in the shape of a broadside. When the theatres were closed by authority of the Parliament, and of the Puritans at the head of the state, such productions as the above were sung about the streets for public amusement; and there were no periods so prolific of ballads as those when playhouses were first erected, and were struggling for existence, and when, being entirely prohibited, the poets and ballad-makers endeavoured to find some substitute for the loss of dramatic representations. It is very clear, from various passages, that Jordan had in his mind not Greene's Novel of "Pandosto," but Shakespeare's play of "The Winter's Tale;" and the wonder is that, with such an exquisite original before him, a writer of admitted talents could make so little of his subject, and degrade it to so humble a level.

It deserves remark, as already hinted, that in Jordan's time the error of making Bohemia a sea-coast country had become so apparent, that he felt it necessary, even when addressing himself to the population of the thoroughfares of London, to make the change of Parma for Sicily, and of Padua for Bohemia. The close relationship established by James I. between England and Bohemia had called general attention to the geographical situation of the latter. In our own day, it has been thought necessary in this respect to restore what some may consider "dramatic propriety," and at the same time to smother the poetry and pathos of Shakespeare in the trumpery of tinsel, and the daubery of scene-painting. It is the greatest literary blessing that could have been conferred on our nation, that Shakespeare wrote at a period when the mechanical deficiencies of his art in a manner compelled him to gratify the ears rather than glut the eyes of his contemporaries. It cannot be too often stated, that from the period of the introduction of scenery we date the decline of English dramatic poetry.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.
MAMILLIUS, young Prince of Sicilia.
CAMILLO,
ANTIGONUS,
CLEOMENES,
DION,
} Lords of Sicilia.
ROGERO, a Gentleman of Sicilia.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
POLIXENES, King of Bohemia.
FLORIZEL, Prince of Bohemia.
ARCHIDAMUS, a Lord of Bohemia.
AUTOLYCUS, a Rogue.
A Mariner.
Gaoler.
An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, his Son.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
Time, the Chorus.

HERMIONE, Queen to Leontes.
PERDITA, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
PAULINA, Wife to Antigonus.
EMILIA, a Lady attending the Queen.
MOPSA,
DORCAS,
} Sheperdesses.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.

[1] An imperfect list of characters is appended to the play in the four folios under the title of "The Names of the Actors." Rowe completed it.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sicilia. An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.

Enter Camillo *and* Archidamus.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed,—

Cam. Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been so royally

attorney'd[1], with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies, that they have seemed to be together, though absent, shook hands, as over a vast[2], and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject[3], makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, *and Attendants.*

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne

[1] — have been so royally attorney'd,] "So" is from the corr. fo. 1632, and is necessary to the sentence: it, no doubt, escaped in the press.

[2] — shook hands, as over a VAST,] This is the reading of the first folio: the second has it, "shook hands, as over a vast *sea*," which, being an unnecessary addition, is here rejected. "Vast" is employed substantively, and, as Steevens observed, Shakespeare uses it for the *sea* in "Pericles," A. iii. sc. 1:

"Thou God of this great *vast*, rebuke these surges."

In "The Tempest" also we have the expression of the "*vast* of night." This opportunity may be taken to mention, that the line in "Hamlet," A. i. sc. 2, which is printed in the folio, 1623,

"In the dead *waste* and middle of the night,"

is given in the earliest 4to. of 1603, in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire,

"In the dead *vast* and middle of the night."

[3] — one that, indeed, PHYSICS the SUBJECT,] Here, as in "Measure for Measure," A. iii. sc. 2, (and perhaps A. ii. sc. 4,) the word "subject" is used in a plural sense for "subjects." The expression "physics the subject" means, gives the subjects of the king, or the state generally, health and vigour.

Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should for perpetuity
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one we-thank-you many thousands more
That go before it.
Leon. Stay your thanks awhile,
And pay them when you part.
Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence; that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
"This is put forth too truly[4]." Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.
Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.
Pol. No longer stay.
Leon. One seven-night longer.
Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.
Leon. We'll part the time between's then; and in that
I'll no gain-saying.
Pol. Press me not, beseech you[5].
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as your's could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,
Were in your love a whip to me, my stay

[4] "This is put forth too truly."] We leave the old reading unchanged, although the corr. fo. 1632 instructs us to print as follows:—

——————— "*May there* blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too *early*."

The image in the mind of the old corrector was the "sneaping" or *nipping* winds in spring, which might induce people to say that buds have put forth *too early*. The expression, we admit, is awkward "that may blow," &c., but Polixenes means to state his fears, that his anticipations of misfortune at home might have been indulged too truly. Warburton hastily condemns the passage as "nonsense," and some corruption is pretty evident, which the annotator on the folio, 1632, has not in our opinion remedied. The poet's meaning is clear, though the wording of the passage may be defective.

[5] Press me not, beseech you.] The old copies have *so* at the end of this line, which whether we regard metre or meaning is mere surplusage. The corr. fo. 1632 omits it, most properly, as an interpolation.

To you a charge, and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.
Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.
Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly: tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd. Say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.
Leon. Well said, Hermione.
[*He walks apart* [6].
Her. To tell he longs to see his son were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—
Yet of your royal presence [*To* POLIXENES.] I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
To let him there a month behind the gest
Prefix'd for's parting [7]: yet, good deed [8], Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock, behind
What lady should her lord [9]. You'll stay?
Pol. No, madam.
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not, verily.

[6] He walks apart.] This stage-direction is in MS. in the corr. fo. 1632, and it shows, most likely, the custom of the actor of the character of Leontes to turn away, while Hermione urges her suit to Polixenes. This course seems very judicious: he *comes forward* with the words "Is he won yet?"

[7] To LET him there a month, behind the GEST
Prefix'd for's parting:] *i. e.* I will give him leave to *detain* himself there a month beyond the time arranged for his departure. "Gest" was a term employed with reference to the royal progresses, and meant a place of abiding for a certain period. Malone properly derives it from the French *giste*.

[8] — yet, good DEED,] The second folio has it "good *heed*," which is not less forced than to take "good deed" in the sense of *indeed*. In the old copies the two words are in parenthesis.

[9] I love thee not A JAR O' THE CLOCK behind
What lady SHOULD her lord.] "A jar o' the clock" is a *tick* of the clock; "jar" being used for *tick* by many writers of the time. The words "what lady *should* her lord" have hitherto stood very unintelligibly, "what lady she her lord." The emendation is made on the authority of the old MS. corrector of the first folio belonging to Lord Ellesmere. "Should" was perhaps written, in the MS., from which the printer composed the first folio, with an abbreviation, which he misread *she*, and it is repeated in all the later folios, one having copied from the other. It is also "*should* her lord" in the corr. fo. 1632.

Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Though you would seek t' unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, "Sir, no going." Verily,
You shall not go: a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest, so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner, or my guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.
Pol. Your guest then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.
Her. Not your jailor then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and your's, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordings then.
Pol. We were, fair queen.
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.
Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?
Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd [1]
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, "not guilty;" the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary our's.
Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.
Pol. O! my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to's [2]; for

[1] The doctrine of ill-doing, NO, nor dream'd] The folio, 1623, omits "no," which is found in the folio, 1632, and probably was accidentally omitted by the compositor, confused by "no" and "nor," following each other. The measure is improved, and the meaning strengthened by "no."

[2] Temptations have since then been born TO's;] If, with Malone, we read "to us" as two syllables, the verse is redundant: therefore, to show that the two words were to form one syllable, they are printed "to's" in the old copies.

In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl:
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.
Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils: yet, go on;
Th' offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any, but with us.
Leon. Is he won yet? [*Coming forward.*
Her. He'll stay, my lord.
Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.
Her. Never?
Leon. Never, but once.
Her. What? have I twice said well? when was't before?
I pr'ythee, tell me. Cram's with praise, and make's[3]
As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride 's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we clear an acre. But to the good[4]:
My last good deed was to entreat his stay;
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: when?
Nay, let me have't; I long.
Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,

[3] I pr'ythee tell me. CRAM's with praise, and MAKE's] *i. e.* "Cram *us* with praise and make *us*:" but, for the sake of the metre, the old copies, by their mode of printing, inform us that "cram us" and "make us" were each to be read as one syllable. Such doubtless was the mode in which the words were written in the MS. used by the old compositor, and we may presume that in this form they came from the pen of Shakespeare. This remark will apply to "to's," on the preceding page, and to various other portions of this play.

[4] With spur we CLEAR an acre. But to the GOOD:] These are two emendations obtained from the corr. fo. 1632: "clear" was misprinted *heat*, and "good" *goal*. Hermione reverts from her simile to the "good" Leontes had imputed to her. The compositor misread "good" *goal*, erroneously thinking that the figure derived from horsemanship was still carried on.

And clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter,
"I am your's for ever."
Her. It is Grace, indeed!
Why, lo you now! I have spoke to the purpose twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband,
Th' other for some while a friend.
[*Giving her hand to* POLIXENES.
Leon. [*Aside.*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me:—my heart dances,
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty's fertile bosom[5],
And well become the agent: 't may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer[6]; O! that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?
Mam. Ay, my good lord.
Leon. I' fecks[7]?
Why, that's my bawcock[8]. What! hast smutch'd thy nose?—
They say, it is a copy out of mine.
Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling[9]
[*Observing* POLIXENES *and* HERMIONE.
Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?

[5] From BOUNTY's fertile bosom,] This was Malone's judicious emendation, and it accords with the corr. fo. 1632: the old wording is "from bounty, fertile bosom:" the printer perhaps mistook the *s* of the Saxon genitive for a comma, which he therefore placed after "bounty."

[6] ——— and then to sigh, as 'twere
The MORT o' the deer;] The "*mort* o' the deer" is the death of the deer. Leontes probably likens the violence of the supposed sighs of Hermione to the long blast of a horn at "the mort o' the deer;" or, it may be, to the heavy sighs of the animal while dying.

[7] I' fecks?] Steevens supposes this exclamation to be a corruption of *i' faith*: it is as likely to be a corruption of *in fact*—if indeed they are not the same.

[8] Why, that's my BAWCOCK.] Perhaps, says Steevens, from *beau* and *coq*.

[9] Still virginalling] *i. e.* Playing with her fingers, as on the *virginals*.

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.
Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have [1],
To be full like me:—yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs: women say so,
That will say any thing: but were they false
As our dead blacks [2], as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye [3]: sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop!—Can thy dam?—may't be [4]?

[1] Thou want'st a rough PASH, and the shoots that I have,] Holloway, in his "General Dictionary of Provincialisms," 8vo, 1838, informs us that "pash" in Cheshire signifies the *brains*, and that "mad pash" is the same as *mad brains*. "Pash" may be taken in this place for the *head*, for which Malone states it is used in Scotland. The meaning of Leontes is therefore quite evident: by the "rough pash" we are to understand the hair on the forehead of a bull, which Mamillius wants, as well as the "shoots," *i. e.* the budding horns, which Leontes fancies he feels on his forehead.

[2] As OUR DEAD blacks,] *i. e.* Blacks for the dead, *mourning*, which Leontes emphatically calls "false," inasmuch as it often does not represent the real state of feeling of the wearer. It is misprinted "As o're dy'd blacks" in the folio, 1623, and hence some commentators have fancied that the allusion was to the want of permanence in *o'er-dyed* blacks. Leontes is speaking generally of mourning, then commonly called "blacks," and "*our dead* blacks" (the happy emendation in the corr. fo. 1632) means only our blacks worn for the dead. It would be waste of time and space to quote proofs that "blacks" was the ordinary term for mourning in the time of Shakespeare; but we may be allowed to add the following apt quotation made by Steevens from "The Old Law," by Massinger, Middleton, and Rowley:—

> —— "*Blacks* are often such dissembling mourners,
> There is no credit given to't, it has lost
> All reputation by *false* sons and widows:
> I would not hear of *blacks*."

[3] Look on me with your WELKIN eye:] *i. e. Blue* eye,—the colour of the welkin, or what we commonly call the blue sky.

[4] Can thy dam?—may't be?] All that follows to the end of the speech is erased by the old corrector of the folio, 1632: perhaps he did not understand it, and probably it was, in his time, omitted on the stage. We shall attempt no explanation of it, beyond stating that, in all likelihood, "affection" is to be taken for *imagination*, and "intention," not for *design* or purpose but, for *intentness*, or vehemence of passion. Not one of the commentators, ancient or modern, has concurred with another on the poet's meaning, and there can be little hesitation in coming to the conclusion that mishearing, misrecitation, and misprinting have contributed to the obscuration of what, possibly, was never very intelligible to common readers or auditors. All that is clear is that Leontes, watching the conduct of Polixenes and Hermione, misinterprets their actions, and feeds his own jealousy, concluding that their object was criminal and that he was to be the sufferer. This notion he gives vent to in various abrupt sentences, the connexion of which is entirely mental, but their general import is sufficiently clear.

Affection, thy intention stabs the centre:
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams;—(how can this be?)—
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then, 'tis very credent[5],
Thou may'st co-join with something; and thou dost;
(And that beyond commission;) and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.
Pol. What means Sicilia?
Her. He something seems unsettled.
Pol. How, my lord!
Leon. What cheer? how is't with you, best brother[6]?
Her. You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you mov'd, my lord?
Leon. No, in good earnest.—
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, my thoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years[7], and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash[8], this gentleman.—Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money[9]?
Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

[5] Then, 'tis very CREDENT,] In "Measure for Measure," A. iv. sc. 4, we have had "credent," as here, used for *credible*.

[6] What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?] There is no reason for taking this passage from Leontes, and adding it, as was done by Malone and Steevens, to the preceding exclamation of Polixenes, "How, my lord!" The old copies are uniform in the present distribution of the dialogue: Leontes is endeavouring to recover himself, and breaks from a fit of abstraction with the line, "What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?"

[7] ———————— Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, MY thoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years,] In the old copies it stands, "*me* thoughts I did recoil," and so it has been since usually printed. A MS. correction in Lord Ellesmere's copy shows that *me* has been inserted for *my*.

[8] This squash,] *i. e.* This immature peascod. We have had the word already in "Midsummer-Night's Dream," A. iii. sc. i, and in "Twelfth-Night," A. i. sc. 5.

[9] Will you take eggs for money?] This phrase was proverbial for putting up with an affront, and so it was understood by Mamillius.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole[1]!—My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of our's?
Pol. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all.
He makes a July's day short as December;
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.
Leon. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us show in our brother's welcome:
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap.
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.
Her. If you would seek us,
We are your's i' the garden[2]: shall's attend you there?
Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky.—[*Aside.*] I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him;
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband.
[*Exeunt* POLIXENES, HERMIONE, *and Attendants.*
Gone already!
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one!—
Go play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too, but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go play, boy, play.—There have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, (even at this present,
Now, while I speak this,) holds his wife by th' arm,

[1] — why, happy man be his DOLE!] *i. e.* May happiness be his *portion.* See "The Taming of the Shrew," A. i. sc. 1, p. 457.

[2] We are your's i' the garden:] In Greene's novel of "Pandosto," we read, "When Pandosto was busied with such urgent affaires that hee could not bee present with his friend Egistus, Bellaria would walke with him into the garden, where they two in privat and pleasant devises would passe away the time to both their contents." Shakespeare's Library, Part i. p. 7.

That little thinks she has been sluic'd in's absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour. Nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for't there is none:
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south: be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly: know it;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage. Many a thousand on's [3]
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?
Mam. I am like you, they say [4].
Leon. Why, that's some comfort.—
What, Camillo there?
Cam. Ay, my good lord.
Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.—
[*Exit* MAMILLIUS.
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.
Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.
Leon. Didst note it?
Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.
Leon. Didst perceive it?—
They're here with me already; whispering, rounding [5],
"Sicilia is a"—so-forth. 'Tis far gone,

[3] Many a thousand ON'S] Malone prints it "of us;" but if he chose to alter *on* to *of*, he ought, for the sake of the verse, to have read *of's*: "on's" was the language of the time, and is so still in the provinces.

[4] I am like you, THEY say.] The second folio inserts "they," after "you," while the first folio has "I am like you say." It may possibly be doubted whether we ought not to read, "I am like you, *you* say;" the old printer having omitted the repetition of the pronoun *you*. Leontes has previously told Mamillius that they are said to be alike,

"Yet *they say* we are
Almost as like as eggs."

The authority of the second folio is to be preferred to any merely conjectural emendation; and "they" may have dropped out in the press.

[5] They're HERE WITH ME already; whispering, ROUNDING,] "They're here with me" means, "They are aware of my condition." *Rounding* is another word for *whispering*: "to round in the ear" is a very common phrase in old writers. "To round," or *roun*, is derived from the German *raunen*; but still in this place, in Prof. Mommsen's edition, the translation is *sie flüstern, murmeln*.

When I shall gust it last [6].—How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be't: good should be pertinent;
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks:—not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals,
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes [7],
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think, most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy
The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom: I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon't [8], thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes honesty behind [9], restraining
From course requir'd; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,

[6] When I shall GUST it last.] *i. e.* *Taste* or perceive it last, while other people are already whispering and rounding regarding it.

[7] — lower MESSES,] *i. e.* People who sit at lower, or more removed tables. Each four diners at an inn of court are still said to constitute a *mess*.

[8] To BIDE upon't,] *i. e.* To *abide* upon it, equivalent to, it is my confirmed opinion. The expression is so common and intelligible that we should scarcely have thought a note needed, if the Rev. Mr. Dyce had not judged it right to be so explanatory about it in his "Few Notes," p. 79: nevertheless he furnishes only two instances, but they could easily be multiplied, with much waste of time and space, and no additional information.

[9] — HOXES honesty behind,] To "hox" is properly to *hough* or ham-string.

And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.
Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful:
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest. These, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of: but, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me: let me know my trespass
By its own visage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.
Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt; you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think it [1])
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought, then say,
My wife's a hobbyhorse [2]; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say't, and justify't.
Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear

[1] ——————— (for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think IT)] Some copies of the second folio add *it* after "think," but in other copies it is wanting; and had we not found it inserted in MS. in the corr. fo. 1632 we should have been of opinion that it was needless, being clearly understood. However, as it is printed in some copies of the folio, 1632, and as it is written into that before us, we place it in the text. It certainly avoids an apparent truism.

[2] My wife's a HOBBYHORSE;] All the old folios read "holy horse," which is corrected in MS. in Lord Ellesmere's copy to "hobby horse."

My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken. 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.
Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes blind
With the pin and web[3], but their's, their's only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that is in't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.
Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.
Leon. Say, it be; 'tis true.
Cam. No, no, my lord.
Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both. Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.
Cam. Who does infect her?
Leon. Why he, that wears her like her medal[4], hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: who—if I

[3] With the PIN AND WEB,] *The pin and web* was the old name for a cataract in the eyes: thus Florio, in his "New World of Words," 1611, informs us that *cataratta* is "a dimness of sight, occasioned by humours hardened in the eyes called a cataract, or *a pin and a web*." This explanation is wanting in Florio's first edition, 1598. "The pin and the web" are again mentioned in "King Lear," A. iii. sc. 4.

[4] Why he, that wears her like HER medal,] So the old copies, meaning a medal *of her*; but some of the later editors have altered it to "*his* medal," which is any thing but an improvement. In the corr. fo. 1632 it is changed, less questionably, but still erroneously, to "like *a* medal," meaning a medallion.

Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer [5],—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship, who may'st see,
Plainly as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am gall'd,—thou might'st bespice a cup [6],
To give mine enemy a lasting wink,
Which draught to me were cordial.
Cam. Sure, my lord [7],
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram, that should not work
Maliciously, like poison; but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,—
Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot.
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
(Which to preserve is sleep; which, being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps,)
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince, my son,
(Who, I do think is mine, and love as mine)
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench [8]?
Cam. I must believe you, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't;
Provided that, when he's remov'd, your highness

[5] His cup-bearer,] Greene, in his novel of "Pandosto," says, that "devising with himself a long time how he might best put away Egistus, without suspicion of treacherous murder, he concluded at last to poyson him; which opinion pleasing his humour, he became resolute in his determination, and the better to bring the matter to passe he called unto him his cup-bearer," meaning the cup-bearer of Egistus. Shakespeare's Library, Part i. p. 9.

[6] How I am gall'd,—THOU might'st bespice a cup,] The second folio repeats *thou* before "might'st;" and probably rightly, as the measure shows.

[7] SURE, my lord,] So the corr. fo. 1632, for "Sir, my lord" of the old editions, and it is evidently the true text: Camillo means that he could certainly do it, and with ease, not by a hastily working draught, but by a slow and unsuspected poison.

[8] Could man so BLENCH?] To *blench* is to *start off:* Shakespeare often uses the word in this sense. Leontes means, "could any man so start or fly off from propriety of behaviour." Such is the correct interpretation of Steevens.

Will take again your queen, as your's at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to your's.
Leon. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down.
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.
Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.
Leon. This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.
Cam. I'll do't, my lord.
Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. [*Exit.*
Cam. O, miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: if I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't; but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear't.—I must
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange. Methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good-day, Camillo.
Cam. Hail, most royal sir!
Pol. What is the news i' the court?
Cam. None rare, my lord.
Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him

With customary compliment, when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not! Do you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with 't.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well?
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable. Therefore, mark my counsel,
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as

I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me
Cry, "lost," and so good-night.
Pol. On, good Camillo.
Cam. I am appointed him to murder you [1].
Pol. By whom, Camillo?
Cam. By the king.
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to't [2]—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.
Pol. O! then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best [3]!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read!
Cam. Swear his thought over [4]
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As, or by oath, remove, or counsel, shake,
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.
Pol. How should this grow?
Cam. I know not; but, I am sure, 'tis safer to

[1] I am appointed HIM to murder you.] *i. e.* says Boswell, "I am appointed *by him* to murder you." Surely not: the meaning is, "I am appointed the man who is to murder you."

[2] To VICE you to't,] "To vice," had a very general signification in the time of Shakespeare; here it means, to draw as by a mechanical power. Warburton's mistaken notion was, that there was some allusion in the text to the character called the Vice in old Moralities.

[3] Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best!] *i. e.* Be coupled with that of Judas Iscariot. "Best," as Henderson remarked, is printed with a capital; but so are "jelly," "name," "reputation," "nostril," and "infection," in the same speech. However, there can be no doubt that such is the allusion.

[4] Swear his thought over] So the old copies; with, perhaps, sufficient intelligibility, taking "Swear his thought over" in the sense "Overswear his thought:" Theobald would read "Swear this though over;" and such is the emendation in the corr. fo. 1632, but nevertheless we refrain from inserting it, as the old text seems to us perfectly clear. What the old annotator here gives was perhaps the practice of the stage in his day, which it is curious to learn.

Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth, which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemned by the king's own mouth,
Thereon his execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand:
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready [3], and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and, as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me;
Good expedition be my friend: heaven comfort
The gracious queen, part of his dream [6], but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo:
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns. Please your highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir: away! [*Exeunt.*

[3] My ships are ready,] In Greene's novel of "Pandosto," the fleet which conveyed Egistus (*i. e.* Polixenes) has to be prepared for sea on the instant. Shakespeare, most judiciously, has taken care that they shall be ready to sail.

[6] Good expedition be my friend: HEAVEN comfort
The gracious queen, part of his DREAM,] Here we meet with two instances of mishearing: it is "*and* comfort" in the old copies, instead of "heaven comfort," and "part of his *theme*" instead of "part of his dream," viz. his dream of jealousy. These two words being set right, as they are in the corr. fo. 1632, the difficulty which has perplexed all commentators vanishes. Every body has seen the necessity of some change, but nobody has ventured to make it.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Same.

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and Ladies.*

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.
1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord;
Shall I be your play-fellow?
Mam. No, I'll none of you.
1 *Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?
Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
I were a baby still.—I love you better.
2 *Lady.* And why so, my lord?
Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semi-circle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.
2 *Lady.* Who taught this[7]?
Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now,
What colour are your eyebrows?
1 *Lady.* Blue, my lord.
Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.
2 *Lady.* Hark ye.
The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days, and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.
1 *Lady.* She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her!
Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you?—Come, sir; now
I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.
Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be?

[7] Who taught this?] All modern editors read, "Who taught *you* this?" but "you" is not in any of the old copies, and is not necessary for the sense or metre. It is an interpolation without excuse.

Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale's best for winter.
I have one of sprites and goblins.
Her. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on; sit down:—come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites: you're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man,—
Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard.—I will tell it softly;
Yond' crickets shall not hear it.
Her. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, *Lords, and Others*[8].

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?
1 *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them: never
Saw I men scour so on their way. I ey'd them
Even to their ships.
Leon. How bless'd am I
In my just censure! in my true opinion!—
Alack, for lesser knowledge!—how accurs'd,
In being so blest!—There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart[9],
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
Is not infected; but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts[1].—I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander.—
There is a plot against my life, my crown:
All's true that is mistrusted:—that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him.
He has discover'd my design, and I

[8] Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and Others.] Their entrance is marked in the folios at the beginning of the scene, which was not unusual, but of course it takes place here.

[9] — and one may drink, DEPART,] We are strongly tempted to substitute the reading of the corr. fo. 1632, viz. "and one may drink *a part*," for why after drinking was the drinker necessarily to "depart?" It was easy to mishear *a part*, and to write it or print it "depart." *A part* can mean nothing but a portion of the contents of the cup.

[1] With violent HEFTS.] *i. e. Heavings.* Not "the things which are heaved up," but the act of heaving. In A. ii. sc. 3 we have the expression "needless *heavings*," and not "hefts."

Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will[2].—How came the posterns
So easily open?

1 *Lord.* By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.—
Give me the boy. [*To* HERMIONE.] I am glad, you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her.
Away with him; and let her sport herself
With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say he had not,
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, "she is a goodly lady," and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
"'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable:"
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech) and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha (these petty brands,
That calumny doth use,—O! I am out:—
That mercy does, for calumny will sear
Virtue itself)—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said "she's goodly," come between,
Ere you can say "she's honest." But be't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adultress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,

[2] For them to play at will.] Heath's explanation is, that Leontes means that he remains "a puppet for them to move and actuate as they please." This is probably the correct interpretation of the passage; and puppets are moved and played by pinching them between the finger and thumb.

Polixenes for Leontes. O, thou thing!
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said
She's an adultress; I have said with whom:
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
A feodary with her [3], and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.
Her. No; by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
You did mistake.
Leon. No; if I mistake [4]
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top.—Away with her to prison!
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.
Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are, the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns

[3] A FEODARY with her,] It is "a *federary* with her" in the early editions, but a clear misprint for "feodary," the word in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632. Steevens calls it "a word of our author's coinage," but it was certainly a word of the old printer's manufacture; for that Shakespeare used the right word there is abundant evidence, since it occurs in the sense of confederate (which it means here) in "Measure for Measure," A. ii. sc. 4, and in "Cymbeline," A. iii. sc. 2: this is the only place in which it is spelt *federary*.

[4] No; if I mistake] Malone and Steevens, taking upon them to improve Shakespeare's versification, printed "No, no; if I mistake." There is no reduplication of the negative in the old copies, nor in the corr. fo. 1632, and we therefore reject it as an interpolation. Single "No" is more emphatic.

Worse than tears drown. Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
The king's will be perform'd.
Leon. Shall I be heard? [*To the Guards.*

Her. Who is't, that goes with me?—Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it.—Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know, your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have leave.
Leon. Go, do our bidding: hence! [*Exeunt* HERMIONE *and Ladies.*

1 *Lord.* Beseech your highness, call the queen again.
Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.
1 *Lord.* For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you t' accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven, and to you: I mean,
In this which you accuse her.
Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep me stable[5] where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.
Leon. Hold your peaces!
1 *Lord.* Good my lord,—

[5] — I'll keep ME STABLE] So the corr. fo. 1632: the old reading has been—

"I'll keep *my stables* where
I lodge my wife;"

but nobody has explained how Antigonus was to secure the chastity of his wife the more by keeping her in his "stables," among his grooms. He means merely that he will take care to keep himself constantly near his wife,—"I'll keep *me stable* where I lodge my wife,"—in order that she may not offend in the way unjustly charged against Hermione. In the German Antigonus is made to say that he will stand sentry over his wife; *so will ich Schildwacht halten bei meiner Frau.*

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves.
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the villain!
I would lamback him[6]. Be she honour-flaw'd,—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven,
The second, and the third, nine, and some five[7];
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld them all: fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations. They are co-heirs,
And I had rather glib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.
Leon. Cease! no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose; but I do see't, and feel't,
As you feel doing thus, and see withal
The instruments that feel[8].
Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty:
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.
Leon. What! lack I credit?
1 *Lord.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion,
Be blam'd for't how you might.

[6] I would LAMBACK him.] There is little doubt that the compositor erred in printing "lamback" *land-damn*, because his eye caught the word "damn'd" exactly above in the preceding line. "I would lamback him" means I would beat or belabour him, but how it came to mean that is doubtful. To *lamm*, according to Skinner, is *ictibus permolere* (hence, perhaps, a *mill* is slang for a fight), which is exactly the sense required; but the termination of the word "lamback" seems inexplicable, unless it have some relation to the cudgel, or *baculum*, with which the blows were inflicted, or to the "back" receiving them. The corrector of the fo. 1632 erases *land-damn*, and inserts "lamback," and we may conclude, perhaps, that that was Shakespeare's word. We meet with "lamback" in the *unique* drama of "The rare Triumphs of Love and Fortune," 1589:—

"Heare you, sirra: you are no devill: mas, and I wist you were,
I would *lamback* the devill out of you, for all your geare."

Again, in Munday and Chettle's "Death of Robert Earl of Huntington," 1601:

"And with this dagger lustily *lambacked*."

[7] The second, and the third, nine, and some five;] *i. e.* The second nine, and the third some five.

[8] ——————— and see withal
The instruments that feel.] Leontes, at these words, must be supposed to take hold of Antigonus: "The instruments that feel" are of course his fingers. The passage is erased in the corr. fo. 1632.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which, if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not,
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly our's.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
But only seeing[9], all other circumstances
Made up to the deed) doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For in an act of this importance 'twere
Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd in post
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency. Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

1 *Lord.* Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us:
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.

[9] ——— nought for APPROBATION
But only seeing,] *i. e.* That required no other *proof* excepting sight, all other circumstances being complete.

Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. The outer Room of a Prison.

Enter PAULINA *and Attendants.*

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him:
[*Exit an Attendant.*
Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,

Re-enter Attendant, with the Jailor [1].

You know me, do you not?
Jailor. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.
Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.
Jailor. I may not, madam: to the contrary
I have express commandment.
Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
Th' access of gentle visitors!—Is't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?
Jailor. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.
Paul. I pray now, call her.—
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Attend.*
Jailor. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.
Paul. Well, be't so, pr'ythee. [*Exit Jailor.*
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

[1] Re-enter Attendant, with the JAILOR.] So called in the old copies; from which there is no reason to vary, by calling the "Jailor" *Keeper*, as has been done by modern editors. They took a similar liberty in "The Comedy of Errors," where the "Jailor" of the folios was converted into "an Officer."

Re-enter Jailor, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?
Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together. On her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.
Paul. A boy?
Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't, says, "My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you."
Paul. I dare be sworn:—
These dangerous, unsane lunes i' the king[2], beshrew them!
He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more.—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen:
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child:
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.
Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship

[2] These dangerous, UNSANE LUNES i' the king,] The word "lunes" does not occur in any other English dramatist of the time, but *moon* is used precisely in the same sense in Cyril Tourneur's "Revenger's Tragedy," 1608, A. iii. sc. 1:—

"I know 'twas but some peevish *moon* in him."

Shakespeare is partial to "lunes," and it is met with in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," A. iv. sc. 2, if not in "Troilus and Cressida," A. ii. sc. 3, where the word is, however, misprinted *lines* in the folios. Cotgrave has "*lune* folie;" and Theobald derives the phrase from the French, in which "il y a de la lune" is a familiar expression. The corr. fo. 1632 changes "unsafe" to *unsane*, which certainly is more appropriate, and to say that the king's lunes are "dangerous" and *unsafe* is mere tautology. Malone and Steevens take some credit for correcting "i' the king" into "o' the king;" but where was the necessity or even propriety of the change?

To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer,
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.
Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.
Emil. Now, be you blest for it!
I'll to the queen.—Please you, come something nearer.
Jailor. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.
Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
The child was prisoner to the womb, and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Freed and enfranchis'd; not a party to
The anger of the king, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.
Jailor. I do believe it.
Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, *Lords, and other Attendants.*

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest. It is but weakness
To bear the matter thus, mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being, part o' the cause,
She, th' adultress; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she
I can hook to me: say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who's there?
1 *Atten.* My lord.
Leon. How does the boy?

1 *Atten.* He took good rest to-night:
'Tis hop'd, his sickness is discharg'd.
Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely:—go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Attend.*]—Fie, fie! no thought of him[3]:—
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance[4];—let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, *with a Child.*

1 *Lord.* You must not enter.
Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me.
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas!
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.
Ant. That's enough.
1 *Atten.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.
Paul. Not so hot, good sir:

[3] Fie, fie! no thought of HIM:—] *i. e.* Of Polixenes, to whom the thoughts of Leontes naturally revert without naming him. Coleridge called this, in his lectures, we think, in 1812, an admirable instance of propriety in soliloquy, where the mind leaps from one object to another, however distant, without any apparent interval; the operation here being perfectly intelligible without mentioning Polixenes. The king is talking to himself, while his lords and attendants stand at a distance.

[4] And in his parties, his ALLIANCE;] So, in Greene's novel: "Pandosto, although he felt that *revenge* was a spurre to warre, and that envy alwaies proffereth steele, yet he saw Egistus was not only of great puissance and prowesse to withstand him, but also had many kings of his *alliance* to ayde him, if neede should serve; for he married the Emperour's daughter of Russia. These and the like considerations something daunted Pandosto his courage, so that he was content rather to put up a manifest injurie with peace, than hunt after revenge, dishonor, and losse; determining, since Egistus had escaped scot-free, that Bellaria should pay for all at an unreasonable price." Shakespeare's Library, Part i. p. 14.

I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho [5]?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference,
[*Coming forward.*
About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How?—
Away with that audacious lady. Antigonus,
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me:
I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leon. What! canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me for committing honour) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo, you now! you hear.
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dares
Less appear so in comforting your evils [6],
Than such as most seem your's,—I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say, good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

[5] WHAT noise there, ho?] The first folio reads *who:* the error was corrected in the second folio.

[6] — in COMFORTING your evils,] "Comforting" is here used, as Monck Mason observes, in the legal sense of *comforting* and abetting a person in any criminal action.

Leon. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me. On mine own accord I'll off,
But first I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter:
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.
[*Laying down the Child.*
Leon. Out!
A mankind witch[7]! Hence with her, out o' door;
A most intelligencing bawd!
Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me, and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.—
Thou, dotard, [*To* ANTIGONUS.] thou art woman-tir'd[8], unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here.—Take up the bastard:
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone[9].
Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess by that forced baseness[10]
Which he has put upon't!
Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So I would you did; then, 'twere past all doubt,
You'd call your children your's.
Leon. A nest of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any,

[7] A MANKIND witch!] *i. e.* A *masculine* witch: "mankind" was frequently used in this sense. In "Coriolanus," A. iv. sc. 2, Sicinius asks Volumnia, "Are you *man kind?*" meaning, are you of the male sex?

[8] — thou art WOMAN-TIR'D,] *i. e.* In familiar terms, *hen-peck'd:* "dame Partlet," which Leontes just afterwards mentions, was the proverbial name for a hen, obtained originally, perhaps, from "Reynard the Fox," and it occurs in Chaucer. To *tire on* is to peck at, and rend with the beak. In "Timon of Athens," A. iii. sc. 6, we read:—"Upon that were my thoughts *tiring*." The use of the word in that sense is not at all uncommon in our old dramatists: to *tire* and to *tear* appear to have the same etymology.

[9] — thy CRONE.] A "crone" is an old woman. Chaucer and other early poets employ the word.

[10] — by that FORCED baseness] *i. e.* "*Falsed* baseness;" and perhaps one word misheard for the other.

But one that's here, and that's himself; for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's, and will not
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leon. A callat,
Of boundless tongue [1], who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine:
It is the issue of Polixenes.
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is your's;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.—
And, thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's.

Leon. A gross hag!—
And, losel, thou art worthy to be hang'd [2],
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands

[1] ——————— A CALLAT,
Of boundless tongue,] "Callat" is sometimes spelt *callet*, and is a very old term of abuse applied to women. It seems originally to have meant merely a low mean woman, and has been derived from *calle*, which Tyrwhitt tells us is Fr. for "a species of cap," (Gloss. to Chaucer,) or from *calotte*, which Grey says was a sort of head-dress worn by country girls. In the time of Shakespeare, and much earlier, "callet" was generally used for a lewd woman, a drab. In "Henry VI.," Pt. iii. A. ii. sc. 2, we have "shameless callet;" and the word occurs again in a similar sense in "Othello," A. iv. sc. 2.

[2] And, LOSEL, thou art worthy to be hang'd,] "Losel" is a word of the commonest occurrence, in the sense of a worthless and abandoned fellow. "A losel," says Verstegan in his "Restitution," 1605, as quoted by Reed, "is one that hath lost, neglected, or cast off his own good and welfare, and who is become lewd, and careless of credit and honesty." "Losel" is from A. S. *Losian*, to lose.

That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.
Leon. Once more, take her hence.
Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
Leon. I'll ha' thee burn'd.
Paul. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak hing'd fancy) something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.
Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her!
Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis your's: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so:—farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*
Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire:
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight.
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimony) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard-brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire,
For thou sett'st on thy wife.
Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.
1 *Lord.* We can: my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
Leon. You're liars all.
1 *Lord.* Beseech your highness, give us better credit.

We have always truly serv'd you, and beseech you [3]
[*Kneeling.*
So to esteem of us; and on our knees we beg,
(As recompense of our dear services,
Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel.
Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows.—
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:—
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;
[*To* ANTIGONUS.
You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life,—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as thy beard's grey [4],—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?
Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.
Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.
Ant. I will, my lord.
Leon. Mark, and perform it, seest thou; for the fail
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,

[3] — and beseech YOU] "You" is from the corr. fo. 1632, and there is little doubt that it had dropped out at the end of the line.

[4] So sure as THY beard's grey,] The old MS. corrector of Lord Ellesmere's copy of the folio, 1623, altered "this" into *thy*, which, probably, was the true reading. Leontes could not, of course, refer to his own beard; and in order to make "*this* beard" intelligible, he must have touched or plucked that of Antigonus.

On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse, or end it. Take it up.
Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
[*Taking up the Child.*
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed doth require!—and blessing
Against this cruelty fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [*Exit with the Child.*
Leon. No; I'll not rear
Another's issue.
1 *Atten.* Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.
1 *Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.
Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'tis good speed, foretels,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords:
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Same. A Street in some Town.

Enter CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Cleo. The climate's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle[5], the temple much surpassing

[5] Fertile the ISLE,] *i. e.* The *isle* of Delphos. Warburton points out a geogra-

The common praise it bears.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks, I so should term them) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!
Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.
Dion. If th' event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be 't so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.
Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.
Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end the business: when the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)
Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Even then, will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh horses;—
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. A Court of Justice.

Enter LEONTES, *Lords, and Officers.*

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief we pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried,
The daughter of a king; our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd

phical blunder here, inasmuch as the temple of Apollo at Delphi was not on an island, but in Phocis on the continent. This is of course true; but Shakespeare had "isle" from Greene, in whom the error was less excusable, as he was Master of Arts in both Universities. In "Pandosto," Bellaria requests "that it would please his Majestie to send sixe of his noble men, whom he best trusted, to *the isle of Delphos*, there to inquire of the Oracle of Apollo, whether she had committed adultery with Egistus, or conspired to poyson him with Tranion." Shakespeare's Library, Part i. p. 20.

Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.—
Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court. [*Silence*[6].

Enter HERMIONE, *to her trial, guarded;* PAULINA *and Ladies attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.

Offi. "Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night[7]."

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say, "Not guilty:" mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus:—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do)

[6] SILENCE. The word *Silence* is printed as a stage-direction in the first folio, without any indication of the entrance of the queen, &c. This deficiency the second folio supplies merely by the word "*Enter*," which follows "*Silence.*" The third and fourth folios adopt the course of the second. Malone and other modern editors have chosen to take "*Silence*" as an exclamation of the officer: so it might certainly be; but the printer of the folio, 1623, did not so understand it, and the editor of the folio, 1632, when supplying an obvious omission, did not think fit to alter the reading: neither was any change made by the old corrector of the folio, 1632. The word *Silence* was probably meant to mark the suspense, that ought to be displayed by all upon the stage, on the entrance of Hermione to her trial. The German editor has seen the fitness of this course, and puts in parenthesis the words *allgemeines Stillschweigen.*

[7] — to fly away by night.] These are nearly Greene's words:—"it was objected against her that she had committed adulterie with Egistus, and conspired with Tranion to poyson Pandosto, her husband; but their pretence being partly spyed, she counselled them to flie away by night, for their better safety." Shakespeare's Library, Part i. p. 19. In both Shakespeare and Greene the word "pretence" is used in the sense of *intention;* but this was common to most writers of the time.

I doubt not, then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience [8].—You, my lord, best know,
(Who least will seem to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me,
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe [9]
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have stray'd, t' appear thus [1]; if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, "Fie!" upon my grave.
Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.
Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.
Leon. You will not own it.
Her. More than mistress of,

[8] Tremble at patience.] Shakespeare here also adheres pretty closely to the terms of the novel, where Bellaria thus commences her defence:—"If the devine powers bee privy to humane actions, (as no doubt they are) I hope my patience shall make fortune blushe, and my unspotted life shall staine spightfull discredit." Shakespeare's Library, Part i. p. 22.

[9] — which OWE] *i. e.* Which *own*, as repeatedly before, and afterwards.

[1] Have STRAY'D, t' appear thus;] The old copies have *strain'd* for "stray'd," to which the word is amended in the corr. fo. 1632. The fact seems to be that "stray'd" was misheard or misprinted *strain'd*, and although a not inapplicable meaning may be extracted from it, "stray'd" must in all probability have been the poet's word. By "encounter so uncurrent" we must understand merely, so unusual a course.

Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd) I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you, and toward your friend, whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely
That it was your's. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams [2],
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams:
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it.—As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact are so) so past all truth [3],
Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it) so thou
Shall feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats:
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek [4].

[2] My life stands IN THE LEVEL of your dreams,] A metaphor from gunnery: to stand *in the level* means to be the object at which direct aim is taken.

[3] ——— As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact are so) so past all truth,] "And as for her, it was her parte to denye such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the fact, since shee had past all shame in committing the fault." Greene's "Pandosto," in Shakespeare's Library, Part i. p. 19.

[4] The BUG, which you would fright me with, I seek.] *i. e.* the *bugbear*. "Bug"

To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet: with immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion: lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit[5]. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not.—No: life,
I prize it not a straw; but for mine honour,
(Which I would free) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge.

1 *Lord.* This your request
Is altogether just. Therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle,

[*Exeunt several Officers.*

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:
O! that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial; that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought

strictly means a demon, from *Puke*, Isl. and Sw. *diabolus*. It has the same meaning and etymology as Puck.

[5] I have got STRENGTH OF LIMIT.] *i. e.* Before I have recovered a limited degree of strength: Monck Mason's interpretation.

This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. [*Reads.*] "Hermione is chaste [6], Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found [7]."

Lords. Now, blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle.
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O sir! I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed [8], is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry, and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [HERMIONE *faints.*] How now there!

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen.—Look down,
And see what death is doing.

[6] "Hermione is CHASTE,] "Is *cast*," says the folio, 1632; but it is altered to "chaste" by the old corrector, and it is "chaste" in the folio, 1623, and in the folios of 1664 and 1685.

[7] — if that which is lost be not found."] This oracle, with the change of names, is from Greene's "Pandosto."—"Suspition is no proofe; jealousie is an unequall judge; Bellaria is chast; Egistus blamelesse; Tranion a true subject; Pandosto treacherous: his babe an innocent; the king shall die without an heire, if that which is lost be not founde." Shakespeare's Library, Part i. p. 21. The editions of "Pandosto" subsequent to that of 1588, read "his babe innocent," and "the king shall *live* without an heire," &c. Therefore, Shakespeare employed one of the later impressions; probably that of 1609, the year before we suppose him to have commenced this play.

[8] Of the queen's SPEED,] *i. e.* Of how the queen would speed in the trial.

Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.—
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon
[*Exeunt* PAULINA *and Ladies, with* HERMIONE.
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command; though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard[9]
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour.—How he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
O! cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too.

1 *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling,
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny,
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle

[9] Which you knew great, and to the CERTAIN hazard] This line, in the folio of 1623, is deficient two syllables, and the editor of the folio of 1632 supplied them by the word "certain." It is needed as far as metre is concerned, and as it is not erased in the corr. fo. 1632, we may be pretty sure that it was formerly recited on the stage, and ought to be included in our text.

For girls of nine,—O! think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad, for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee of a fool[1], inconstant,
And damnable ungrateful: nor was't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by! whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O, lords!
When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropp'd down yet.

1 *Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and see. If you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir; therefore, betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter,
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on;
Thou canst not speak too much: I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1 *Lord.* Say no more:

[1] That did but show thee of a FOOL,] Theobald would read *soul* for "fool;" and Warburton, "that did but show thee *off* a fool." No change seems necessary; but in "Twelfth-Night," A. v. sc. 1, p. 723, we have, however, seen "soul" misprinted *fool*, and such may have been the case here. As a mere matter of taste we might prefer "soul," but no such emendation is found in the corr. fo. 1632.

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.
Paul. I am sorry for't:
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas! I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman. He is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief: do not receive affliction
At repetition, I beseech you[2]; rather,
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too. Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.
Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth, which I receive much better,
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son.
One grave shall be for both: upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it.—Come, and lead me
To these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

[2] At REPETITION, I beseech you;] Paulina sees that she has gone too far, and has moved the grieved king too much. She repents, therefore, the recapitulation she has made, in her speech beginning "What studied torments," &c. of the consequences of his jealousy, and says, as the text stands in the corr. fo. 1632,

——— "do not receive affliction
At *repetition*, I beseech you;"

viz. at the repetition of the misfortunes Leontes has brought upon himself. The usual reading, that of all the folios, has been "at *my petition;*" but it is a decided corruption, arising from the word "repetition" having been misheard "my petition." Mr. Singer's unhappy guess of "at my *relation*" shows that he was aware of a defect, but did not know how to amend it, without unwilling resort to the change introduced by the old annotator upon my second folio. There can be no doubt that "at repetition" is the true language of the poet.

SCENE III.

Bohemia. A Desert Country near the Sea.

Enter ANTIGONUS, *with the Babe*[3]; *and a Mariner.*

Ant. Thou art perfect, then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?
Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.
Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark: I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.
Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i' the land; 'tis like to be loud weather:
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon't.
Ant. Go thou away:
I'll follow instantly.
Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*
Ant. Come, poor babe.—
I have heard, (but not believ'd) the spirits o' the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so o'er-running[4]: in pure white robes,

[3] Enter Antigonus, with the BABE;] It is called "Babe" in the old copies, nor can we see any ground for changing, with modern editors, "babe" to *child*, and every ground for preserving the word which, we may reasonably suppose, Shakespeare wrote.

[4] So fill'd, and so O'ER-RUNNING:] The text has hitherto been "So fill'd, and so becoming:" the emendation, from the corr. fo. 1632, appears to us incontrovertible. Hermione, in the dream of Antigonus, seemed a vessel of sorrow not only "fill'd" but "o'er-running" from the abundant tears she shed. How the blunder was made by the scribe, or by the old printer, cannot now, perhaps, be explained, but that *becoming* is a blunder for *o'er-running* cannot, we think, be disputed; and we receive the change as a welcome restoration of the poet's original

Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay, thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her:—"Good Antigonus,
"Since fate, against thy better disposition,
"Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
"Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
"Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
"There wend, and leave it crying[5]; and, for the babe
"Is counted lost for ever, Perdita
"I pr'ythee, call't: for this ungentle business,
"Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
"Thy wife Paulina more:"—and so, with shrieks
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys;
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well!
[*Laying down the Babe.*
There lie; and there thy character[6]: there these,
[*Laying down a bundle.*
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine.—The storm begins.—Poor wretch!
That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd [*Thunder.*
To loss, and what may follow.—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds, and most accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
The day frowns more and more: thou art like to have

word in a situation where it was much needed. *Uberflutend* is the German translation in *Das Wintermährchen*.

[5] "There WEND, and leave it crying;] Here, again, we are greatly indebted to the corr. fo. 1632: for "wend," *i. e. go*, the old copies have "weep;" but the spirit of Hermione did not tell Antigonus to *weep*, but to "wend" to Bohemia, and there leave the infant crying. The word "crying" probably misled the compositor, and he fancied that "wend" was *weep*, and so printed. *Dort wandle hin* is the rendering in German.

[6] — thy CHARACTER:] *i. e.* Thy *description*, with the name, "Perdita," as prescribed in the dream of Antigonus.

A lullaby too rough[7]. I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour?—
Well may I get aboard!—This is the chase;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear*[8].

Enter an old Shepherd[9].

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now! —Would any but these boiled-brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browzing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the Babe.*] Mercy on's, a barn; a very pretty barn! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one. Sure some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity; yet I'll tarry till my son come: he hallood but even now.—Whoa, ho, hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What! art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land!—but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

[7] A LULLABY too rough.] So, in "Pandosto:" "Shalt thou have the whistling windes for thy *lullabie*, and the salt sea fome instede of sweete milke?" Shakespeare's Library, Part i. p. 18. These beautiful verbal resemblances show, that Shakespeare wrote, not merely with Greene's novel in his memory, but directly under his eye.

[8] Exit, pursued by a bear.] This is the only printed stage-direction in the old copies; but the others, relating to the exposure of the child, the storm, &c. seem proper, though not absolutely necessary to the intelligibility of the text.

[9] Enter an old Shepherd.] It is worth noting that "Crooke" is written in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632, to indicate that the Shepherd was to be furnished with that appropriate property.

Clo. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service: —to see how the bear tore out his shoulder bone; how he cried to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman.—But to make an end of the ship:—to see how the sea flap-dragoned it[1];—but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them;—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy! when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman: he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship's side, to have helped her: there your charity would have lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee: look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! Look thee here: take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see. It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling[2].—Open't: what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man[3]: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go.—Come, good boy, the next way home.

[1] — to see how the sea FLAP-DRAGONED IT;] The meaning is, that the sea swallowed the ship as drinkers swallowed flap-dragons; which were almonds, or other inflammable substances on fire, set afloat, and gulped down while blazing.

[2] — this is some changeling.] Some child changed by the fairies. "Changeling" was often used synonymously with *idiot*, because the fairies were supposed to leave idiots instead of the children they took away.

[3] You're a MADE old man:] The old folios read "mad" for *made*, but Lord Ellesmere's copy is corrected in the margin. With reference to the word "made," is it not just possible, as we urged long since, that when Biron, in the old copies, calls Boyet a "*mad* man," it ought to be (as here) "made man," *i. e. manufactured* or artificially *made up* man? see "Love's Labour's Lost," A. v. sc. 2, p. 162.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings: I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry. If there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter TIME, *the Chorus.*

Time. I, that please some, try all; both joy, and terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years [1], and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
Th' effects of his fond jealousies, so grieving
That he shuts up himself, imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mention'd a son o' the king's, which Florizel

[1] ——————— that I slide
O'er sixteen years,] In Greene's "Pandosto," the supposed interval is the same: "In so much that when she came to the age of sixteene yeares," &c. Shakespeare's Library, Part i. p. 28.

I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering. What of her ensues,
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th' argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now:
If never, yet that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

The Same. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes *and* Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing, a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years, since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now. The need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou, having made me businesses, which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot) to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, pr'ythee, speak no more, whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days, since I saw the prince. What

his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown; but I have musingly noted[5], he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence; that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence, but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,—
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,—
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge[6]*;*
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

[5] — I have MUSINGLY noted,] *i. e. Thoughtfully* noted. So the corr. fo. 1632, and it is evidently right: the old text has been *missingly*, a mere error of the press; and it is to be observed that Sir T. Hanmer printed "musingly."

[6] Doth set my PUGGING tooth on edge;] It is very likely that "pugging" is

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay[7],
Are summer songs for me and my aunts[8],
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile[9]; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night;
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it[1].

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me, Autolycus; who, being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway: beating and hanging are terrors to me[2]: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

misprinted for *prigging* or thieving. The Clown afterwards uses the word "prig" for a thief. However, "a puggard" was a well known kind of cheat, and hence Autolycus may have obtained his participle. We leave it therefore "pugging," although it is amended to *prigging* in the corr. fo. 1632.

[7] With heigh! WITH HEIGH! the thrush and the jay,] The first folio has only "with heigh!" the repetition, necessary for the metre and tune, is from the second folio.

[8] — for me and my AUNTS,] "Aunt" was most commonly used for a bawd or procuress, but sometimes for a prostitute. See Dyce's Middleton, i. 441, iii. 16, &c. Richardson has no such sense of the word "Aunt."

[9] — and, in my time, wore THREE-PILE;] *i. e.* Three-pile velvet,—velvet of the richest description. We have had velvet of two pile and a half mentioned in "All's Well that Ends Well," A. iv. sc. 5, p. 613.

[1] And in the stocks avouch it.] It will require no proof that these three distinct fragments, sung by Autolycus, could not go to the same tune; and the old corrector of the fo. 1632 marks the fact in his margin, that the first three stanzas were sung to one tune, the fourth to another tune, and the fifth to a third tune. We are, nevertheless, still no nearer the tunes themselves. Much information on the subject may be obtained from the 2nd edit. of Chappell's "National English Airs," a considerable portion of which is devoted to the music of the scraps of ballads, and of the songs in Shakespeare.

[2] — beating, and hanging, are terrors to me:] He should rather have said, "hanging and beating," in order to correspond with "gallows and knock."

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see:—Every 'leven wether tods [3]; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. [*Aside.*] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

Clo. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? "Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice"—What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers; three-man song-men all [4], and very good ones, but they are most of them means and bases: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron, to colour the warden pies; mace,—dates,—none; that's out of my note: "nutmegs, seven: a race or two of ginger;" but that I may beg:—"four pound of pruens, and as many of raisins o' the sun."

Aut. O, that ever I was born! [*Grovelling on the ground.*

Clo. I' the name of me!—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags, and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir! the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee: if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come; lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*

Aut. O! good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

[3] — tods;] A *tod*, according to Percy, is twenty-eight pounds of wool.

[4] — three-man song-men all,] *i. e.* Singers of songs in three parts, or for three men; but the Clown complains that there are too few treble voices among them, most being "means and bases."

Aut. O, good sir! softly, good sir. I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir: [*Cuts his purse*[5].] good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good, sweet sir: no, I beseech you, sir. I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going: I shall there have money, or any thing I want. Offer me no money, I pray you: that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames[6]. I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say: there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it to make it stay there, and yet it will no more, not abide[7].

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a

[5] Cuts his purse.] Such is the stage-direction in the corr. fo. 1632: in other words, picks his pocket, which is the modern phrase to which it has ordinarily been altered. We preserve the old form.

[6] — TROL-MY-DAMES:] An old French game, called *trou-madame*, from the hole into which the ball was to be driven. It seems to have been very similar to what we now call *bagatelle*. In English, says Steevens, the game was also of old called *pidgeon-holes*, when the ball had to pass through the arches of a wooden bridge placed across the board.

[7] — and yet it will no more, NOT abide.] The text derived from the old impressions has always been, "and yet it will no more but abide," and the interpretation has universally been, "it will do no more than *remain for a time*;" "only sojourn or dwell for a time" are the words of the last editor. Nevertheless, this interpretation is clearly wrong, for where can it be shown that to "abide" means only to remain for a time? On the contrary, it means most emphatically to continue permanently: Johnson says to "abide" is "to dwell in a place, not remove, to stay, to remain, to be immoveable;" and Richardson tells us the same. Can the old text then be right, and have not all been in error in assigning to "yet it will no more but abide" the sense that virtue will remain at court only for a time? Certainly; yet what must have been the language of Shakespeare is restored in a moment by a very slight change, the converse of that in "Love's Labour's Lost," A. v. sc. 2, p. 174, where "but" has been, time out of mind, misprinted *not*: in the passage before us "not" has been misprinted *but*; and instead of saying that virtue will "but abide," we ought to say "*not* abide," and print the text as we have given it above, "and yet it will no more, *not* abide," meaning that however virtue may be cherished at court, it will not any the more stay, or "abide" there.

bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the prodigal son [8], and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig [9]: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he: that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was: I can stand, and walk. I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well. I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be enrolled [1], and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way [2],
And merrily hent the stile-a [3]:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

[8] — a MOTION of the prodigal son,] A "motion" was technical for a puppet-show, of which the history of the prodigal son was here the subject.

[9] Prig, for my life, prig:] Very old authorities may be cited to show that a "prig" was the cant name for a *thief*, and that "prigging" was *thieving*. See a previous note, p. 64.

[1] — let me be ENROLLED,] It is *unrolled* in the old copies, but what Autolycus means is that, if he did not perform these cheating exploits, he should deserve to have his name "enrolled" in the book of virtue as an incapable thief, and consequently excluded from "the fraternity of vagabonds." "Enrolled" is from the corr. fo. 1632.

[2] Jog on, jog on, &c.] These lines, Reed observes, are part of a catch printed in "An Antidote against Melancholy, made up in Pills, compounded of witty Ballads, Jovial Songs, and merry Catches," 1661, 4to, p. 69. "A merry heart lives long-a" is a quotation by Mrs. Merrythought, in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle:" see Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, Vol. ii. p. 148.

[3] And merrily HENT the stile-a:] To "hent" is to *take*, but properly to take with the hand: the word occurs in "Measure for Measure," A. iv. sc. 6.

SCENE III[4].

The Same. A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Flo. These, your unusual weeds, to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front[5]. This, your sheep-shearing,
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.
Per. Sure, my gracious lord[6],
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me;
O! pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it[7] with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired, so worn, I think[8],
To show myself a glass.
Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.
Per. Now, Jove afford you cause!

[4] Scene III.] This is *Scena Quarta* in the old copies, and the two previous scenes have been called *secunda* and *tertia*, the address of Time being considered by the editor of the first folio as a scene.

[5] ——— no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front.] So in "Pandosto:"—"Which attire became her so gallantly, as shee seemed to be the goddesse Flora her selfe for beauty." Shakespeare's Library, Part i. p. 29.

[6] SURE, my gracious lord,] We have here a repetition of the blunder pointed out on p. 27 of this play, where *sir* is misprinted for "sure." The emendation is from the corr. fo. 1632; and instead of *Herr*, it is *Traun* in the German edition.

[7] Digest IT] The necessary word *it* was inserted in the second folio.

[8] — SO WORN, I think,] In the old copies it is "*sworn*, I think," but indisputably a misprint for *so worn*, which is the emendation in the corr. fo. 1632. Such too was the suggestion of Jackson in his "Shakespeare Restored." Perdita tells Florizel that he is disguised as a shepherd, while she is pranked up like a goddess, and that his humble attire is worn, as it were, to show her in a glass how simply she ought to be dressed. We did not expect to see Sir T. Hanmer's *swoon* revived in our day, as if Perdita meant to say that she should be ready to faint at the sight: neither was it then at all usual to spell *swoon* as we now spell it, but *swound* and *sound:* these words could hardly be misprinted *sworn*.

To me the difference forges dread, your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did. O, the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste; since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O! but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power of the king.
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak—that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast: or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's; for I cannot be
Mine own, or any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, girl[9];
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

[9] Be merry, GIRL;] So the corr. fo. 1632, for "Be merry, gentle;" an epithet that cannot, and never did, stand alone in this way, without being followed by "maid," "lady," &c. The emendation is adopted in German, *Mädchen.*

Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO, *disguised; Clown,* MOPSA, DORCAS, *and others.*

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.
Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all; serv'd all;
Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now, i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour, and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
These unknown friends to 's welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come; quench your blushes, and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.
Per. [*To* POL.] Sir, welcome.
It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day:—[*To* CAM.] You're welcome, sir.—
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!
Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.
Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilliflowers [1],

[1] — and streak'd GILLIFLOWERS,] Pronounced of old *gillyvors*, and so spelt in the folios, both here, when the word is spoken by Perdita, and afterwards by Polixenes. The Rev. Mr. Dyce has a note ("Remarks," p. 83) in which he emphatically calls upon editors of Shakespeare to reprint the exploded form of "gillyflowers," viz. *gillyvors*. He must excuse us for saying that this is the very

Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.
Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?
Per. For I heard it said,
There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature [2].
Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather; but
The art itself is nature.
Per. So it is.
Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilliflowers,
And do not call them bastards.
Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well, and only therefore

pedantry of criticism; and he himself, not satisfied with the word, even as it stands in the old editions, after talking very gravely about hyphens and contractions, supplies an orthography of his own. It is amusing to see what false importance is sometimes given to such trifles. With regard to the old spelling of the word, both Spenser and Hakluyt, as Richardson proves, have it "gilliflowers," and in our own day such has been the universal orthography. We profess to reprint Shakespeare in modern spelling; and there is no more reason for going back to the old and corrupt spelling of *gillyvors*, or *gilly-vors*, or *gilly'vors* (upon which Mr. Dyce is so emphatic) than for going back to the spelling of any other word, such as *vild* for "vile," or *swound* for "swoon," &c. Every body knows that in Shakespeare's time there was no fixed rule of orthography, and in the very case in hand the old printer observed no uniformity. We find it "gilliflowers" in all our best dictionaries, and we cannot consent to restore the obsolete forms of our ancestors. Our edition is as nearly as possible, in point of spelling at least, what Shakespeare would have written if he had lived in our day.

[2] There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.] *i. e.* "There is an art," says T. Warton, "which can produce flowers with as great a variety of colours as nature herself." Steevens denies the existence of the art, and certain it is that Shakespeare only means, that in the piedness and colours of gilliflowers there is an art that in some sort rivals nature.

Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun,
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. You are very welcome.
Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.
Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my fair'st friend,
I would, I had some flowers o'the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and your's, and your's,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing.—O Proserpina!
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon[3]! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one. O! these I lack,
To make you garlands of, and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.
Flo. What! like a corse?
Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on,
Not like a corse; or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers.
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun-pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

[3] ——— that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon!] See Ovid, Metam. lib. v. The Rev. Mr. Dyce, in his "Few Notes," p. 70, here furnishes one which shows that another poet (B. Barnes) had spoken of "the waggon of black Dis." It would be easy to cite other instances, but we do not see how they illustrate Shakespeare, nor why it was necessary to explain that by "Dis's waggon," in the text, our poet meant "Dis's chariot:" we are not at all aware that any body ever disputed what was so palpable. We have not space for such matters.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.
Per. O Doricles!
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood, which peeps so fairly through it[4],
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.
Flo. I think, you have
As little skill to fear[5], as I have purpose
To put you to't.—But, come; our dance, I pray.
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.
Per. I'll swear for 'em.
Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does, or says[6],
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.
Cam. He tells her something,

[4] — which peeps so fairly through it,] "So" is from the corr. fo. 1632, is necessary to the measure, and had probably dropped out.

[5] As little skill to fear,] When the Rev. Mr. Dyce here adds a note (see his "Remarks," p. 83) to show that "skill" means *reason*, he ought to have said that I never for a moment questioned it: he might find various proofs of it in Richardson's Dict., without taking the trouble to search in Warner. I was so confident that the passage would be well understood, that I did not think any information of the kind necessary. Some notes are written to illustrate an author, others to illustrate a commentator: the latter may usually be omitted.

[6] — nothing she does, or SAYS,] It is "nothing she does or *seems*" in the old copies; but the corrector of the fo. 1632 tells us to read "says" for *seems*, and we readily believe him. When, in a previous part of the line, Mr. Dyce insists ("Few Notes," p. 80) that we ought to print "sward," *sword* or *sord*, we would readily comply, if "sward" were not the present mode of spelling the word in all our best dictionaries, and nearer to the etymology. Such discussions savour a little too much of Shenstone's old heroine.

That wakes her blood: look on't[7]. Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.
Clo. Come on, strike up.
Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlick,
To mend her kissing with.—
Mop. Now, in good time—
Clo. Not a word, a word: we stand upon our manners.—
Come, strike up. [*Music.*
[*Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*
Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this,
Which dances with your daughter?
Shep. They call him Doricles, and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding[8]; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it:
He looks like sooth. He says, he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.
Pol. She dances featly.
Shep. So she does any thing, though I report it,
That should be silent. If young Doricles

[7] He tells her something,
That WAKES her blood: look on't.] It was a not uncommon error for our old printers to use *m* for *w* and *vice versâ*. Such, according to the corr. fo. 1632, was the case here, *makes* having always been inserted for "wakes." Camillo calls the attention of Polixenes to the innocent blush Florizel has raised upon the cheek of Perdita, and he beautifully speaks of it as having "waked her blood," and called it up into her face. Theobald, not being aware of this error, in order to give sense to the passage, altered "on't" to *out*, altogether disregarding the apostrophe. Our lection is a most charming restoration; and the colon after blood, and before "look on't," was also inserted by the old annotator. In Marlowe's "Tamburlaine," Pt. II. A. v. sc. 1, the very same blunder is committed by the printer of the 4to, who has given the text,

"And make black Jove to crouch and kneel to me,"

when it ought unquestionably to be

"And *wake* black Jove," &c.,

as, indeed, the text stands in the early 8vo. edition. Professor Mommsen, in his edit. of *Das Wintermährchen*, has seen the improvement, and puts the passage,

"Er sagt ihr etwas,
Es weckt ihr Blut—sieh nur."

[8] To have a worthy FEEDING;] *Breeding* is the word in the corr. fo. 1632, but, although a not improbable misprint, we do not see the necessity of an alteration of what has been always the received text. We apprehend that some old actor, in the hearing of the annotator, substituted *breeding* for "feeding," and he therefore recorded it.

Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master! if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you. He sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes: no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves. He has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of "dildos" and "fadings," "jump her and thump her[9];" and where some stretch'd-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul jape into the matter[1], he makes the maid to answer, "Whoop, do me no harm, good man;" puts him off, slights him with "Whoop, do me no harm, good man[2]."

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any embroided wares[3]?

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle[4], though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses[5], cambrics, lawns: why, he sings them over, as they

[9] — of "dildos" and "fadings," "jump her and thump her;"] The burdens of old songs and ballads, mentioned in writers of the time, and employed long before and afterwards.

[1] — and break a foul JAPE into the matter,] "A foul *gap*" in the folios: a "jape" is a *jest*, and is the word in the corr. fo. 1632: the emendation is so undeniable, that Mr. Singer is compelled to borrow it.

[2] — "Whoop, do me no harm, good man."] A ballad to this tune is contained in the old romance of "Friar Bacon," printed before 1594. See Thoms's "Romances," 8vo, 1828: and Ritson informs us that the tune is preserved in Corbine's "Ayres to sing and play to the Lute and Basse Violl," fo. 1610.

[3] Has he any EMBROIDED wares?] *i. e. Embroider'd* wares: such is the alteration in the corr. fo. 1632, putting, we think, an end to the question, so debated by Tollet, Mason, Johnson, Steevens, Malone, and Boswell, upon the meaning of "*unbraided* wares," as the word is given in the original editions.

[4] — POINTS, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle,] "Points," as has been before mentioned, were tags (usually of metal) to laces and strings, for fastening or sustaining dress.

[5] — inkles, caddisses,] Malone states that *inkle* is "a kind of tape," and

were gods or goddesses. You would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-band[6], and the work about the square on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in, and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlers, that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel[7],
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy!
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come buy!

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

caddis "a narrow worsted galloon." "Inkle" is spoken of by Costard in "Love's Labour's Lost," A. iii. sc. 1. We have to thank Mr. Dyce for an authority for "caddis" or *caddas* ("Remarks," p. 83), but we may remind him that when he quotes "cruel caddas," he himself errs by making it appear as if they were two distinct commodities, when in fact "cruel caddas" is worsted riband.

[6] — he so chants to the sleeve-BAND,] So the corr. fo. 1632, and it is very intelligible: not so the old lection, sleeve-*hand*. The sleeve-band of a smock was the band of the sleeve.

[7] — POKING-STICKS of steel,] *Poking-sticks* were heated in the fire, and made use of to set the plaits of ruffs. Stowe informs us, that "about the sixteenth yeare of the queene [Elizabeth] began the making of steele *poking-sticks*, and untill that time all lawndresses used setting stickes made of wood or bone." Mr. W. B. D. D. Turnbull, of Edinburgh, in 1836, edited a re-impression of "The Anatomie of Abuses," by Philip Stubbes, from the edition of 1585: here much curious matter may be found respecting dress of the time, and especially about ruffs and "poking-sticks." The work was first printed in May, 1583, and it was so popular that it went through two editions in that year: they vary considerably.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering. Charm your tongues [8], and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace [9], and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee, how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore, it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print o'-life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

[8] CHARM your tongues, and not a word more.] There can now surely be no doubt about the expression "Charm your tongues" instead of "*Clamour* your tongues," as it has hitherto been misprinted. *Clamour* is erased in the corr. fo. 1632, and "Charm" written in the margin instead of it. No expression can be much more common, even in Shakespeare, than "Charm your tongue" to enforce silence: we have it in "The Taming of the Shrew," A. iv. sc. 2; in "Henry VI. Pt. III." A. v. sc. 5; and in "Othello," A. v. sc. 2. Instances in other dramatists are very frequent, but it is unnecessary to quote them, excepting one from "The London Prodigal," a comedy formerly imputed to our great dramatist, where a character exclaims, "Away, sirrah! charm your tongue." Malone's Suppl. ii. 466. With such clear evidence, ingenuity in supporting the old reading is thrown away. Two lines above we are instructed, on the authority of the corr. fo. 1632, to read *whisper* for "whistle" very plausibly, but the change not being distinctly called for, we do not adopt it.

[9] — a TAWDRY lace,] It was sometimes only called a *tawdry*, and it was not used for lacing, but worn as an ornament for the head or neck, as many examples might be adduced to establish. The origin of it is said to have been from St. Awdrey, so that *tawdry* has nothing necessarily to do with finery, although it had the same source.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter, and five or six honest wives' that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish[1], that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of, "Two maids wooing a man." There's scarce a maid westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear: 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

Aut. *Get you hence, for I must go,*
Whither fits not you to know[2].

[1] Here's another ballad, of a fish,] Malone would make out an allusion here to a particular publication, entered in 1604 on the books of the Stationers' Company under the following title:—"A strange reporte of a monstrous fish that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward, seene in the sea." In the first place, it does not appear that this "strange reporte" was a ballad, probably not, because it is not, as was usual in the registers, so called; and in the next place, it is out of the question to suppose that Shakespeare meant to refer to any one of the many productions of the kind, but to the whole class.

[2] WHITHER fits not you to know.] It is "*Where it* fits not you to know" in the folios, but amended in the corrected copy of that of 1632. That the emenda-

Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *O! whither?*
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy secrets tell.
Dor. *Me too: let me go thither.*

Mop. *Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:*
Dor. *If to either, thou dost ill.*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *What, neither?*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *Thou hast sworn my love to be;*
Mop. *Thou hast sworn it more to me:*
Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves.—My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk[3], and we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack after me.—Wenches, I'll buy for you both.—Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls[4].

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Aside.*

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

[*Exeunt Clown,* Autolycus, Dorcas, *and* Mopsa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three

tion is right the echoes of "whither" three times over, besides the repetition in the last line, seem to establish.

[3] — in SAD talk,] *i. e. Serious* or *grave* talk, as in "Twelfth Night," A. iii. sc. 4, Vol. ii. p. 692, and in various other places.

[4] Follow me, girls.] We may notice, as a piece of ancient stage-management, that the corr. fo. 1632 informs us, that the practice was for the Clown, Dorcas, and Mopsa here to go out, and for Autolycus to follow them as soon as he had sung, or, rather, while he was singing "Will you buy any tape," &c.: *exit after them* is there placed in the margin.

neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair: they call themselves saltiers[5]; and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't: here has been too much homely foolery already.—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us. Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire[6].

Shep. Leave your prating. Since these good men are pleased, let them come in: but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant, with Twelve Rustics habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. O father! you'll know more of that hereafter[7].—
Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—
He's simple, and tells much.—How now, fair shepherd?
Your heart is full of something, that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love as you do[8], I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love, or bounty, you were straited

[5] — they call themselves SALTIERS;] *i. e.* Satyrs, says Malone; men covered with hairy skins, to give them the appearance of satyrs; but the true explanation may be *saultiers*, *i. e.* vaulters: the servant says afterwards, that the worst of one of the *threes* "jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire." The stage-direction in the old copies after they enter is, "Here a dance of twelve satyrs," and perhaps "saltiers" is only the servant's blunder.

[6] — by the SQUIRE.] *i. e.* By the rule, Fr. *esquierre*. The same word is used in "Love's Labour's Lost," A. v. sc. 2. Vol. ii. p. 166.

[7] O father! you'll know more of that hereafter.] This is apparently the continuation of a conversation which Polixenes has carried on with the old shepherd, while the satyrs were dancing.

[8] And HANDED love as you do,] "And *handled* love as you do," corr. fo. 1632; but "handed" is very likely right.

For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.
Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are.
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O! hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow, that's bolted [9]
By the northern blasts twice o'er.
Pol. What follows this?—
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out.—
But, to your protestation: let me hear
What you profess.
Flo. Do, and be witness to't.
Pol. And this my neighbour too?
Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all;
That were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and knowledge [1],
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them,
Without her love: for her employ them all,
Commend them, and condemn them to her service,
Or to their own perdition.
Pol. Fairly offer'd.
Cam. This shows a sound affection.
Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
Shep. Take hands; a bargain:—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't.

[9] — that's BOLTED] *i. e. Sifted*, or *thrown out* by the northern blasts.

[1] — had FORCE, and knowledge,] This is the expression in all the early editions, but in the corr. fo. 1632 *sense* is put for "force." It is not unlikely that the printer blundered between the long *s* and *f*; but we do not here feel authorised to disturb the old text.

I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Flo. O! that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on;
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.
Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, your's. [*Taking their hands.*
Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you.
Have you a father?
Flo. I have; but what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does, nor shall.
Pol. Methinks, a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more:
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate[2]?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again, does nothing,
But what he did being childish?
Flo. No, good sir:
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial. Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father, (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.
Flo. I yield all this;
But for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.
Pol. Let him know't.
Flo. He shall not.

[2] — dispute his own estate?] "*Dispose* his own estate," says the old corrector of the folio, 1632, but we leave the passage unaltered. Here we may readily imagine that he was recording the variation introduced by some particular actor of his day, but "*dispose* his own estate" may be right.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.
Flo. No, he must not.
Shep. Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come, he must not.—
Mark our contract.
Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Separating them, and discovering himself.*
Whom son I dare not call: thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook?—Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that by hanging thee I can
But shorten thy life one week.—And thou fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know[3]
The royal fool thou cop'st with—
Shep. O, my heart!
Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt never see this knack[4], (as never
I mean thou shalt) we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off:—mark thou my words,
Follow us to the court.—Thou, churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body[5] more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to't. [*Exit.*
Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard; for once, or twice,

[3] — who OF FORCE must know] The common expression "of force" is equivalent to *of necessity*. See "The Merchant of Venice," A. iv. sc. 1. Vol. ii. p. 334.

[4] That thou no more shalt NEVER see this knack,] "Never" is surplusage in this line as regards the metre, but the reduplication of negatives was a common mode of writing at the time, and the word is found in all the old copies.

[5] Or HOOP his body] It is "*hope* his body" in the folio, 1623, and it is so reprinted in 1632, 1664, and 1685. The modern text has always been *hoop*, and such is the change made in the corr. fo. 1632: there could be no doubt about the right word.

I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Will't please you, sir, be gone?
[*To* FLORIZEL.
I told you, what would come of this. Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep [6].
Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou diest.
Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir!
[*To* FLORIZEL.
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now,
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust.—O, cursed wretch!
[*To* PERDITA.
That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*
Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd. What I was, I am:
More straining on for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.
Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper [7]: at this time
He will allow no speech, (which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him) and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

[6] But milk my ewes, and weep.] We cannot refrain from quoting Coleridge's burst of admiration on this speech: "O! how more than exquisite is this whole speech: and that profound nature of noble pride and grief, venting themselves in a momentary peevishness of resentment towards Florizel." Literary Remains, ii. 254. The pastoral tenderness of the conclusion is not less natural and graceful.

[7] You know YOUR father's temper:] The copy of 1623 reads, "*my* father's:" corrected in the second folio.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo?
Cam. Even he, my lord.
Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus!
How often said my dignity would last
But till 'twere known!
Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; and then,
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within!—Lift up thy looks.—
From my succession wipe me, father; I
Am heir to my affection.
Cam. Be advis'd.
Flo. I am; and by my fancy[8]: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.
Cam. This is desperate, sir.
Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow:
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd. Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: let myself and fortune,
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver.—I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to our need[9], I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

[8] I am; and by my FANCY:] *i. e.* By my *love:* we need hardly say that the use of the word "fancy," in this sense, is perpetual in Shakespeare, and not unfrequent in authors of his age.

[9] And, most opportune to OUR need,] "To *her* need" in the folios, but we may unhesitatingly accept the alteration to "*our* need" in the corr. fo. 1632: it was his need as well as hers. Theobald has "*our* need."

Cam. O, my lord!
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.
Flo. Hark, Perdita.—
[*To* CAMILLO.] I'll hear you by and by.
[*They talk apart.*
Cam. He's irremovable;
Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.
Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business[1], that
I leave out ceremony. [*Going.*
Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?
Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's music,
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd, as thought on.
Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king,
And, through him, what's nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration) on mine honour,
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forefend, your ruin) marry her;
And, (with my best endeavours in your absence)
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.
Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done,

[1] I am so fraught with CURIOUS business,] The corr. fo. 1632 substitutes *serious* for "curious;" and although we apprehend that the former is the true and more applicable word, we are hardly so confident of it as to warrant the insertion of *serious* in our text.

That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.
Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?
Flo. Not any yet;
But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.
Cam. Then list to me;
This follows:—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
(For so, I see, she must be) 'fore Leontes:
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgiveness [2],
As 'twere i' the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness: th' one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought, or time.
Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?
Cam. Sent by the king, your father,
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say, that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.
Flo. I am bound to you.—
There is some sap in this.
Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain,

[2] — asks THEE, THE son, forgiveness,] The old copies of 1623 and 1632 have this passage, "asks *thee there* son forgiveness." The folio of 1664 reads as in our text, which is no doubt correct.

To miseries enough: no hope to help you,
But, as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be. Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i' the rear o' our birth [3].

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir; for this
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.—
But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear't in Sicilia [4].

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this. I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine [5]. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one word.

[*They retire and talk.*

[3] She is i' the rear o' our birth.] In the folio, 1623, "our" is printed with an apostrophe before it thus *'our*, and this fact sufficiently proves that *o'*, very commonly used for *of*, had dropped out before it.

[4] Nor shall APPEAR'T in Sicilia] *i. e.* Nor shall appear "like Bohemia's son" in Sicilia. In the old copies *'t* dropped out, making the sentence appear as if unfinished, and so it has been commonly printed. This small addition (from the corr. fo. 1632) seems to set all right and to complete the speech of Florizel. In his preceding speech *o'* was omitted by a similar accident.

[5] The scene you play were MINE.] *True* in the corr. fo. 1632, perhaps rightly.

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery: not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander[6], brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they thronged who should buy first[7]; as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture, and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes, till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse. I would have filed keys off[8], that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it; so that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses, and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub[9] against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, *and* PERDITA, *come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes?

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. Whom have we here?—

[*Seeing* AUTOLYCUS.

[6] — pomander,] A *pomander* was a ball of perfumes, worn in the pocket, or about the neck. "*Pomme d'ambre*, an apple of amber." Richardson.

[7] — they THRONGED who should buy first;] The past tense is required, but in the old copies "throng" is in the present: the change is from the corr. fo. 1632, but it is of comparatively little moment.

[8] — I would have FILED keys OFF,] "I would have *fill'd* keys *of*" in the old copies of 1623 and 1632, but corrected in the third folio of 1664.

[9] — with a WHOO-BUB] So spelt in the original, supporting the etymology of *whoop-up* given by some lexicographers. The meaning, of course, is what we now call a *hubbub*; and in this form we meet with it in several writers of the time of Shakespeare. In 1619, Barnabe Rich (regarding whom see the Introduction to "Twelfth-Night," Vol. ii. p. 632) published a tract, which he calls "The Irish Hubbub, or English Hue and Cry," which fortifies Todd's opinion, that "it seems clearly to have implied 'the *whoop* is *up*,' the hue and cry is making."

We'll make an instrument of this: omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,—why hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow! Why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee instantly, (thou must think there's a necessity in't) and change garments with this gentleman. Though the penny-worth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.—[*Aside.*] I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—[*Aside.*] I smell the trick of it.

Flo. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[Flo. *and* Autol. *exchange garments.*

Fortunate mistress, (let my prophecy
Come home to you!) you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows[10]; muffle your face;
Dismantle you, and as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming, that you may,
(For I do fear eyes ever)[1] to ship-board
Get undescried.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—
Have you done there?

[10] And pluck it o'er YOUR brows;] Malone reads "*thy* brows," and higher in the page he omits the indefinite article.

[1] (For I do fear eyes EVER)] The old reading is, "For I do fear eyes *over*," which the MS. corrector of Lord Ellesmere's copy of the folio of 1623 altered to "For I do fear eyes *ever*;" the sense of which is clear, and the change inconsiderable. Rowe added *you* after "over," and in this reading he has been almost universally followed. The corr. fo. 1632 confirms the emendation of *over* to "ever," so that we have two authorities for the change.

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.
Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.—
Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.
Aut. Adieu, sir.
Flo. O, Perdita! what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word. [*They converse apart.*
Cam. What I do next shall be to tell the king
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.
Flo. Fortune speed us!—
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.
Cam. The swifter speed, the better.
[*Exeunt* FLORIZEL, PERDITA, *and* CAMILLO.

Aut. I understand the business; I hear it. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse: a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! what a boot is here with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't[2]: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it, and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside.—Here is more matter for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see, what a man you are now! There is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

[2] — I would not do't:] The meaning seems very evident, though Malone and Steevens differed about it. Autolycus says, "I would not acquaint the king with what I know, because it would be a piece of honesty, and inconsistent with my profession: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it."

Shep. Go to, then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her. This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. [*Aside.*] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well, let us to the king: there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [*Aside.*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. [*Aside.*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—let me pocket up my pedler's excrement[3].—[*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie: you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel: therefore, they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-

[3] — pedler's EXCREMENT.] *i. e.* His beard. In "Love's Labour's Lost," Vol. ii. p. 150, Armado calls his beard "excrement."

contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or touze[4] from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pie; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon, I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant[5]: say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir: I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: for, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy,

[4] — OR TOUZE from thee thy business,] The first folio has at least two misprints in the two words, "or touze," which stand there *at toaze:* the second folio corrects "at" into *or*, but leaves *toaze*, sometimes spelt *tose*. Malone quotes Minsheu to show that to *touze* is to *pull* or *tug*, and in this sense it is used in "Measure for Measure," A. v. sc. 1,—

"We'll *touze* you joint by joint," &c.

[5] — court-word for a pheasant:] A pheasant was a very common present from country tenants to great people.

and vengeance bitter, but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which, though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive, then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot-infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the king? being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold. Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, stoned, and flayed alive!

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I have promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety.—Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case[6] be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O! that's the case of the shepherd's son. Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king, and

[6] — though my CASE] "Case" is also *skin:* so used repeatedly.

show our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else.—Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand: I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say; even blessed.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us. He was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion—gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn luck to my advancement[7]? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them: there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of Leontes.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, *and Others.*

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass. At the last,
Do, as the heavens have done, forget your evil;

[7] — who knows how that may turn LUCK to my advancement?] All editors have been in the habit of repeating and reprinting nonsense here. To turn "luck" is a very common and intelligible expression, and Autolycus uses it, according to the corr. fo. 1632; but the text has invariably been that of the old copies, "who knows how that may turn *back* to my advancement?" There is no meaning in turning "*back* to my advancement," whatever efforts may be made to extract one, and *back* for "luck" was a very likely misprint.

With them, forgive yourself.
Leon. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of: true [8].
Paul. Too true, my lord:
If one by one you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.
Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd? I did so; but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.
Cleo. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.
Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.
Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name [9]; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?

[8] Bred his hopes out of: TRUE.] We restore here the reading of the old editions. Leontes, in grief and remorse, states a fact, and adds mournfully "true;" to which Paulina naturally subjoins that it is "too true." Nearly all editors, from the time of Theobald to our own day, have disturbed the authentic text, and have made Paulina say, "True, too true, my lord," to which there might be little objection, if it had been what Shakespeare probably wrote. The word "true," printed, as it is, without a capital in the folio, 1623, could hardly have found its way into the preceding line by a mere error of the press.

[9] Of his most sovereign NAME;] Several modern editions, in opposition to all the old copies, have *dame* instead of "name;" as if the reference were to Hermione, and not the preservation of the *name* of Leontes, by marrying again, and having issue to succeed to the throne. Not the slightest notice is taken of this important and injurious change; and in the folios "name" is printed with a capital letter, almost as if to avoid the possibility of error.

What holier than, for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?
Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fufill'd their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue;
The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest, so his successor
Was like to be the best.
Leon. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel!—then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips,—
Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.
Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse; and, on this stage,
(Where we offenders now appear) soul-vex'd,
Begin, "And why to me[10]?"

[10] Begin, "And why to me?"] The old copies give this passage thus:—

——————— "and on this stage
(Where we offenders now appear) soul-vex'd,
And begin, why to me?"

It has been the source of much conflict and conjecture, in which Heath, Mason, Henley, Malone, and Boswell took different sides; but all that seems necessary is to transpose the words "And begin," and then the sense is clear. "And why to me?" means "And why such treatment to me, who deserved so much better, than one worse and better used?" Steevens made the judicious transposition.

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause [1].
Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.
Paul. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her? then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd
Should be, "Remember mine."
Leon. Stars, stars!
And all eyes else dead coals.—Fear thou no wife;
I'll have no wife, Paulina.
Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?
Leon. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!
Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.
Cleo. Good madam,—I have done [2].
Paul. Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will—give me the office
To choose you a queen. She shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.
Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.
Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen's again in breath:
Never till then.

[1] She had just cause.] The two oldest editions insert *such* after "just," which is prejudicial to the sense and to the metre: the correction was made in the third folio. We had another laudable emendation from the same impression (which often merits consultation) on p. 90.

[2] Good madam,—I have done.] Steevens proposed to transfer "I have done" to Paulina, who has any thing but concluded. Malone adopted the change, which seems on every ground objectionable. Cleomenes endeavours to interpose, but finding it vain, he gives over the attempt with "I have done," and then Paulina continues. Her expression just above of "affront his eye," for "come before his eye," requires no explanation; "affront" was constantly used in this manner by all the writers of Shakespeare's day.

Enter a Gentleman [3].

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld) desires access
To your high presence.
Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?
Gent. But few,
And those but mean.
Leon. His princess, say you, with him?
Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.
Paul. O Hermione!
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone, so must thy grace [4]
Give way to what's seen now.—Sir, you yourself
Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme—She had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd;—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.
Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot, (your pardon)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else, make proselytes
Of whom she but bid follow [5].

[3] Enter a Gentleman.] In the old copies, the stage-direction is, "Enter a Servant;" but it is obvious from what he says, and is said to him, that he is above the rank of "a servant." In the corr. fo. 1632 a singular, and perhaps unprecedented, title is given to him, in the words "Enter *a Servant-poet*," as if he were a poet retained in the service and pay of Leontes: such, indeed, appears to have been his capacity.

[4] — so must thy GRACE] The MS. corrector of Lord Ellesmere's folio, 1623, has altered "grave" to *grace*, which seems the true reading, although Edwards says, "Thy *grave* here means thy beauties, which are buried in the grave: the continent for the contents." "Grace" is synonymous with *beauty*, as could easily be shown by a hundred instances. The corr. fo. 1632 introduces no change here, where it certainly seems required.

[5] Of whom she but BID follow.] In our former edition "bid" is misprinted *did*,

Paul. How! not women?
Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.
Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange,
[*Exeunt* CLEOMENES, *Lords, and Gentleman.*
He thus should steal upon us.
Paul. Had our Prince,
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.
Leon. Pr'ythee, no more: cease! thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

Re-enter CLEOMENES, *with* FLORIZEL, PERDITA, *and Others.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince,
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him; and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess[6], goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder as
You, gracious couple, do. And then I lost
(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.
Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him

and we thank Mr. Singer for pointing out the error, though we were not guilty of his bad grammar. We have elsewhere (vol. ii. p. 480) shown that he (of course accidentally) has omitted a speech found in every old copy.

[6] And YOUR fair princess,] Malone, Shakespeare by Boswell, reads "And *you* fair princess."

Give you all greetings, that a king, as friend[7],
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd to look upon you, whom he loves
(He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother!
Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness.—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to th' earth. And hath he, too,
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
Th' adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble, honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness. My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd,
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify,
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father[8],

[7] — that a king, AS friend,] The old folios read "*at* friend;" but Lord Ellesmere's copy is corrected in MS. to "*as* friend," which was a very easy misprint: otherwise we might have been disposed to read "a king *and* friend."

[8] You have a HOLY father,] "Holy" is the word in all editions, and it may not improperly be applied by Leontes to Polixenes, although *noble*, the epithet in the corr. fo. 1632, may appear somewhat better adapted to the person spoken of. We cannot venture, however, to displace "holy," although the German editor supports *noble* by rendering the passage *euer edler Vater*. The same change is made in "The Tempest," A. v. sc. 1, but under different circumstances.

A graceful gentleman, against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin;
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd,
(As he from heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city[9]; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly, and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me,
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge:
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir: I spake with him, who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth,
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father!—

[9] Here in YOUR city;] Malone, and various others after him, read "in *the* city," contrary to all authority.

The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.
Leon. You are married?
Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:
The odds for high and low's alike.
Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?
Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.
Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves.—Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now; with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate: at your request,
My father will grant precious things as trifles.
Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.
Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.
Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition
[*To* FLORIZEL.
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am a friend to them, and you; upon which errand
I now go toward him. Therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make.—Come, good my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter AUTOLYCUS *and a Gentleman.*

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked, as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed. A notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance were joy, or sorrow[1], but in the extremity of the one it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, haply, knows more. The news, Rogero?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the king found his heir?

[1] —if the IMPORTANCE were joy or sorrow,] Malone says that "importance" here means merely *import*; but the word is rather to be taken in its etymological sense, from the Fr. *emporter*. Spenser uses "important" in a kindred manner:

——— "He fiercely at him flew,
And with *important* outrage him assail'd."

The meaning of the text seems to be, that a mere beholder could not have said whether they were *carried away* by joy or sorrow.

3 *Gent.* Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione;—her jewel about the neck of it;—the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character;—the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then you have lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that, it seemed, sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour[2]. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, "O, thy mother, thy mother!" then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her[3]: now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-beaten conduit[4] of many king's reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to show it[5].

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to

[2] — favour.] *i. e.* By face or feature—often employed in this sense.

[3] — with CLIPPING her:] *i. e.* Embracing her. A word in very constant use.

[4] — like a weather-BEATEN conduit] It is weather-*bitten* in the two earliest folios, and changed to "weather-beaten" in the folio, 1664: it is also amended to "weather-beaten" in the corr. fo. 1632, which induces us to change an epithet we formerly preserved.

[5] — and undoes description to SHOW it.] The old compositor blundered between *do*, which he printed, and "show" which must have stood in the MS. under his eyes: the word "undoes," just before, probably added to his confusion, and the old corrector of the folio, 1632, erased *do* and placed "show" in his margin: the last is, in all probability, right. This small emendation renders it quite needless to suppose words omitted, or understood. *Die sie zeichnen will* is the German translation.

justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wrecked, the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd; so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat that, 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing her [6].

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes, for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, (with the manner how she came to't, heavily confessed, and lamented by the king [7]) how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an alas! I would fain say, bleed tears, for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned [8], all sorrowed; if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal [9].

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano [10]; who, had he himself eternity and could put

[6] — she might no more be in danger of losing HER.] "Her" is from the corr. fo. 1632, and is absolutely necessary to the completion of the sentence: it had no doubt escaped at the end of the speech.

[7] — HEAVILY confessed, and lamented by the king)] According to the old editions, the King *bravely* confessed and lamented the manner of the death of Hermione. May we not be sure that the word *bravely* was a misprint, and that the old corrector of the folio, 1632, was well warranted when he changed *bravely* to "heavily?" the two words were easily confounded.

[8] — some SWOONED,] It is *swounded* in the folio, 1623, a form which, strange to say, the Rev. Mr. Dyce would preserve.

[9] — the woe had been universal.] It may deserve a note that the whole of this description, from "did you see the meeting of the two kings," is struck out in the corr. fo. 1632, as if not formerly acted.

[10] — a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano;] Perhaps we are to take "performed" in the sense of completed or finished; but it may, possibly, only mean that he had painted the statue which another had carved. In the time of Shakespeare "picture" and "statue" were

breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer;—thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought, she had some great matter there in hand, for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what; but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown in new apparel[1].

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come boy: I am past more children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: see you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

used almost synonymously; and not unnaturally when, according to a very apposite passage quoted by Tollet from Ben Jonson's "Magnetic Lady," statues, especially in the city of London, were so often painted. Shakespeare was writing for a London audience, and it was obviously necessary for his purpose that the statue of Hermione should be coloured after the life. In what is called "the statue scene," Paulina pretends that the paint upon the lip of the Queen was still wet.

[1] — in new apparel.] This descriptive addition to the old stage-direction is from the corr. fo. 1632, and though not necessary may be considered pertinent.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have;—but I was a gentleman born before my father, for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands[2], and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—[*Trumpets.*] Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*

[2] — thou art a TALL fellow of thy hands,] *i. e.* A *courageous* fellow of thy size. We have already had "tall" for courageous, bold, lusty, &c. in "Twelfth Night," A. i. sc. 3; in "The Taming of the Shrew," A. iv. sc. 4, &c. We shall find it often repeated in the same sense.

SCENE III.

The Same. A Chapel in PAULINA's House.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, *Lords and Attendants.*

Leon. O! grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!
Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well. All my services,
You have paid home; but that you have vouchsaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.
Leon. O Paulina!
We honour you with trouble. But we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities, but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.
Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart[3]. But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death. Behold! and say, 'tis well.
[PAULINA *undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue*[4].
I like your silence: it the more shows off
Your wonder; but yet speak:—first you, my liege;
Comes it not something near?
Leon. Her natural posture.—

[3] LONELY, apart.] Misprinted *lovely* in the folio, 1623, and in the other folios, but the matter is put right in the corr. fo. 1632. This fact may settle a point much disputed among the commentators.

[4] Paulina undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.] In the old editions there is no stage-direction, excepting that at the beginning of the scene "Hermione (like a statue)" is inserted among the characters: Hermione was concealed by a curtain. The old corrector of the folio, 1632, adds these important words to the stage-direction, *Music playing.—A pause.* Such was the mode in his time.

Chide me, dear stone, that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione; or, rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing
So aged, as this seems.
Pol. O! not by much.
Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.
Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O! thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her.
I am asham'd: does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it?—O, royal piece!
There's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.
Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and thus implore her blessing [5].—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of your's to kiss.
Paul. O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.
Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.
Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

[5] I kneel, and THUS implore her blessing.] "I kneel, and *then* implore her blessing" has always been the text, and it may be right; but it seems much more natural that Perdita should say "I kneel, and *thus* implore your blessing," seeing that she instantly addresses the supposed statue. "Thus" might hastily be misread *then*.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine)
I'd not have show'd it. [*Offers to draw the curtain.*
Leon. Do not draw the curtain.
Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.
Leon. Let be, let be!
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already
I am but dead, stone looking upon stone[6].
What was he that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd, and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?
Pol. Masterly done!
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.
Paul. I'll draw the curtain.
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon it lives. [*Offers again to draw.*
Leon. O, sweet Paulina!
Make me to think so twenty years together:
No settled senses of the world can match

[6] Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already
I AM BUT DEAD, STONE LOOKING UPON STONE.] This most beautiful and lost line is recovered from the corr. fo. 1632. The Rev. Mr. Dyce in his "Few Notes," p. 81, takes the singular objection that although the new line at first "appeared to him so exactly in the style of Shakespeare that, like Mr. Collier, he felt thankful that it had been furnished;" yet presently afterwards he found that it was "too Shakesperian;" that is to say, that the poet could not have written it, because it was so very much in his style. This is strange logic, even for a commentator. Mr. Singer (who introduces his own absurd punctuation) complains with Mr. Dyce that Shakespeare would "not so soon have repeated himself," and then a passage is quoted, and marked with Italic type, in which Shakespeare repeats himself not, as here at a distance, but *within four lines*. So much for fact, as well as logic. Mr. Dyce at last is obliged to admit that the line is "ingeniously constructed," having before said that it is "exactly in the style of Shakespeare." Let others try their hands at lines "exactly in the style of Shakespeare," where it is allowed on all sides that something is wanted; and if they succeed, we will venture to say, they will not give us lines in the least degree resembling that which Mr. Singer has in this place furnished. Does Mr. Dyce (and we fearlessly appeal to him as a man of taste and experience) think Mr. Singer's line "exactly in the style of Shakespeare," either in measure or meaning? As to the line supplying the hiatus in the corr. fo. 1632, we are more than content to have recovered it, and it must now ever stand as part of the text of our great dramatist: in the German edition, to which we have so often with pleasure referred, it is thus well rendered:—
"Bin ich schon todt, schon Stein, den Stein anschauend."

The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.
Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you; but
I could afflict you farther.
Leon. Do, Paulina,
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.
Paul. Good my lord, forbear.
[*She stays him.*
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet:
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?
Leon. No, not these twenty years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think,
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked powers.
Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.
Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith.—Then, all stand still;
Or, those that think[7] it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.
Leon. Proceed:
No foot shall stir.
Paul. Music awake her. Strike!— [*Music.*
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more: approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;

[7] Or, those that think, &c.] An anxious adherence to the ancient impressions induced us formerly to think that *On* for "Or" in this line ought to be preserved. Sir Thomas Hanmer changed the word; and on reconsideration, we are inclined to think, with Mr. Dyce, that he was right. The case is doubtful, because "On" affords so clear a meaning, that it may have been the poet's word.

Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs.
[HERMIONE *descends slowly from the pedestal.*
Start not: her actions shall be holy, as
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her
Until you see her die again, for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor[8].
Leon. O! she's warm. [*Embracing her.*
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his neck.
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.
Pol. Ay; and make it manifest where she has liv'd,
Or how stol'n from the dead?
Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady,
Our Perdita is found. [PERDITA *kneels to* HERMIONE.
Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
Myself to see the issue.
Paul. There's time enough for that,
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all: your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there

[8] Is she become the suitor.] The Rev. Mr. Dyce bestows nearly a page of his "Remarks" (35) to show that there should be no note of interrogation here. Such points are the very "small deer" of criticism, and should be reserved for the "small beer" of poetry. It was, as in "Richard III.," a mere error of the press, worth correcting, but surely not with such pomp.

My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.
Leon. O peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how is to be question'd, for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband.—Come, Camillo,
And take her hand, whose worth, and honesty [9],
Is richly noted, and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What!—Look upon my brother:—both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing)
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissery'd. Hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*

[9] And take her hand, whose worth, and honesty,] The usual reading is the ruin of the line by the needless insertion of two particles,

"And take her *by the* hand, whose worth, and honesty."

We may be confident that they had in some way been foisted into the text, almost without the assurance of the corrector of the folio, 1632, who puts his pen through *by the*.

KING JOHN.

"The Life and Death of King John" was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-two pages; viz. from p. 1 to p. 22 inclusive, a new pagination beginning with the "Histories." It occupies the same place and the same space in the re-impressions of 1632, 1664, and 1685.

INTRODUCTION.

"KING JOHN," the earliest of Shakespeare's "Histories" in the folio of 1623 (where they are arranged according to the reigns of the different monarchs), first appeared in that volume [1], and the Registers of the Stationers' Company have been searched in vain for any entry regarding it. It was not enumerated by Blount and Jaggard on the 8th November, 1623, when they inserted a list of the pieces, "not formerly entered to other men," about to be included in their folio: hence an inference might be drawn, that there had been some previous entry of "King John" "to other men," and, perhaps, even that the play had been already published [2].

It seems indisputable that Shakespeare's "King John" was founded upon an older play, three times printed anterior to the publication of the folio of 1623: "The first and second part of the troublesome Reign of John, King of England," came from the press in 1591, 1611, and 1622 [3]. Malone, and others who have adverted to this production, have obviously not had the several impressions before them. The earliest copy, that of 1591, has no name on the title-page: that of 1611 has "W. Sh." to indicate the author, and that of 1622, "W. Shakespeare," the sur-name only at length [4].

[1] It purports to be divided into acts and scenes, but very irregularly: thus, what is called *Actus Secundus* fills no more than about half a page, and *Actus Quartus* is twice repeated. The later folios adopt this defective arrangement, excepting that in those of 1632 and 1664 *Actus Quintus* is made to precede *Actus Quartus*.

[2] On the 29th Nov. 1614, "a booke called the Historie of George Lord Faulconbridge, bastard son of Richard Cordelion," was entered on the Stationers' Registers, but this was evidently the prose romance of which an edition in 1616, 4to, is extant. Going back to 1568, it appears that a book called "Kynge Rychard Curdelyon" was entered on the Stationers' Register of that year by Thomas Purfoote: see "Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company," printed by the Shakespeare Society, i. 199.

[3] "It was written, I believe (says Malone), by Robert Greene, or George Peele," but he produces nothing in support of his opinion. The mention of "the Scythian Tamburlaine," in the Prologue to the edition of the old "King John," in 1591, might lead us to suppose that it was the production of Marlowe, who did not die until 1593; but the style of the two parts is evidently different: rhyming couplets are much more abundant in the first than in the second, and there is reason to believe, according to the frequent custom of that age, that more than one dramatist was concerned in the composition of the play.

[4] Nevertheless, Mr. Singer tells us that both names are "at length:" he pro-

Steevens once thought that the ascription of it to Shakespeare by the fraudulent booksellers, who wished it to be taken for his popular work, was correct, but he subsequently abandoned this untenable opinion. Pope attributed it jointly to Shakespeare and William Rowley; and Farmer "made no doubt that Rowley wrote the first King John." There is, however, reason to believe that Rowley was not an author at so early a date: his first extant printed work was a play, in writing which he aided John Day and George Wilkins, called "The Travels of three English Brothers," 1607. In 1591, he must have been very young; but we are not therefore to conclude decisively that his name is not, at any period and in any way, to be connected with a drama on the incidents of the reign of King John; for the tradition of Pope's time may have been founded upon the fact that, at some later date, he was instrumental in a revival, and, possibly, alteration, of the old "King John."

How long the old "King John" had been in possession of the stage prior to 1591, when it was originally printed, we have no precise information[5]; but Shakespeare found it there, and took the course usual with dramatists of the time[6], by applying to his own purposes as much of it as he thought would be advantageous. He converted the "two parts" into one drama, and in many of its main features followed the story, not as he knew it in history, but as it was fixed in popular belief. In some particulars he much improved upon the conduct of the incidents: for instance, in the first act of the old "King John," Lady Faulconbridge is, needlessly and objectionably, made a spectator of the scene in which the bastardy of her son Philip is discussed before King John and his mother. Another amendment of the original is the absence of Constance from the stage when the marriage between Lewis and Blanch is debated and determined. A third material variation ought not to

bably never saw the piece itself: the only copy of the edit. 1591 with which we are acquainted, is among Capel's books at Cambridge. The edition of 1591 was printed for Sampson Clarke; that of 1611, by Valentine Simmes, for John Helme; and that of 1622, by Aug. Mathews, for Thomas Dewe.

[5] The edition of 1591 is preceded by a Prologue, omitted in the two later impressions, which makes it quite clear that the old "King John," was posterior to Marlowe's "Tamburlaine:" it begins,

> "You that with friendly grace of smoothed brow
> Have entertain'd the Scythian Tamburlaine," &c.

In the Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage, vol. iii. p. 112, reasons are assigned for believing that Marlowe's "Tamburlaine" was acted about 1587.

[6] In Henslowe's MS. Diary, under the date of May, 1598, we meet with an entry of a play by Robert Wilson, Henry Chettle, Anthony Munday, and Michael Drayton, entitled "The Funerals of Richard Cordelion." (Edit. Shakesp. Soc. p. 124, &c.) It possibly had no connexion with the portion of history to which Shakespeare's play and the old "King John" relate.

be passed over without remark. Although Shakespeare, like the author or authors of the old "King John," employs the Bastard forcibly to raise money from the monasteries in England, he avoids the scenes of extortion and ribaldry of the elder play, in which the monks and nuns are turned into ridicule, and the indecency and licentiousness of their lives exposed. Supposing the old "King John" to have been brought upon the stage not long after the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588, when the hatred of Roman Catholics was at its height, such an exhibition must have been extremely gratifying to the taste of vulgar audiences.

Some of the principal incidents of the reign of John had been converted into a drama, with the purpose of promoting the Reformation, very early in the reign of Elizabeth, if not in that of Edward VI. We refer to the play of "Kynge Johan," by Bishop Bale, which, like the old "King John," is in two parts, though we can trace no other particular resemblance. It was printed by the Camden Society, from the author's original MS. (in the library of the duke of Devonshire) in 1838, and is a specimen of the mixture of allegory and history in the same play, perhaps, unexampled. As it was, doubtless, unknown both to the author or authors of the old "King John," as well as to Shakespeare, it requires no farther notice here, than to show at how early a date that portion of our annals had been brought upon the stage.

Upon the question, when "King John" was written by Shakespeare, we have no knowledge beyond the fact that Francis Meres introduces it into his list in 1598. Malone speculated that it was composed in 1596, but he does not place reliance upon the internal evidence he himself adduces, which certainly is of a more than usually vague character. Chalmers, on the other hand, would assign the play to 1598, but the chance seems to be, that it was written a short time before it was spoken of by Meres: we should be disposed to assign it to a date between 1596 and 1598, when the old "King John," which was probably in a course of representation in 1591, had gone a little out of recollection, and when Meres would have had time to become acquainted with Shakespeare's drama, from its many repetitions either at the Globe or Blackfriars' Theatres.

How the popular belief was kept alive, respecting the death of King John by poison from the hands of a monk, may be seen by the following production, which we copy from an undated broadside, evidently anterior to Shakespeare's tragedy, and probably earlier than 1591, the year when the old "King John" was first published. There can be no hesitation in imputing it to Thomas Deloney, the celebrated ballad-writer, and his initials are at the end of it: it was reprinted in 1607 in "Strange Histories,

or Songs and Sonnets of Kings, Princes," &c., but clearly from a corrupted copy, and the verbal and literal variations are not generally worth notice. In the broadside it is entitled "The Lamentable Death of King John, poysoned by a Monk at Swinstead," and it was to be sung "to the tune of Fortune."

"A treacherous deede forthwith I will you tell
Which on King John all unexpected fell.
To Lincolnshire proceeding on his way,
At Swinstead Abbey for the night he lay.

"There did the King suppose his welcome good
But much deceit doth lye beneath a hood:
There did the King himselfe in safety thinke,
But there was poysond by a deadly drinke.

"Great cheere they made unto his royal grace
When he set foot a guest within that place;
But whiles they smylde and laughed in his sight,
They wrought their treason, shadow'd with delight.

"A fat-fac'd Monke comes with a glosing tale
To give the King a cup of spyced Ale:
A deadlier drinke was never offered man,
Yet this false Monke was without conscience than.

"Which when the King without mistrust did see,
He tooke the cup of him right courteouslie;
But while he held the poyson'd cup in hand,
Our noble King amazed much did stand.

"For casting downe by chaunce his princely eye
Upon some jewels which he had full nye,
He saw the colour of each precious stone
Most strangely turne, and alter one by one.

"Their orient brightnesse to a pale dead hue
Was changed quite: the cause the King not knew;
And such a sweat did overspread them all
As when the dew doth on sweet flowrets fall.

"And hereby was their precious nature tryde,
For precious stones foule poyson not abide:
But though our King beheld their colours pale,
He nere mistrusted poyson in the Ale.

"For why, the Monke the taste before him tooke,
Nor saw the King how ill it made him looke;
And therefore he a harty draught did take,
Which of his royal life dispatch did make.

"The infectious drinke soone fum'd into his head,
And through the vaines unto the hart it spread,
Distempering then the pure unspotted braine,
That doth in man his memorie maintaine.

"Then felt the King an extreame griefe to growe
Through all his entrails, poyson wrought it so:
Whereby he knew, through anguish he then felt,
The Monks with him had treacherously delt.

"His grievous grones made all his courtiers wonder:
He cast as if his hart would rent in sunder;
And then he callde, yet unneathes could he thinke,
For that same Monke which brought the deadly drinke.

"His lords and knights went searching all about
In every place to finde the traitor out:
At last they found him, dead as any stone,
In a dark corner, where he laide alone.

"No sooner tasted he the poysoned cup,
Whereof our King the residue did sup,
Than the black Monke himselfe to death did bring,
All to destroy the lyfe of England's King.

"And when the King with wonder heard them tell
How the dead body did with poyson swell,
Why then, my lords, full quickly now, quod hee,
A breathlesse King you shall amongst you see.

"Behold! he cried, my veines in pieces cracke,
A grievous torment feele I in my backe,
And by this poyson, hateful and accurst,
I feele my hartstrings readie nigh to burst.

"With that his eyes did turne within his head:
A deathlike palenes ore his face did spread,
And lying gasping for a while for breath,
At length his agony had end by death.

"Thus was our realme forlorne of King and hope
By treason of a Monke, who serv'd the Pope.
May never more such treason here be seene,
To spoyle our land of our most noble queene.

"The mournful lords which were assembled then
With heavy cheere and troopes of warlike men,
To Worcester town the body did convay,
With drummes and trompets marching all the way.

"And in the great cathedral church so fayre
They buryed him with all obsequious care,
Most pompously, befitting well a King,
And dayly there their requiems they did sing."

For the last line, the ballad, as reprinted in 1607, has "Who were applauded greatly for this thing," which is tame and flat almost to imbecility: the 18th stanza, referring to Queen Elizabeth, was then omitted. We apprehend that the original, reprinted above, belongs to a period shortly after the defeat of the Armada.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

KING JOHN.
PRINCE HENRY, his Son.
ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne.
WILLIAM MARESHALL, Earl of Pembroke.
GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, Earl of Essex.
WILLIAM LONGSWORD, Earl of Salisbury.
ROBERT BIGOT, Earl of Norfolk.
HUBERT DE BURGH, Chamberlain to the King.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE.
PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE.
JAMES GURNEY, Servant to Lady Faulconbridge.
PETER of Pomfret.
PHILIP, King of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
Archduke of Austria.
CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's Legate.
MELUN, a French Lord.
CHATILLON, Ambassador from France.

ELINOR, Widow of King Henry II.
CONSTANCE, Mother to Arthur.
BLANCH, Daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile.
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.

[1] A list of characters was first added by Rowe.

KING JOHN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Northampton. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, *Queen* ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, *and Others, with* CHATILLON.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?
Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,
In my behaviour, to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty, of England here.
Eli. A strange beginning!—borrow'd majesty?
K. John. Silence, good mother: hear the embassy.
Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories,
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.
K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?
Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.
K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.
Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.
K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace.

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your own decay [1].—
An honourable conduct let him have:
Pembroke, look to't.—Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt* CHATILLON, *and* PEMBROKE.

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love,
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right for us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you, and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers ESSEX [2].

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?

[1] And SULLEN presage of your own decay.] It seems difficult to imagine how the sound of a trumpet could be a "sullen presage," although it might give a *sudden* warning of the approach of the English. Nevertheless, we leave "sullen" in the text, as the word in all early authorities, and as an epithet not wholly inapplicable, although the corr. fo. 1632 instructs us to read *sudden*. One word might be misheard for the other; and "sullen" is actually misprinted *sudden* in the folio, 1623, in "Richard II." A. i. sc. 3. The small difference between "sullen" and *sudden* in sound is played upon in Fletcher's "Woman's Prize," A. iv. sc. 4, where a servant brings news of the illness of Livia:—

"*Serv.* Is fallen sick o' the sudden.
Rowl. How, o' the *sullens?*
Serv. O' the sudden, sir, I say: very sick."

See also "Bonduca," A. v. sc. 2, where Suetonius wishes "some sullen plague" to fall on Petillius, and where the epithet certainly ought to be *sudden*—some *instant* plague. The Rev. Mr. Dyce overlooked this obvious error.

[2] Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers Essex.] The stage-direction in the folio, 1623, is only "Enter a Sheriff;" but it is evident that he was Sheriff of Northamptonshire. In the old play of "King John," he is said to "whisper Salisbury," who stands in the place of Essex.

K. John. Let them approach.— [*Exit Sheriff.*
Our abbeys, and our priories, shall pay

Re-enter Sheriff, with Robert Faulconbridge, *and* Philip, *his bastard Brother.*

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?
Bast. Your faithful subject I; a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge[3],
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.
K. John. What art thou?
Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.
K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother, then, it seems.
Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king;
That is well known, and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother[4]:
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.
Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.
Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it:
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year.
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!
K. John. A good blunt fellow.—Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?
Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whe'r I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;

[3] As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,] The folio, 1632, omits "Robert," but it is inserted in the margin by the old corrector, perhaps from the folio, 1623, for it is in none of the subsequent impressions in that form. We may presume that "Robert" was not left out in recitation on the stage.

[4] I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother:] In the old "King John" the mother of Philip and Robert being present while the legitimacy of the former is canvassed, Robert says,

"And here my mother stands to prove him so;"

i. e. not the legitimate son of sir Robert Faulconbridge. Lady Faulconbridge affects to be very indignant at the accusation.

But, that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him,
O! old sir Robert, father, on my knee [*Kneeling.*
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a mad-cap hath heaven lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak;
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face like my father,
With that half-face would he have all my land[5]:
A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much.—

Bast. Well, sir; by this you cannot get my land:
Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once despatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak,
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speak himself,
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his:
And, if he were, he came into the world

[5] With that HALF-FACE would he have all my land:] We somewhat reluctantly vary from the old text here, because we are not sure that the change expresses the precise meaning of the poet: the folios all read,

"With half that face would he have all my land,"

but the corr. fo. 1632 shows that for "half that face" we ought to substitute "that half-face," the words having been accidentally transposed. We yield to this authority, supported as it is by Theobald's conjecture, and it is easy to see how the words became misplaced.

Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.
K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate:
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him;
And if she did play false, the fault was her's,
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him, nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him. This concludes,—
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.
Rob. Shall, then, my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child which is not his?
Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.
Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?
Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, "Look, where three-farthings goes[6],"
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face:
I would not be sir Nob[7] in any case.
Eli. I like thee well. Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,

[6] — "Look, where three-farthings goes,"] Philip here again jokes on the thinness of Robert's face. Elizabeth coined thin silver pieces, of the value of three farthings, on which, at the back of the ear of the Queen's head, was a rose, and to this Philip alludes. Costard in "Love's Labour's Lost," Vol. ii. p. 120, mentions pieces of "three farthings" as then current.

[7] I would not be sir Nob] The old copy reads, "*It* would not be, &c." The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. In both it is printed *sir nobbe*, without a capital letter.

Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.
Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance.
Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year,
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.
Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.
K. John. What is thy name?
Bast. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.
K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bearest:
Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great [8];
Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.
Bast. Brother, by the mother's side, give me your hand:
My father gave me honour, your's gave lând.—
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got sir Robert was away.
Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—
I am thy grandame, Richard: call me so.
Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth: what though?
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch.
Near or far off, well won is still well shot,
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.
K. John. Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy desire;
A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire.—
Come, madam, and come, Richard: we must speed
For France, for France, for it is more than need.
Bast. Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty [1].
[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*
A foot of honour better than I was,

[8] Kneel thou down Philip, but ARISE more great;] So the corr. fo. 1632, the common reading being "*rise* more great." We can willingly admit a letter, which no doubt accidentally escaped, and which so importantly aids the metre. The next line shows that "arise" is the proper word.

[1] ———— good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.] Alluding to the proverb, that "bastards are born lucky." Philip wishes his brother good fortune, because Robert was not a bastard.

But many, ah! many a foot of land the worse [2].
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:—
"Good den [3], sir Richard."—"God-a-mercy, fellow;"
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names:
'Tis too respective, and too sociable,
For your conversion [4]. Now your traveller,
He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess;
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechize
My picked man of countries:—"My dear sir,"
Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
"I shall beseech you"—that is question now;
And then comes answer like an absey book [5]:—
"O sir," says answer, "at your best command;
At your employment; at your service, sir:"—
"No, sir," says question, "I, sweet sir, at your's."
And so, ere answer knows what question would,
Saving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,
The Pyreneans, and the river Po [6],
It draws toward supper, in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit, like myself;
For he is but a bastard to the time,

[2] But many, AH! many a foot of land the worse.] The old compositor seems to have been puzzled by the interjection, and printed the line thus imperfectly:

"But many a many foot of land the worse."

The correction is from the corr. fo. 1632: Faulconbridge looks back with some trifling regret at the sacrifice of his land.

[3] "Good DEN,] An abbreviation of "good even," or evening; but sometimes used for good day. See "Much Ado about Nothing," A. iii. sc. 2, and A. v. sc. 1.

[4] For your conversion.] Meaning alteration of rank and station: the old corrector of the fo. 1632 leads us to suppose that, in his time, the passage was sometimes thus delivered:

"'Tis too respective, and too sociable.
For your diversion, now, your traveller,
He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess," &c.

And travellers were often invited for the *diversion* of guests, but that was probably not what the poet had in his mind here.

[5] And then comes answer like an ABSEY book:] In the old copies it is printed, "like an *absey*-book," *i. e.* ABC book; and it must be pronounced "absey" for the measure. Mr. Singer therefore properly prints it *absey*.

[6] The PYRENEANS, and the river Po,] It is *Pyrenean* in the old copies, but altered to "Pyreneans" in the corr. fo. 1632, in consistency with Alps and Apennines in the preceding line. Three lines lower the altered text is "And fits *a* mounting spirit," but this change does not seem required.

That doth not smack of observation[7];
And so am I, whether I smack, or no;
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn,
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—
But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her[8]?

Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE *and* JAMES GURNEY.

O me! it is my mother.—How now, good lady!
What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man[9]?
Is it sir Robert's son that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?
He is sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip?—sparrow[1]!—James,
There's toys abroad: anon I'll tell thee more. [*Exit* GURNEY.
Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son:

[7] That doth not SMACK of observation;] The folio, 1623, reads *smoak*, and the second and later folios do not correct the misprint, although very obvious from the next line. "Smack" was, we believe, first substituted by Theobald.

[8] That will take pains TO BLOW A HORN before her?] The allusion is of course double,—to the horn of a *post*, and to the horn of such a husband as Lady Faulconbridge had rendered hers.

[9] Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?] *Colbrand* was the Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of King Athelstan. This line reads as if quoted from an old romance or ballad, in which the acts of Guy and Colbrand were celebrated. "The History of Guy Earl of Warwick," by S. Rowlands, did not come out until 1607; but a romance on the same incidents had appeared long before, having been printed by W. Copland and J. Cawood. A fragment of an edition, from the types of Pynson, or Wynkyn de Worde, is also in existence. They do not, however, contain the line.

[1] Philip?—sparrow!] Philip was the old name given to a sparrow. The Bastard means, that he is no longer to be called by an appellation which belongs to so insignificant an animal.

Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his fast.
Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,
Could he get me[2]? Sir Robert could not do it:
We know his handy-work.—Therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholding for these limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother, too,
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-like[3].
What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone.
Then, good my mother, let me know my father:
Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father.
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed.—
Heaven, lay not my transgression to my charge!—
Thou art the issue of my dear offence[4],
Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth your's; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,

[2] Could HE get me?] The folios omit "he," which is necessary to the sense, and they have no note of interrogation. The corr. fo. 1632 has the passage as a mere statement, "Could *not* get me," which is very tame.

[3] — Basilisco-like.] Basilisco is a cowardly braggart in the old play of "Soliman and Perseda," 1599, who claims to be a knight. The piece must have been popular, and has been attributed to Thomas Kyd, the author of "The Spanish Tragedy." The date when "Soliman and Perseda" was written has not been ascertained, but it was anterior to "King John," and in it we meet with just the same substitution of "knave" for "knight," in a passage which Theobald pointed out:—

"*Basilisco.* I, the aforesaid Basilisco, *knight*; good fellow, *knight*.
Piston. Knave, good fellow, *knave*."

[4] THOU art the issue of my dear offence,] So the corr. fo. 1632, and such has been the usual text instead of "*That* art the issue," &c. The old lection may be easily understood, but the change introduced avoids an awkwardness.

Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father:
Who lives, and dares but say thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says it was, he lies: I say, 'twas not. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

France. Before the Walls of Angiers.

Enter, on one side, the Archduke of AUSTRIA, *and Forces; on the other,* PHILIP, *King of France, and Forces;* LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and Attendants.*

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria[5].—
Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave[6]:
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come[7],

[5] Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.] It has been suggested, with some plausibility, that the King of France ought to open this scene, and that such is usually the case when Shakespeare introduces a king on the stage. This rule is by no means without exception, and of course we do not feel authorised, upon mere speculation, to alter the invariable regulation of the folios.

[6] By this brave duke came early to his grave:] In the old "King John," the King of France tells Arthur,

"Brave Austria, cause of Cordelion's death,
Is also come to aid thee in thy wars."

This, as Steevens observes, is an historical error, Richard I. having lost his life at the siege of Chaluz, long after he had been ransomed out of Austria's power. Leopold, duke of Austria, who threw Richard I. into prison, was killed by a fall from his horse in 1195, four years before John ascended the throne.

[7] At our IMFORTANCE hither is he come,] *i. e.* At our *importunity.* Shake-

To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
The rather, that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right[8] under your wings of war.
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstrained love[9]:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O! take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of heaven is their's, that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work. Our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town:—
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages.
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,

speare (as we have already seen in "Much Ado about Nothing," A. ii. sc. 1, and in "All's Well that Ends Well," A. iii. sc. 7) many times uses "important" for *importunate*. In "The Winter's Tale," A. v. sc. 2, it is from the Fr. *emporter*.

[8] Shadowing THEIR right] The corr. fo. 1632 has "*his* right," but the change is needless, since "their" applies to offspring as a collective noun.

[9] But with a heart full of UNSTRAINED love:] The epithet is *unstained* in the old editions, but any child's love would deserve it; and it seems certain that a letter has dropped out, and that what Arthur means is that his love is *spontaneous* and *unconstrained*. Such is the emendation in the corr. fo. 1632.

But we will make it subject to this boy.
Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood.
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indiscreetly shed [1].

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger, Chatillon, is arriv'd.—
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
We coldly pause for thee: Chatillon, speak.
Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I.
His marches are expedient [2] to this town;
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Até stirring him [3] to blood and strife:
With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd,
And all th' unsettled humours of the land.
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.

[*Drums heard within.*

[1] That hot rash haste so INDISCREETLY shed.] So the corr. fo. 1632, and with such obvious fitness that, like the old annotator, we erase *indirectly*, which has hitherto always been considered the text. Mr. Singer, too, prints "indiscreetly," here acknowledging his obligation.

[2] — expedient] *i. e. Expeditious.* See p. 141, "with much *expedient* march."

[3] An Até stirring him] "An *Ace* stirring him" in all the folios. The corr. fo. 1632, instead of "An Até," reads "*As* Até," which is perhaps right, but it does not enforce alteration.

The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.
K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!
Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome, then; we are prepar'd.

Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, *the Bastard,* PEMBROKE, *and Forces.*

K. John. Peace be to France; if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own:
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven;
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heaven.
K. Phi. Peace be to England; if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace.
England we love; and, for that England's sake,
With burden of our armour here we sweat.
This toil of our's should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought her lawful king[4],
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face:
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume[5].
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son: England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's. In the name of God,
How comes it, then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,

[4] That thou hast UNDER-WROUGHT her lawful king,] *i. e.* Under-mined: the opposite to over-reached. Countries are usually spoken of in the feminine, and the corr. fo. 1632 properly substitutes "her" for *his:* "her" and *his* were frequently confounded, because both of old were spelt with the same vowel.

[5] Shall draw this BRIEF into as huge a volume.] The word "brief" meant, in the time of Shakespeare, an abstract, or a short statement. We still use it in the same manner when we speak of a *brief* delivered to counsel in a cause.

Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?
K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?
K. Phi. From that supernal Judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy;
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.
K. John. Alack! thou dost usurp authority.
K. Phi. Excuse: it is to beat usurping down.
Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?
Const. Let me make answer:—thy usurping son.
Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,
That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world!
Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John, in manners being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,
His father never was so true begot:
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.
Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.
Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.
Aust. Peace!
Bast. Hear the crier.
Aust. What the devil art thou?
Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An a' may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right:
Sirrah, look to't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.
Blanch. O! well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe.
Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass.—
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.
Aust. What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

K. Phi. Lewis, determine what we shall do straight[6].
Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference.—
King John, this is the very sum of all:—
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee.
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?
K. John. My life as soon: I do defy thee, France.—
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand,
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more,
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win.
Submit thee, boy.
Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.
Const. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child:
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandam.
Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.
Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.
Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r she does or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee:
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.
Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!
Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me slanderer: thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy. This is thy eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.
K. John. Bedlam, have done.

[6] Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.] This line, in the folios, is made part of what is said by Austria, and it stands thus:—

"King Lewis, determine," &c.

Lewis was not king, but Philip. The error must have arisen merely from not printing *King* in Italic, as the prefix of the speech, which seems clearly to belong to *King* Philip. Austria could not call Lewis "*King* Lewis;" and, moreover, *King* is surplusage as regards the verse.

Const. I have but this to say,—
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her, the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague her sin: his injury
Her injury the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her, a plague upon her[7]!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will[8]: a canker'd grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate.
It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim[9]
To these ill-tuned repetitions.—
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the walls[1].

Cit. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself.
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

K. John. For our advantage; therefore, hear us first.—
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,

[7] And all for her: a plague upon her!] This speech is given in our text exactly as it stands in the old copies, and no change is suggested in the corr. fo. 1632: it has been the source of some contention among the commentators; but the meaning, though involved, seems sufficiently clear. Malone needlessly "suspected that two half lines had been lost."

[8] A woman's will:] So in the old "King John," Elinor says,

——————— "I can infer a will,
That bars the way he urgeth by descent."

And Constance replies,

"A will indeed! a crabbed woman's will," &c.

[9] — to cry AIM] *i. e.* To give the word for aiming; a phrase derived from archery. It figuratively means, as here, to *encourage*, and it is misprinted "to cry ay me" in the folios, but altered to "aime" in the corr. fo. 1632.

[1] Enter CITIZENS upon the walls.] The economy of our old stage could only allow one citizen to make his appearance. "Enter a Citizen upon the walls" is the direction in the folios.

Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French,
Come 'fore your city's eyes [2], your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,
Behold, the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo! in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys.
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town;
Being no farther enemy to you,

[2] COME 'FORE your city's eyes,] The folios misprint "Come 'fore" *Comfort*, and it was an error for which it is not difficult to account: we derive the emendation from the corr. fo. 1632. Rowe, seeing that *Comfort* must be wrong, conjectured that the true word was *Confront*, and such has been the ordinary text. There is a singular confirmation of the misprint of *Comfort* for "Come 'fore" in the folio, 1632, itself, for in "Henry VI. Pt. II.," A. iii. sc. 2, we meet with a line which stands thus:—

"*Comfort*, my sovereign, gracious Henry *com fore*."

In the last instance "comfort" ought, of course, to be repeated.

Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased, then,
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that owes it[3], namely, this young prince;
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up:
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against th' invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference[4].
Then, tell us; shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it,
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects:
For him, and in his right, we hold this town[5].

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal: till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?

[3] To pay that duty, which you truly OWE,
To him that OWES it,] This passage affords an instance of the use of the verb "owe" in its two senses; to *owe*, as we now ordinarily employ it, and to *own*, which it formerly signified; of which last sense examples in Shakespeare and his contemporaries are endless.

[4] Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.] A correspondent (Mr. W. W. Williams of Tiverton) suggests that we ought here to read "*wide* circumference," and in a previous line "*bold*-fac'd walls" for "old-fac'd walls." We cannot concur in either proposal: the walls of Angiers may most properly be termed "old-fac'd" from their ruggedness and their antiquity, and "rude" is also a most applicable epithet. If any alteration of the text were needed, the case would be different, but here all is intelligible and appropriate.

[5] For him, and in his right, we hold this town.] So in the old "King John," the citizen on the wall replies,

"For him, and in his right, we hold *our* town."

And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—
Bast. [*Aside.*] Bastards, and else.
K. John. To verify our title with their lives.
K. Phi. As many, and as well-born bloods as those,—
Bast. [*Aside.*] Some bastards, too.
K. Phi. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.
Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.
K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls [6],
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!
K. Phi. Amen, Amen.—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!
Bast. St. George, that swing'd the dragon, and e'er since,
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence! [*To* AUSTRIA.] Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.
Aust. Peace! no more.
Bast. O! tremble, for you hear the lion roar.
K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth
In best appointment all our regiments.
Bast. Speed, then, to take advantage of the field.
K. Phi. It shall be so;—[*To* LEWIS.] and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same.

Alarums and Excursions; then a Retreat. Enter a French Herald, with trumpets, to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in,
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,

[6] — the SIN of all those souls,] The corr. fo. 1632 has "sin" in the plural, *sins*, and such was very likely the author's word; but as "sin" is not objectionable, we adhere to the earlier reading.

Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth,
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and your's.

Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells:
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day.
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood.
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is remov'd by any staff of France[7]:
Our colours do return in those same hands,
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And like a jolly troop of huntsmen come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our towers[8] we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

[7] That is remov'd by ANY staff of France:] In the preceding line we have "any English crest," and here, according to the old corrector of the folio, 1632, we ought to read "any staff of France," instead of merely "a staff of France." Thus too the measure is supported, which is defective unless we make a trisyllable of "remov'd."

[8] *Cit.* Heralds, from off our towers, &c.] In the old copies, this speech has the prefix of *Hubert*. Possibly the actor of the part of Hubert also personated the citizen, in order that the speeches might be well delivered, and this may have led to the insertion of his name.

Enter, at one side, KING JOHN, *with his power,* ELINOR, BLANCH, *and the Bastard; at the other, King* PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, *and forces* [9].

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right roam on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver water keep [1]
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more: and by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead,
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha! majesty, how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire.
O! now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermin'd differences of kings.—
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, havoc, kings! back to the stained field,
You equal potent, fire-ykindled spirits [2]!

[9] — Austria, and forces.] The following is the simple direction in the old folios, and it is worth preserving, on account of the manner in which the two armies, headed by their kings, were represented to come upon our old stage:— "Enter the two Kings with their powers, *at several doors.*"

[1] Unless thou let his silver water keep] The corr. fo. 1632 instructs us here to put "water" in the plural; but, as in the case of "sin," on a previous page (143), the singular reads perfectly well, and we therefore introduce no change. Above for "roam on" of the folio, 1623, some editors prefer "*run* on," to which indeed there is little objection, excepting that "roam" was probably Shakespeare's word, and a happy one, in reference to the simile of the "silver water," which was to make "a peaceful progress to the ocean."

[2] You equal potent, fire-ykindled spirits!] The line in the folios is,

"You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits!"

and it is, we think, beyond dispute a restoration of the genuine language of the poet to print the passage from the corr. fo. 1632 as in our text, meaning that the kings and their armies are equally strong, and "fire-ykindled," not *fiery-kindled.*

Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens; for England who's your king?

Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession[3] of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

Cit. A greater power than we denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates;
King'd of our fear[4], until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers[5] flout you, kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me:
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem[6],
Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths,

[3] And bear possession] "And bear *procession*" in the corr. fo. 1632, which on some accounts may read preferably; but all that the King means to say is, that he is his own deputy, and in his own person comes before Angiers.

[4] KING'D of our fear,] The corr. fo. 1632 recommends no change here; but nevertheless we are inclined to think Tyrwhitt right, when he proposed "*King'd* of our fear," instead of "Kings of our fear" as it stands in all the early impressions. The meaning seems to be that the citizens resolve to consider their fear their king, and to refuse admission to either party, until that fear is removed by the result of a conflict: the word "depos'd" in the next line favours this notion. We were originally anxious to preserve the wording of the folios, but this is a case in which we think it must be relinquished.

[5] — these SCROYLES of Angiers] *i. e. Scabs* of Angiers, from the French *escrouelles*. Ben Jonson uses it twice in the same sense (Gifford's edit. i. 10, and ii. 471), but I do not recollect to have met with the word in any other dramatist of the time.

[6] Do like the MUTINES of Jerusalem,] *i. e.* The *mutineers* of Jerusalem. In the case alluded to, the mutineers, or seditious parties, of Jerusalem combined their forces against the Roman besiegers: here, the converse was proposed—the besiegers were to unite against the inhabitants of the town. This event during the siege of Jerusalem, as Malone pointed out, is found related in Joseph Ben Gorion's "Historie of the latter tymes of the Jewes Common-Weale," translated by Peter Morwyng, and originally published, not as Malone states in 1575, but in 1558.

Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point;
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well.—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground,
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will our's, against these saucy walls;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other, and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves for heaven, or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so.—Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. [*Aside.*] O, prudent discipline! From north to south,
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:
I'll stir them to it.—Come, away! away!

Cit. Hear us, great kings! vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall show you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without stroke, or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field.
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on with favour; we are bent to hear.

Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,

Is niece to England[7]: look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid.
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete of, say, he is not she[8];
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she[9];
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O! two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can
To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but, without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,

[7] Is NIECE to England:] Here we have restoration from the corr. fo. 1632, the accuracy of which cannot well be impugned. The words have hitherto been invariably printed "Is *near* to England," excepting that in the folios it is spelt "*neere* to England:" the emendation is "niece to England;" for Lady Blanch, who is alluded to, was "niece" to King John, being the daughter of his sister Eleanor, by Alphonso X. of Castile. In all future editions of Shakespeare, *neere* or *near* must be altered to "niece," as in our text. Mr. Singer observes that the error was "an easy one:" no doubt of it; and so are many other errors which, till pointed out in the corr. fo. 1632, neither he, nor any other editor during the last century and a half, thought of setting right.

[8] If not complete of, say, he is not she;] The meaning is that if the Dauphin be not complete of, or in, these qualities, it is merely because he is not Blanch. Sir Thomas Hanmer, and subsequent editors, changed the preposition "of" into the interjection O! but needlessly, the old copies being quite intelligible.

[9] — by such A she;] "By such *as* she" is the language of the folios: the evident mistake (like many other errors hitherto charged upon the old printer) most probably originated in mishearing.

Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion; no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.
Bast. Here's a stay[1],
That shakes the rotten carcase of old death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoke, and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgell'd: not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of France.
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.
Eli. Son, list to this conjunction; make this match:
Give with our niece a dowry large enough,
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
That yond' green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them while their souls
Are capable of this ambition,
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.
Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?
K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city: what say you?
K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,

[1] Here's a stay,] We cannot see the necessity for changing "stay" to any other word, least of all to *say* which Shakespeare never uses as a substantive. Sir Roger Lestrange, according to our dictionaries, was the first to employ *say* in that manner. If we made any alteration it might be to *story*, which, as Mr. W. W. Williams suggests, was easily misprinted "stay;" but no emendation whatever is called for. What the Bastard refers to is the *pause* and silence, naturally occasioned by the unexpected speech of the Citizen, which induced all parties to gaze upon each other. The Bastard ought not to begin speaking until the two kings have *stayed* for some little time. The corr. fo. 1632 passes over the word "stay," as if it were not liable to objection.

Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou[2], and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea
(Except this city now by us besieg'd)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye,
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow.
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
Till now infixed I beheld myself
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with* BLANCH.

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye,
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart, he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine:
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Farther I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,
That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones?—What say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do

[2] For Anjou,] The old copy reads *Angiers*, but the same mistake has been before committed. Angiers is specially excepted by King John, in order, possibly, to mark the consequences of its resistance.

What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin: can you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love,
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen[3], Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well.—Young princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for, I am well assur'd,
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at saint Mary's chapel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—
Is not the lady Constance in this troop?
I know, she is not; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much.
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent[4].

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,
Will give her sadness very little cure.—
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow'd lady[5]? In her right we came,

[3] — Volquessen,] "This," says Steevens, "is the ancient name for the country now called the *Vexin*: in Latin, *Pagus Velocassinus*. That part of it called the *Norman Vexin* was in dispute between Philip and John." In the old "King John," Philip demands these provinces as the dower of Blanch:

"Then, I demand Volquesson, Torain, Main,
Poiters, and Anjou, these five provinces,
Which thou, as King of England, hold'st in France."

John agrees to cede them, but not until he has consulted his mother.

[4] — at your highness' tent.] In the old "King John," Constance is present at the discussion and contract; and inveighs bitterly against it, after the rest of the characters, excepting Arthur, have withdrawn.

[5] This WIDOW'D lady?] So the corr. fo. 1632 and with undoubted improvement, the old reading being "This *widow* lady," as if she were merely some respectable dowager. The epithet "widow'd" gives dignity to this reference to Constance, who was not historically a widow, although she afterwards calls herself one. She was at this time married to a third husband, the brother of the Viscount Touars, having been divorced from her second husband, Ranulph Earl of Chester. In the old "King John" Constance also speaks of herself as a widow.

Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all;
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond, and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance:
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity.—I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.—The Citizens retire from the walls.*

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part;
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear[6]
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,—
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity,—
Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itself is peised well[7],
Made to run even upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,

[6] — ROUNDED in the ear] *i. e. Whispered* in the ear. See this Vol. p. 23.

[7] The world, who of itself is PEISED well,] *i. e. Poised*, or *balanced* well: the sense is, that "commodity," *i. e.* expediency, convenience, or interest, throws the world off its balance, and makes it run unevenly, like a bowl with a bias. "Peysed" is altered to *poised*, but unnecessarily, in the corr. fo. 1632.

Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aim[8],
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power[9] to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say, there is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say, there is no vice but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee? [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.[1]

The Same. The French King's Tent.

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* SALISBURY.

Const. Gone to be married? gone to swear a peace?
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends?
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard:
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so.
I trust, I may not trust thee, for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;

[8] — his own determin'd aim,] M. Mason proposed "aim" for *aid* of the folios, and that he was right we have now the testimony of the annotator on the corr. fo. 1632.

[9] Not that I have the power] The corr. fo. 1632 reads "*no* power," but the change not only seems needless, but opposes what was, in all probability, the meaning of the poet.

[1] A. iii. sc. 1.] In the folios the second act ends at the line, p. 155,

"Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it;"

but it is a decided error, set right by Theobald: the two Kings, &c. enter, on p. 156, while Constance is seated on the ground, and there is no change of place, and no interruption of the action.

I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears:
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce [2],
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O! if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and die.—
Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy! then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight:
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bidd'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains [3],

[2] With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,] At the suggestion of the Rev. Mr. Dyce we omit a comma after "spirits," upon which important point he has written nearly a page of notes. (Remarks, 89.)

[3] — and SIGHTLESS stains,] We avoid altering "and sightless" to *unsightly* as we are told to do in the corr. fo. 1632, because "sightless" may here have been used by the poet for unfit for sight. At the same time it is not at all unlikely that *unsightly* was misheard "and sightless." "Swart," in the next line, is brown,

Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose; but fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee.
Sh' adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to their's.
France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;
That strumpet fortune, that usurping John!—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt: I will not go with thee.
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop [4].
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[*She sits on the ground.*

inclining to black. In "Henry VI. Pt. I.," A. i. sc. 2, we meet with the word again, where it may be said to speak for itself;

"And whereas I was black and *swart* before."

In the "Comedy of Errors," A. iii. sc. 2, we have "*Swart* like my shoe, but her face nothing so clean kept." Chapman spells it both *swarth* and *swart*, and Drayton seems to have been the first to use *swarthy*.

[4] For grief is proud, and makes HIS owner STOOP.] This old and sufficiently intelligible reading has been misunderstood and perverted by most modern editors: Sir Thomas Hanmer, and others after him, substituted *stout* for "stoop," and Malone, who adheres to "stoop," prints *its* for "his." The meaning is that grief (which the poet personifies) is proud even while he compels his owner to stoop, as Constance did to the earth, to receive the homage of monarchs. She stooped to the earth in her pride, and was in fact the more proud by this act of seeming condescension.

Enter King JOHN, *King* PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, *Bastard*, AUSTRIA, *and Attendants.*

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day,
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist,
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold.
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holyday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day! [*Rising.*
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides [5], in the calendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:
But on this day [6], let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made;
This day all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day.
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,
Proves valueless. You are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with your's:
The grappling vigour, and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace [7],

[5] — high tides,] *i. e.* Solemn seasons, times to be observed above others. We now say, *high days* and holy days.

[6] BUT on this day, &c.] *i. e. Except*, or *unless* on this day.

[7] Is cold in amity and PAINTED peace,] We can readily believe that "painted peace" may have been a mishearing for "*faint in* peace" as the corr. fo. 1632 states; but still we do not alter the received text, because it affords a distinct meaning. Constance may reasonably complain that "the grappling vigour" of war is "*faint in* peace;" but "painted peace" may also easily be understood, as peace which is merely outside show, and pretence.

And our oppression hath made up this league.—
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!
A widow cries: be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!
Hear me! O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace!

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O, Lymoges! O, Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness[8]. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this: thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven.—
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,

[8] And SOOTH'ST UP greatness.] So Lodge, in the first Satire of his "Fig for Momus," 1595,

"To wink at follies, and to *sooth up* sins."

Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee [9].

K. John. What earthly name [1] to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more,—that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So, under heaven [2], that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without th' assistance of a mortal hand.
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart
To him, and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom [3],
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,

[9] — I do demand of thee.] In the old "King John," this speech thus stands in prose, which Shakespeare has done little more than convert into not very unprosaic verse:—

"I Pandulph, Cardinal of Milan, and Legate from the see of Rome, demand of thee, in the name of our holy father the Pope, Innocent, why thou dost (contrary to the laws of our holy mother the Church, and our holy father, the Pope) disturb the quiet of the Church, and disannul the election of Stephen Langton, whom his holiness hath elected Archbishop of Canterbury? this, in his holyness name, I demand of thee."

[1] What EARTHLY name] It is *earthy* in the old editions, but amended to "earthly" in the corr. fo. 1632. In the next line *tast* (not *tash*, as Mr. Singer prints it), of the folios, is duly amended to "task."

[2] So, under HEAVEN,] It is "under *him*" in all the early impressions, and very possibly in the preceding line it formerly stood "But as we, under *God*," &c. and then "So, under *him*" would be right; but *God* having been altered to "heaven" in consequence of the statute, it became proper to repeat "heaven" in the following line: hence its appearance in the corr. fo. 1632.

[3] Though you, and all the KINGS of Christendom,] This line shows how Shakespeare sometimes altered merely a word, in order to render a prose passage verse: in the old "King John" it stands "Though thou and all the *princes* of Christendom," &c.

This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.
Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.
Const. O! lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile.
Good father Cardinal, cry thou amen
To my keen curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.
Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.
Const. And for mine too: when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong.
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law:
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?
Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic,
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.
Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.
Const. Look to that, devil, lest that France repent,
And by disjoining hands hell lose a soul.
Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.
Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.
Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because—
Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.
K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?
Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?
Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.
Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.
Const. O, Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here,

In likeness of a new uptrimmed bride[4].
Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.
Const. O! if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need:
O! then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.
K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.
Const. O! be remov'd from him, and answer well.
Aust. Do so, king Philip: hang no more in doubt.
Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.
K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.
Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd?
K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person your's,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows.
The latest breath that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd
With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regreet?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,

[4] In likeness of a new UPTRIMMED bride.] "*Untrimmed* bride" say the folios, and Theobald altered *untrimmed* to *and trimmed*; but the proper change is made in the corr. fo. 1632, viz. "uptrimmed." The conjecture of the Rev. Mr. Dyce was thus long anticipated, and there could be no reasonable doubt about it. Mr. Dyce himself, as late as 1844, contended, with considerable emphasis, that *untrimmed* was equivalent to *virgin* (Remarks, 91), but he changed his opinion afterwards. We never said more than that *untrimmed* was probably a misprint; and so it turns out to be, viz. *untrimmed* for "uptrimmed."

As now again to snatch our palm from palm;
Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O! holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so:
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order, and then we shall be bless'd
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church,
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A caged lion [5] by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O! let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd;
That is, to be the champion of our church.
What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performed by thyself:
For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is but amiss when it is truly done [6];

[5] A CAGED lion] It is "*cased* lion" in the original editions, and obviously a misprint for "caged," the compositor having mistaken the *g* for a long *s*. The Rev. Mr. Dyce says peremptorily that "the right reading is undoubtedly *chaf'd*." He must at all events mean *chafed*, for *chaf'd* would ruin the verse; but people were accustomed to see "*caged* lions," and Shakespeare used an epithet which all his auditors could appreciate. Moreover, *chafed* could not be misprinted *cased* without a double blunder, whereas "caged" might easily be misread *cased*. We do not think that any future editor of Shakespeare is likely to adopt *chafed*—not even Mr. Dyce himself, unless in a struggle to maintain the consistency of opinions too strongly expressed.

[6] Is BUT amiss when it is truly done;] Here a great difficulty is entirely swept away by the simple change of *not* to "but," as we find it in the corr. fo. 1632: what a person swears to do amiss "is but amiss," or is still amiss "when it is truly done." Nothing more can be required to clear the whole passage, and it would be mere waste of time and space to advert to what has been written by all editors on the original and absurd line

"Is not amiss when it is truly done."

The whole passage is struck out in the corr. fo. 1632, but the emendation of

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it.
The better act of purposes mistook
Is to mistake again: though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept,
But thou hast sworn against religion,
By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st,
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: the truth, thou art unsure
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn [7];
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore, thy later vows, against thy first,
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;
And better conquest never canst thou make,
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them; but, if not, then know,
The peril of our curses light on thee,
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast. Will't not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What! shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,

" but " for *not* is nevertheless inserted in the margin. No misprint could well be more common, and we have already had several instances of it.

[7] — swears only not to be forsworn ;] We leave the words of this much vexed passage precisely as they stand in the folio, 1623, no alteration having been made in the folios of 1632, 1664, or 1685. The same remark will apply to the corr. fo. 1632; and sure we are, that the original text is quite as intelligible as any of the changes that have been made or recommended in it. It was certainly intended as an exhibition of refined and jesuitical subtlety, and that it was not understood by the copyist or by the printer we may well believe. As we have before stated, the whole is erased by the old annotator.

Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me!—ah, alack! how new
Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Const. O! upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Fore-thought by heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love. What motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour. O! thine honour, Lewis, thine honour.

Lew. I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need.—England, I'll fall from thee.

Const. O, fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O, foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—
[*Exit Bastard.*
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest-valued blood of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire.
Look to thyself: thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats.—To arms let's hie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. Plains near Angiers.

Alarums, Excursions. Enter the Bastard with AUSTRIA'S *Head.*

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some fiery devil hovers in the sky [8],
And pours down mischief. Austria's head, lie there,
While Philip breathes [9].

Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, *and* HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy.—Philip, make up:
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

[8] Some FIERY devil hovers in the sky,] And made the "day grow wondrous hot." It stands "*airy* devil" in the old copies, but naturally and properly amended to "*fiery* devil" in the corr. fo. 1632. An "*airy* devil" was not likely to be the Bastard's word, in the midst of the heat and fury of the conflict.

[9] ——— Austria's head, lie there,
While Philip breathes.] The old "King John," 1591, partakes more of the barbarism of the time when it was written, and Philip, as he still calls himself, spurns and tramples on Austria's head:—

"Lie there, a prey to every ravening fowl,
And as my father triumph'd in thy spoils,
And trod thine ensigns underneath his feet,
So do I tread upon thy cursed self."

SCENE III.

The Same.

Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, *the Bastard*, HUBERT, *and Lords.*

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind,
[*To* ELINOR.
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad: [*To* ARTHUR.
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.
Arth. O! this will make my mother die with grief.
K. John. Cousin, [*To the Bastard.*] away for England: haste before;
And ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; their imprisoned angels[1]
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.
Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness.—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair safety: so I kiss your hand.
Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.
K. John. Coz, farewell.
[*Exit Bastard.*
Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.
[*She takes* ARTHUR *aside.*
K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O! my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand.—I had a thing to say,—

[1] — THEIR imprisoned ANGELS] Of course referring to the coin so called, upon the name of which most writers have played. "Their" is from the corr. fo. 1632, and is necessary for the metre, as well as otherwise.

But I will fit it with some better time[2].—
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.
K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet;
But thou shalt have: and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—but let it go.
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience:—if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into the drowsy ear of night[3]:
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins[4],
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes,)
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words,
Then, in despite of broad-eyed watchful day[5],

[2] But I will fit it with some better TIME.] The old copies have *tune* for "time:" Pope made the correction, also found in the corr. fo. 1632.

[3] Sound ON into the drowsy EAR of night:] Many of the commentators would read *one* instead of "on," which is contradicted by the "*midnight* bell" in a line just preceding. "Eare of night" for "*race* of night" is the emendation in the corr. fo. 1632, and is in all probability Shakespeare's word: we have therefore placed it in the text. The "midnight bell," with its twelve times repeated strokes, is very poetically said to "sound on into the drowsy ear of night;" one sound produced by the "iron tongue" driving the other "on," or *forward*, until the whole number is complete, and the prolonged vibration of the last blow on the bell only left to fill the empty space of darkness. It is almost droll to find the Rev. Mr. Dyce (who approves of "ear" and objects to "on") contending that "the midnight bell" means the bell at one in the morning, and calling three witnesses to the fact, who none of them support him by their evidence: when Defoe, for instance, speaks of "one o'clock in the night," he is not so simple as to call it *midnight*, but merely "night," as in truth it was.

[4] (Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,] We let "tickling" stand, as very likely the poet's word, but it is *tingling* in the corr. fo. 1632.

[5] Then in despite of BROAD-EYED watchful day,] We cannot resist Pope's

I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.—
But ah! I will not:—yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.
Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.
K. John. Do not I know, thou wouldst?
Good Hubert! Hubert—Hubert, throw thine eye
On yond' young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.
K. John. Death.
Hub. My lord?
K. John. A grave.
Hub. He shall not live.
K. John. Enough!
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember.—Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.
Eli. My blessing go with thee!
K. John. For England, cousin: go.
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Same. The French King's Tent.

Enter King PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, *and Attendants.*

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convented sail[6]

alteration of *brooded*, of the folios, to "broad-eyed"—the epithet is so happy and so like Shakespeare. The old corrector of the folio, 1632, saw that *brooded* must be wrong, and perhaps gives us the custom in his day, converting *brooded* into *the broad*. *Brooded* has surely nothing to do with brooding chickens.

[6] A whole armado of CONVENTED sail] It is "*convicted* sail" in all the folios. "I read (says Mr. Singer) *convented*," but he omits to add that he took this ex-

Is scatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowship.
Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.
K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?
Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example. Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?
K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here? a grave unto a soul;
Holding th' eternal spirit against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.—
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.
Const. Lo now, now see the issue of your peace!
K. Phi. Patience, good lady: comfort, gentle Constance.
Const. No, I defy all counsel[7], all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death.—O, amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife. Misery's love,
O, come to me!
K. Phi. O, fair affliction, peace!

cellent emendation from the corr. fo. 1632. It will be found on p. 206 of "Notes and Emendations." Neither does he pretend to say that the change is proposed in his corrected copy of the folio, 1632, which often so singularly and usefully confirms the changes contained in my corrected folio, 1632. "Convented," of course, means *convened* or *assembled:* the armado had been *collected.*

[7] No, I DEFY all counsel.] One of the old senses of "defy" was *refuse.*

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry.—
O! that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth;
Then with a passion would I shake the world,
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a widow's invocation [8].

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy [9] to belie me so.
I am not mad: this hair I tear, is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost!
I am not mad:—I would to heaven, I were,
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he.
I am not mad: too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses. O! what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs:
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends [1]
Do glue themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful lovers,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

[8] Which scorns a WIDOW'S invocation.] In the folios it is "a *modern* invocation," which can only mean a common invocation, just such an invocation as Constance would not use. She has already spoken of herself as a "widow," and here again she refers to her condition and its helplessness. We owe this emendation to the corr. fo. 1632, and as *modern* cannot be the true word, we willingly accept this highly probable and natural substitution.

[9] Thou art NOT holy, &c.] The negative having dropped out in the first folio, the deficiency was not supplied in print until the publication of the fourth folio in 1685. We however find "not" written in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632.

[1] — ten thousand wiry FRIENDS] In the old copies, from first to last, "friends" is misprinted *fiends*: there can be no doubt that it is an error of the press, as is shown by the insertion of the letter *r* in the corr. fo. 1632. In the next line but one *r* again made its escape in "lovers," but is restored on the same authority.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud,
"O, that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!"
But now, I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.—
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form:
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head[2], [*Tearing her hair.*
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!

[2] I will not keep this form upon my head,] In the modern editions this line is followed by the stage-direction "Tearing off her head-dress," but nothing of the kind is found in the old copies, although *Tearing her hair* is inserted as a stage-direction in the corr. fo. 1632. Constance wore no head-dress, but her hair, as we may gather from the preceding part of the scene, and when she says, "I will not keep this form upon my head," she begins again to disorder her hair, which she had previously knit up at the words "But now, I envy at their liberty," &c.

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure. [*Exit.*
K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. [*Exit.*
Lew. There's nothing in this world, can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste[3],
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.
Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil.
What have you lost by losing of this day?
Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.
Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no: when fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange, to think how much king John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won.
Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his prisoner?
Lew. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.
Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark.
John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,
That whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplac'd John should entertain one hour[4],
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;
And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then, Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

[3] And bitter shame hath spoiled the sweet WORLD'S taste,] Pope's emendation of "world" for *word* of the folios is warranted by the corr. fo. 1632.

[4] — should entertain ONE hour,] In the next line we have "one minute" and "one quiet breath of rest," and even without the authority of the corr. fo. 1632 (which has *one*) we should feel confident that we ought here to read "one hour," and not "*an* hour" as it has constantly been printed.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?
Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.
Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.
Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you,
For he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.
This act, so evilly borne [5], shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it:
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scape of nature [6], no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.
Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.
Pand. O! sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot:
And, O! what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd. The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England ransacking the church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or as a little snow, tumbled about,

[5] This act, so evilly BORNE,] It may be doubted whether we ought to understand "so evilly *borne*," as it is printed in the old copies, in the sense of having an evil *birth*, or merely as *ill borne* by John's subjects. The last is consistent with what is said afterwards, but seems to afford a poorer sense.

[6] No SCAPE of nature,] It appears that "*scope* of nature" is a misprint, and on the authority of the corr. fo. 1632 we must vary from the early impressions by reading "No scape of nature," an expression perfectly intelligible in connexion with "exhalation in the sky," "distemper'd day," &c.

Anon becomes a mountain. O, noble Dauphin!
Go with me to the king. 'Tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent:
Now that their souls are topfull of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the king.
Lew. Strong reasons make strange actions[7]. Let us go:
If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Northampton[8]. A Room in the Castle.

Enter HUBERT *and two Attendants.*

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and, look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful. Hence, and watch.
1 *Attend.* I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly scruples: fear not you: look to't.—
[*Exeunt Attendants.*
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince,) as may be.—You are sad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, no body should be sad but I:

[7] Strong reasons make STRANGE actions.] So the first folio: the second substitutes *strong* for "strange," but certainly without any improvement, and perhaps it was merely an error of the press.

[8] Northampton.] Such has been the usual locality assigned to this scene, but on no authority, though it will answer the purpose as well as any other. "The fact is," says Malone, "that Arthur was first confined at Falaise, and afterwards at Rouen, where he was put to death." The old stage-direction is merely, "Enter Hubert and Executioners;" and all that is clear seems to be, that in Shakespeare, as well as in the old "King John," the scene is transferred to England.

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long[9];
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [*Aside.*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day.
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [*Aside.*] His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*
[*Aside.*] How now, foolish rheum!
Turning dispiteous torture out of door?
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me)
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,

[9] I should be merry as the day is long;] So the corr. fo. 1632, not "*as* merry."

And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: do, an if you will.
If heaven be pleas'd that you will use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall
So much as frown on you?
Hub. I have sworn to do it,
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
Arth. Ah! none but in this iron age would do it.
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation [10],
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him; no tongue but Hubert's.
Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter Attendants, with Cord, Irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.
Arth. O! save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.
Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.
Arth. Alas! what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle; I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound.
Nay, hear me, Hubert: drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly.
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.
Hub. Go, stand within: let me alone with him.

[10] And quench HIS fiery indignation,] The Rev. Mr. Dyce considers the reading of the old editions "*this* fiery indignation" a misprint for "his fiery indignation:" he is right. We need hardly say that "heat," two lines above, is the old participle of the verb to heat: we should now say "though *heated* red-hot;" and elsewhere, in various places, Shakespeare uses that form.

1 *Attend.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart.—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to your's.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a mote in your's,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense.
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to; hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want, pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert:
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O! spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you.
Lo! by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;
And like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on[1].

[1] — that doth TARRE him on.] The expressive word to "tarre" also occurs in "Hamlet," A. ii. sc. 2, and in "Troilus and Cressida," A. i. sc. 3, exactly in the same sense, that of to *provoke* or *excite;* but I have not met with it in any other dramatist of the time. It has been derived by Johnson with no great probability from the Greek ταράσσω, and by Serenius, in his *Dict. Anglo-Seuthico-Latinum*, from the Saxon *tyrian*, in which etymology Horne Tooke agrees. In Todd's Dictionary, it is also stated that Wickliffe uses the word in the form of *terre*, but not in what part of his writings it is found. This deficiency is supplied by

All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.
Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes[2]
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.
Arth. O! now you look like Hubert: all this while
You were disguised.
Hub. Peace! no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead.
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports;
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert for the wealth of all the world
Will not offend thee.
Arth. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.
Hub. Silence! no more. Go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN *crowned;* PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and other Lords. The King takes his State.*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.
Pem. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;

Sir F. Madden in his "Glossary to the Wickliffite versions of the Bible," in which, under the various forms of *terren, terre, tarre,* and *terrynge* it occurs.

[2] Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes] In the old "King John," Hubert says,

> "Cheer thee, young lord, thou shalt not lose an eye,
> Though I should purchase it with loss of life:
> I'll to the king, and say his will is done,
> And of the languor tell him thou art dead.
> Go in with me, for Hubert was not born,
> To blind those lamps that nature polish'd so."

Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change, or better state.
Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before [3],
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.
Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.
Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights consideration,
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.
Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse:
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.
Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel; but it pleas'd your highness
To overbear it, and we are all well-pleas'd;
Since all, and every part of what we would,
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.
K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong, when lesser is my fear [4],

[3] To GUARD a title that was rich before,] "To guard" (as we have already seen in "Much Ado about Nothing," A. i. sc. 1, Vol. ii. p. 17, and in "Love's Labour's Lost," A. iv. sc. 3, Vol. ii. p. 136) means generally to *ornament*, and in that sense it is here used. It arose out of the protection often afforded by lace, &c. to garments; and nothing can be more common than the use of it in this somewhat figurative manner.

[4] — WHEN lesser is my fear,] It is "*then* lesser is my fear" in the folio, 1623, making the meaning obscure: the corr. fo. 1632 puts it "*thus lessening* my fear;"

I shall indue you with: mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and they
Bend their best studies, heartily request
Th' enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument:—
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why should your fears, which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong, then move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman [5], and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?—
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no farther ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending [6],
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth

but the usual course has been to convert *then* into "when." It may be doubted whether this expresses exactly what the poet intended, but at all events it is recommended by the fact, that it deviates as little as possible from the old text.

[5] Why SHOULD your fears, which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong, THEN move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman,] We give here unhesitatingly the words as they stand in the corr. fo. 1632: in the folios, as uncorrected, "should" and "then" changed lines and made nonsense. "If you hold in right what you have (asks Pembroke), why *should* your fears, which wait upon wrong, *then* induce you to shut in prison your young nephew?" Mr. Singer, after giving the old reading, says with great simplicity, and as if he had never heard of the emendation in my corr. fo. 1632, "the word[s] *then* and *should* might change places with advantage to the *lucidus ordo*." He surely must have known (for he has quoted the book in hundreds of places) that this change is actually made in my vol. of "Notes and Emendations," p. 208. I do not mean to say that he suppressed the fact, because he did not like to acknowledge the obligation: I do not attribute any such unworthy motive to a man of much general learning and ability, though put to a painful strait; I merely remark that he neglected to notice it.

[6] — on YOU depending,] We leave the old text unchanged, because change is not necessary, but for "you" the correction in the folio, 1632, is *yours*, making the weal of the peers depend upon the weal of the king, and not merely upon the king himself.

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?

[HUBERT *talks apart with the King.*

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.—
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick.
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it.
So thrive it in your game; and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which ow'd[7] the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while.
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt Lords.*

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.

[7] That blood which ow'D] To "owe" is of course to *own*. See also p. 177, and other places where we have deemed a note unnecessary.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather.—How goes all in France?
Mess. From France to England.—Never such a power
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land.
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come that they are all arriv'd.
K. John. O! where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?
Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust: the first of April, died
Your noble mother; and, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.
K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful Occasion!
O! make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers.—What! mother dead?
How wildly, then, walks my estate in France!—
Under whose conduct come those powers of France [8],
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?
Mess. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the Bastard, and PETER *of* POMFRET.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.
Bast. But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.
K. John. Bear with me, cousin, for I was amaz'd
Under the tide; but now I breathe again

[8] Under whose conduct COME those powers of France,] It is *came* in the old copies, but clearly misprinted and set right in the corr. fo. 1632. John is speaking of present danger from a present leader.

Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.
Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express:
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet[9], that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.
K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?
Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.
K. John. Hubert, away with him: imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin!
[*Exit* HUBERT, *with* PETER.
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?
Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.
K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies.
I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.
Bast. I will seek them out.
K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.
O! let me have no subject enemies,

[9] And here's a prophet,] "This man," says Douce, "was a hermit in great repute with the common people. Notwithstanding the event is said to have fallen out as he had prophesied, the poor fellow was inhumanly dragged at horses' tails through the streets of Warham, and, together with his son, who appears to have been even more innocent than his father, hanged afterwards upon a gibbet." See "Holinshed's Chronicle," under the year 1213. In the old "King John," there is a scene between the prophet and the people, but otherwise altogether undeserving of notice.

When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.
Be Mercury: set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.
Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. [*Exit.*
K. John. Spoke like a spriteful, noble gentleman.—
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers,
And be thou he.
Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*
K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen to-night[1];
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wonderous motion.
K. John. Five moons?
Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously.
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths,
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet)
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent.
Another lean, unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.
K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

[1] — five moons were seen to-night;] In the old "King John," the five moons were in some way made visible to the audience: the stage-direction is, "There the five moons appear."

Hub. No had, my lord[2]! why, did you not provoke me?
K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.
Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.
K. John. O! when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation.
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes ill deeds done[3]! Had'st not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind;
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.
Hub. My lord,—
K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face
As bid me tell my tale[4] in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sign[5];

[2] No had, my lord!] Hubert expresses his surprise at John's statement in a form of speech which was not uncommon in the time of Shakespeare. See Vol. ii. p. 368, where "No hath not?" occurs in just the same way.

[3] Makes ill deeds done!] It is "deeds ill done" in the folios, a very intelligible form of speaking; but as the corr. fo. 1632 reverses the order of the words, we may conclude that the placing of the adjective after the substantive was merely an error of the press. Two lines below "quoted" means *noted* or *distinguished.*

[4] As bid me tell my tale] *i. e.* "Turned *such* an eye of doubt, &c. as bade or *did bid* me tell my tale." Malone and others read *And* for "As." The corr. fo. 1632 has it "*Or* bid me tell my tale," but the change is needless.

[5] And didst in signs again parley with SIGN;] So the corr. fo. 1632, and there can be no reasonable doubt that "sign" was the poet's word, and not *sin* as in the

Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O! haste thee to the peers:
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O! answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste.
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. Before the Castle.

Enter ARTHUR *on the Walls.*

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down.—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—

early editions. The king parley'd by signs with Hubert, and Hubert answered in signs the signs of the king: so the German editor,

"Doch du verstandst aus meinen Zeichen mich,
Und pflogst durch Zeichen mit den Zeichen Rath."

There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die and go, as die and stay. [*Leaps down.*
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones.—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [*Dies.*

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's Bury:
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?
Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private missive of the Dauphin's love[6],
Is much more general than these lines import.
Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him, then.
Sal. Or, rather then set forward: for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords.
The king by me requests your presence straight.
Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us:
We will not line his sin-bestained cloak[7]
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks.
Return, and tell him so: we know the worst.
Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.
Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore, 'twere reason you had manners now.

[6] Whose private MISSIVE of the Dauphin's love,] Misprinted in the folios "Whose private *with me*," &c.: the change entirely avoids the awkwardness of converting "private" into a sort of substantive: Salisbury had received a "private missive" from the Dauphin by Melun. "Missive" was a common term for a letter, and Lord Herbert of Cherbury in his Hist. Henry VIII., speaking of a nobleman, says, "His style in *missives* was rather copious than eloquent:" it would be easy to multiply examples. We derive this emendation from the corr. fo. 1632.

[7] We will not line his SIN-bestained cloak] It is "*thin* bestained cloak" in all editions, ancient and modern, but amended to "sin-bestained" in the corr. fo. 1632. Even Mr. Singer could not resist the force of this valuable emendation, and avails himself of it with due acknowledgment.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath its privilege.
Bast. 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else[8].
Sal. This is the prison. What is he lies here?
[*Seeing* ARTHUR.
Pem. O death! made proud with pure and princely beauty,
The earth hath not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.
Big. Or when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.
Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld[9],
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.
Pem. All murders past do stand excus'd in this;
And this, so sole and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sins of time[10];
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.
Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light, what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,

[8] 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no MAN else.] This is a trifling instance of the advantage of referring to two different copies of the first folio. That belonging to Lord Ellesmere reads, "no *man's* else" (as Malone's copy seems to have done), but that of the Duke of Devonshire has "no *man* else," which is certainly right. The error must have been discovered while the sheet was going through the press, and corrected before all the copies were worked off.

[9] Have you beheld,] In the old copies, anterior to the third folio, it is printed, "You have beheld."

[10] — unbegotten SINS of time;] It is "sin of times" in the folios, but corrected by Pope.

Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this head [1],
By giving it the worship of revenge.
Pem. Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you.
Arthur doth live: the king hath sent for you.
Sal. O! he is bold, and blushes not at death.—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain! get thee gone.
Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. Must I rob the law?
[*Drawing his sword.*
Bast. Your sword is bright, sir: put it up again.
Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.
Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury; stand back, I say:
By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as your's.
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget [2]
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.
Big. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murderer.
Hub. Do not prove me so;
Yet, I am none. Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly lies.
Pemb. Cut him to pieces.
Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

[1] Till I have set a glory to this HEAD,] "To this *hand*," in all editions anterior to that of Pope, and amended to "head" in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632. "Head" is assuredly right, and the error of *hand* for "head" was so easy that it was often committed by our old printers.

[2] Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget] We do not alter the text here, because strictly speaking no alteration is required: nevertheless, increased force seems given to the line by a small emendation found in the corr. fo. 1632, viz. "Lest I, by marking *but* your rage, forget," &c.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.
Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.
Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer?
Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.
Big. Who kill'd this prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well.
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.
Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.—
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
Th' uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.
Big. Away, toward Bury: to the Dauphin there!
Pemb. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
Bast. Here's a good world!—Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.
Hub. Do but hear me, sir.
Bast. Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.
Hub. Upon my soul,—
Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on: or wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,

Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.
Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath,
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me.
I left him well.
Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
[HUBERT *takes up* ARTHUR.
I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scamble, and to part by the teeth
The unowed interest[3] of proud swelling state.
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can[4]
Hold out this tempest.—Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed: I'll to the king.
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.
[*Exeunt;* HUBERT *bearing out* ARTHUR[5].

[3] The UNOWED interest] *i. e. Unowned* interest; the interest which, by the death of Arthur, has no owner.

[4] — whose cloak and CINCTURE can] We adopt Pope's amendment of the old text, which has *center* for "cincture," an easy misprint, when we recollect that the MS., from which the compositor printed, perhaps, had the word written *ceinture*, from the French.

[5] Exeunt; Hubert bearing out Arthur.] This stage-direction, and that preceding it, *Hubert takes up Arthur*, are from the corr. fo. 1632. Without them the matter is left entirely to inference.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, PANDULPH *with the Crown, and Attendants.*

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.
Pand. Take again,
[*Giving* JOHN *the Crown.*
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.
K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French;
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our discontented counties do revolt,
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualified:
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.
Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit.*
K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say that before Ascension-day at noon,
My crown I should give off? Even so I have.
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out,
But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,

Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers.
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.
K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?
Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away[6].
K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.
Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust[7],
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away! and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What! shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O! let it not be said.—Courage! and run[8]

[6] An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.] The prettiest passage in the old "King John" relates to the death of Arthur, of whom, when his body is found by the peers, it is said,

"———————— Lo! lords, the wither'd flower,
Who in his life shin'd like the morning's blush,
Cast out a-door."

These lines occur when the body of Arthur is first found. Perhaps Shakespeare took the simile of the "empty casket" to avoid imitation.

[7] — and SAD distrust,] Here we think it more than probable that the poet's epithet was what we find in the corr. fo. 1632, viz. "*blank* distrust," but we refrain from alteration, because the received reading is hardly objectionable: so, two lines below, we are instructed on the same authority to alter "be fire with fire" to "*meet* fire with fire," which is more forcible, and perhaps Shakespeare's language hitherto tamely misrepresented.

[8] COURAGE! and run] This is the word in the corr. fo. 1632, which we venture to substitute for *Forage* of the old editions, the latter being very inapplicable, and readily mistaken by a careless compositor.

To meet displeasure further from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.
K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.
Bast. O, inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play offers, and make compromise [9],
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.
K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.
Bast. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Plain, near St. Edmund's Bury.

Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and Soldiers.*

Lew. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance.
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.
Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.

[9] Send fair-play OFFERS, and make compromise,] *Orders* for "offers" has always been the text, but it is doubtless wrong, and the correction is made in MS. in my folio, 1632. Mr. Singer adopts "offers" without hesitation, but hesitates to acknowledge from whence he derived an improvement, never hinted at, until the publication of my vol. of "Notes and Emendations." He is entirely silent upon the point, owing, perhaps, to the extreme brevity of his note.

And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and an unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many. O! it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker; O! and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury.
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
And is't not pity, O, my grieved friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw, and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause [1])
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou couldst remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about [2],
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee [3] unto a pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
Do make an earthquake of nobility.

[1] Upon the SPOT of this enforced cause)] "Spot" may be right, and therefore we do not remove it, in favour of *thought*, the word in the corr. fo. 1632. Still *thought* would seem to fill the place better, and *thought* may have been misheard "spot:" it was the *thought* of this enforced cause that made Salisbury weep.

[2] — who CLIPPETH thee about,] *i. e.* Who *embraceth* thee. To *clip*, from the Saxon *clippan*, is of perpetual occurrence in our old writers. We have had it already in the participle "clipping" in "The Winter's Tale," A. v. sc. 2, p. 106.

[3] And GRAPPLE thee] "And *cripple* thee" in the early editions; an undoubted, but still not an indisputable, misprint, with those who prefer ingenuity of explanation to plain sense.

O! what a noble combat hast thou fought [4],
Between compulsion, and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes
That never saw the giant-world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH, *attended.*

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France.
The next is this:—king John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore, thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no farther harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me; I will not back:
I am too high born to be propertied,

[4] — hast THOU fought,] "Thou," although so necessary to verse and meaning, did not find its way into the text until the publication of the folio, 1685.

To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart,
And come ye now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And now it is half-conquer'd must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? is't not I
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns[5]?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match, play'd for a crown,
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,

[5] — as I have BANK'D their towns?] It is doubtful in what sense we are to take "bank'd;" whether Lewis means to say that he has thrown up embankments before the towns, or whether he uses "bank'd" in reference to the towns on the shores of the Thames, which he has passed by. In the old "King John" Lewis thus mentions "Rochester" as having submitted, and in Shakespeare the same character may allude to that and other places on the river:

"Your city, Rochester, with great applause,
By some divine instinct laid arms aside;
And from the hollow holes of Thamesis
Echo apace replied *Vive le roi.*"

And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—
[*Trumpet sounds.*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am sent to speak.—
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties:
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well.—Now, hear our English king,
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd; and reason, too, he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness of boyish troops[6],
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch[7];
To dive like buckets in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,
Even at the crowing of your nation's cock[8],

[6] This UNHAIR'D sauciness OF boyish troops,] It is "*unheard* sauciness, *and* boyish troops" in the old copies; but, as Mr. Dyce observes, *hair* and *hair'd* were often spelt *hear* and *heard*, and such is probably the reason why the corrector of the folio, 1632, did not alter *unheard* to "unhair'd." The genitive case, which the corrector introduces, is clearly necessary, for the Bastard was speaking of the "unhair'd sauciness" *of* the boyish troops of France; and it not unfrequently happened that the compositor blundered by confounding the abbreviation for *and* with the preposition "of."

[7] — and make you take the HATCH;] *i. e.* Leap over the hatch of the door.

[8] Even at the CROWING of your nation's COCK,] This is the amended reading

Thinking this voice an armed Englishman;
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No! Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And like an eagle o'er his aiery towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame;
For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
Like Amazons come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets chang'd,
Their needl's to lances[9], and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There; end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace:
We grant thou canst outscold us. Fare thee well:
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither.—
Strike up the drums! and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need)

from the corr. fo. 1632, and cannot be wrong: the old printer got into some confusion with *crying* (the word in the old copies) and "crowing" and gave the line thus absurdly:

"Even at the *crying* of your nation's *crow*."

Mr. Singer would make us believe, rather than adopt the emendation of the corr. fo. 1632, that "crow is here a metonymy for cock:" it is certainly the first time it was ever stated that a *crow* was another name for a "cock," or a "cock" for a *crow*. Neither did we ever before hear that either a cock or a crow *cried*.

[9] Their NEEDL'S to lances,] So printed in the old copies of 1623 and 1632, to show that "needles" was to be read in the time of a monosyllable. In the preceding line *change* is altered to "chang'd" in the corr. fo. 1632.

Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.
Lew. Strike up our drums to find this danger out.
Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter King JOHN *and* HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O! tell me, Hubert.
Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?
K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me: O! my heart is sick.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me which way you go.
K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead[1], to the abbey there.
Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands:
This news was brought to Richard but even now.
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.
K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on toward Swinstead; to my litter straight:
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Same. Another Part of the Same.

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and Others.*

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.
Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

[1] — toward Swinstead,] *i. e. Swineshead,* but called Swinstead also in the old "King John," and in ballads of the time. See our Introduction, p. 122.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.
Pem. They say, king John sore sick hath left the field.

Enter MELUN *wounded, and led by Soldiers.*

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.
Sal. When we were happy we had other names.
Pem. It is the count Melun.
Sal. Wounded to death.
Mel. Fly, noble English; you are bought and sold:
Untread the road-way of rebellion[2],
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads. Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's Bury;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.
Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?
Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?

[2] UNTREAD the ROAD-WAY of rebellion,] So the corr. fo. 1632, in entire accordance with what Theobald proposed: even if it were mere conjecture in both cases, it would be singular that two authorities should tally so exactly, yet not be right. Besides, common sense is altogether in favour of the emendation; for with all our predilection for Shakespeare's figures of speech, where they are intelligibly printed, how can any poetical meaning be made out of the old text,

"Unthread the rude eye of rebellion?"

It can present no image but the degrading one of unthreading the eye of a needle, and what has a needle and thread to do with rebellion? In our opinion nothing can be clearer, than that the emendation restores the genuine language of the poet according to the dictates of ordinary reason. Salisbury not long afterwards repeats the very advice of Melun, and almost in the same words:

"We will *untread the steps* of damned flight,"

referring to their flight from duty to the King. The editor of Schlegel and Tieck's translation of this play follows the emendation in every respect, excepting that instead of "road-way" he has *broad* way:

"Geht der Empörung breiten Pfad zurück."

We have no hesitation in placing the change made in the corr. fo. 1632 in the text of Shakespeare, where, we apprehend, it must ever hereafter remain.

Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of your's
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee, and beshrew my soul,
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.—
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Bright in thine eye[3].—Away, my friends! New flight,
And happy newness, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off* MELUN.

[3] BRIGHT in thine eye.] Here we see the value of the addition of a single letter: it is "*Right* in thine eye" in the old copies, and *fright, pight, fight* have been suggested by various commentators as emendations; but Shakespeare refers to the admitted brilliancy often assumed by the eyes of dying persons. The corr. fo. 1632 alters the text to "*Bright* in thine eye," the letter *B* having, in some way, escaped at the beginning of the line, or the compositor having read *Br* merely *R*, and so printed it.

SCENE V.

The Same. The French Camp.

Enter LEWIS *and his Train.*

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was loath to set,
But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
When English measur'd backward their own ground [4],
In faint retire. O! bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil we bid good night,
And wound our tattering colours clearly up [5],
Last in the field, and almost lords of it?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
Lew. Here.—What news?
Mess. The count Melun is slain: the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fallen off;
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.
Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?
Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.
Lew. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

[4] When English MEASUR'D backward their own ground,] The old copies have *measure:* the necessary alteration was made by Pope.

[5] And wound our TATTERING colours clearly up,] "Tattering" for *tattered*, the active for the passive participle, and it is changed to *tatter'd* in the corr. fo. 1632: there also "clearly" is made *closely;* but "clearly" is probably right, in reference to the unmolested manner in which the French quitted the field. The old form of "tattering," and *tatter'd* was *tottering* and "totter'd," but our reprint, as usual, is in modern orthography. To *totter*, according to Richardson, may be taken as to shake or wave, and "tottering" may be *waving*.

SCENE VI.

An open Place in the Neighbourhood of Swinstead-Abbey.

Enter the Bastard and HUBERT *severally.*

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.
Bast. A friend.—What art thou?
Hub. Of the part of England.
Bast. Whither dost thou go?
Hub. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?
Bast. Hubert, I think.
Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou?
Bast. Who thou wilt: and, if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.
Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless night[6],
Have done me shame:—brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.
Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?
Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.
Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?
Hub. O! my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.
Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news:
I am no woman; I'll not swoon at it.
Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk[7].

[6] — thou, and EYELESS night,] In our former edition we preferred *endless* to "eyeless," on the faith of the uniformity of the old impressions; but as we now find that "eyeless" is substituted in the corr. fo. 1632, and moreover as it was Theobald's proposal, we adopt it.

[7] The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk.] "Not one of the historians," says Malone, "who wrote within sixty years after the death of King John, mentions this very improbable story. The tale is, that a monk, to revenge himself on the king for a saying at which he took offence, poisoned a cup of ale, and having brought it to his majesty, drank some of it himself, to induce the king to taste it, and soon afterwards expired. Thomas Wykes is the first who relates it in his

I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Bast. Whom didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power.
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide;
These Lincoln washes have devoured them:
Myself well-mounted hardly have escap'd.
Away, before: conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Orchard of Swinstead-Abbey.

Enter Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief,
That being brought into the open air,

Chronicle, as a *report*. According to the best accounts, John died at Newark of a fever." The incident answered the protestant purpose of Bishop Bale too well for him not to employ it in his "Kynge Johan," where the monk approaches the king with the poison under the allegorical character of Dissimulation. See the Camden Society's edit. 1838, p. 80.

It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.
P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
Doth he still rage? [*Exit* BIGOT.
Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him: even now he sung.
P. Hen. O, vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them, invisible [8]; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing:
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.
Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest,
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Re-enter BIGOT *and Attendants, who bring in King* JOHN *in a chair* [9].

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.
P. Hen. How fares your majesty?
K. John. Poison'd,—ill-fare;—dead, forsook, cast off,
And none of you will bid the winter come,

[8] Leaves them, INVISIBLE;] We do not disturb the old text here, although the corr. fo. 1632 instructs us, with some plausibility, to substitute *unvisited* for "invisible." We rely mainly upon the subsequent line in Marlowe's "Tamburlaine," Pt. II. A. v. sc. 3, where, in the edit. 4to, 1606, we read thus appositely:

"These cowards *invisibly* assail his soul,
And threaten conquest of our sovereign."

Nevertheless, it is to be observed that in the earliest edition of "Tamburlaine," in 1590, the word is *invincibly*.

[9] — who bring in King John in a chair.] The old simple stage-direction merely is, "John brought in."

To thrust his icy fingers in my maw[1];
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much:
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O! I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin! thou art come to set mine eye.
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered,
And then all this thou seest is but a clod,
And model of confounded royalty[2].

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him;
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,

[1] To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;] Malone quoted the following lines, under the mistaken supposition that they were by Marlowe, and that Shakespeare had adopted one of them with the change of a single word:—

"O! I am dull, and the cold hand of sleep
Hath *thrust his icy fingers in my breast*,
And made a frost within me."

This passage is found in a play called "Lust's Dominion," printed in 1657, and improperly assigned to Marlowe, as we have elsewhere explained. In "The History of Dramatic Poetry and the Stage," vol. iii. p. 96, reasons are given for attributing "Lust's Dominion" to Dekker, Haughton, and Day in 1598 or 1599. In Dekker's "Gull's Hornbook," 4to, 1609, we meet with this expression: "the morning waxing cold, *thrust his icy fingers into thy bosom.*"

[2] And MODEL of confounded royalty.] Here again "model" is spelt *module* in the old copies, but, as has been shown, Vol. ii. p. 602, *module* and *model* were in fact the same word.

Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*
Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—But now a king, now thus.
P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?
Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? Show now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought:
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.
Sal. It seems you know not, then, so much as we.
The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.
Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.
Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath despatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.
Bast. Let it be so.—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.
P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd[3];
For so he will'd it.
Bast. Thither shall it then.

[3] At Worcester must his body be interr'd;] "A stone coffin," Steevens informs us, "containing the body of King John, was discovered in the cathedral church of Worcester, July 17, 1797." His corpse was conveyed thither from Newark, where, in fact, he died.

And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land:
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services,
And true subjection everlastingly.
Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore. [*They kneel.*
P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.
Bast. O! let us pay the time but needful woe, [*Rising.*
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these, her princes, are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true[4]. [*Exeunt.*

[4] If England to itself do rest but true.] Nothing could be much easier than to collect (or rather to repeat, for most of them may be seen in the notes of the different commentators) authorities in which this sentiment is variously modified. We shall content ourselves with the following from the old "King John," which Shakespeare, no doubt, had in his mind:—

"Let England live but true within itself,
And all the world can never wrong her state."

Here, too, as in Shakespeare, England is spoken of in the neuter—"itself," but Mr. Singer, professing to quote the same passage, alters it to *herself*. We notice it only because Shakespeare speaks of England exactly in the same way in A. ii. sc. 1, of his "Richard II." p. 242,

"That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of *itself*."

KING RICHARD II.

"The Tragedie of King Richard the second. As it hath beene publikely acted by the right Honourable the Lorde Chamberlaine his Seruants. London Printed by Valentine Simmes for Androw Wise, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules church yard at the signe of the Angel. 1597." 4to. 37 leaves.

"The Tragedie of King Richard the fecond. As it hath beene publikely acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. By William Shake-speare. London Printed by Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules churchyard at the signe of the Angel. 1598." 4to. 36 leaves.

"The Tragedie of King Richard the Second: with new additions of the Parliament Sceane, and the deposing of King Richard. As it hath been lately acted by the Kinges Maiesties seruantes, at the Globe. By William Shake-speare. At London, Printed by W. W. for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules churchyard, at the signe of the Foxe. 1608." 4to. 39 leaves.

"The Tragedie of King Richard the Second: with new additions of the Parliament Sceane, and the deposing of King Richard. As it hath been lately acted by the Kinges Maiesties seruants, at the Globe. By William Shake-speare. At London, Printed for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Foxe. 1615." 4to. 39 leaves.

In the folio of 1623, "The life and death of King Richard the Second" occupies twenty-three pages, viz. from p. 23 to p. 45, inclusive. The three other folios reprint it in the same form, and in all it is divided into Acts and Scenes.

INTRODUCTION.

On the opposite page we have given the titles of four quarto editions of "King Richard II.," which preceded the publication of the folio of 1623, and which were all put forth during the life-time of Shakespeare: they bear date respectively in 1597, 1598, 1608, and 1615. It will be observed that the title of the edition of 1608 states that it contains "new additions of the Parliament Scene, and the deposing of King Richard." The Duke of Devonshire is in possession of an *unique* copy, dated 1608, the title of which merely follows the wording of the preceding impression of 1598, omitting any notice of "new additions," though containing the whole of them[1]. The name of our great dramatist first appears in connexion with this historical play in 1598, as if Simmes the printer, and Wise the stationer, when they printed and published their edition of 1597, did not know, or were not authorised to state, that Shakespeare was the writer of it. Precisely the same was the case with "King Richard III.," printed and published by the same parties in the same year, and of which also a second edition appeared in 1598, with the name of the author.

We will first speak regarding the date of the original production of "Richard II.;" and then of the period when it is likely that the "new additions" were inserted.

It was entered on the Stationers' Register in 1597, in the following manner:—

"29 Aug. 1597.
Andrew Wise.] The Tragedye of Richard the Seconde."

[1] There is another circumstance belonging to the title-page of the Duke of Devonshire's copy which deserves notice: it states that the play was printed "as it hath been publikely acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine, his seruantes." The company to which Shakespeare belonged were not called the servants of the Lord Chamberlain after James I. came to the throne, but "the King's Majesty's servants," as in the title-page of the other copy of 1608. This fact might give rise to the supposition, that it had been intended to reprint an edition of Richard II., including "the Parliament scene," but not mentioning it, before the death of Elizabeth; but that for some reason the intention was postponed for about five years.

This memorandum was made anterior, but perhaps only shortly anterior, to the actual publication of "Richard II.," and it forms the earliest notice of its existence. Malone supposes that the play was written in 1593, but he does not produce a single fact or argument to establish his position; nor perhaps could any be adduced beyond the circumstance, that having assigned "The Comedy of Errors" to 1592, and "Love's Labour's Lost" to 1594, he had left an interval between those years in which he could place not only "Richard II." but "Richard III." In fact, we can arrive at no nearer approximation; although Chalmers, in his "Supplemental Apology," contended that a note of time was to be found in allusions, in the first and second Acts, to the disturbances in Ireland. It is quite certain that the rebellion in that country was renewed in 1594, and proclaimed in 1595: but it is far from clear that any reference to it was intended by Shakespeare. Where the matter is so extremely doubtful, we shall not attempt to fix on any particular year. If any argument, one way or the other, could be founded upon the publication of Daniel's "Civil Wars," in 1595, it would show that that poet had made alterations in subsequent editions of his poem, in order, perhaps, to fall in more with the popular notions regarding the history of the time, as produced by the success of the play of our great dramatist. Meres mentions "Richard the 2" in 1598.

Respecting the "new additions" of "the deposing of King Richard" we have some evidence, the existence of which was not known in the time of Malone, who conjectured that this scene had originally formed part of Shakespeare's play, and was "suppressed in the printed copy of 1597, from the fear of offending Elizabeth," and not published, with the rest, until 1608[2]. Such may have been the case, but we now know that there were two separate plays upon the events of the reign of Richard II., and the deposition seems to have formed a portion of both. On the 30th April, 1611, Dr. Simon Forman saw "Richard 2," as he expressly calls it, at the Globe Theatre, for which Shakespeare was a writer, at which he had been an actor, and in the receipts of which he was

[2] There might be many reasons why the exhibition of the deposing of Richard II. would be objectionable to Elizabeth, especially after the insurrection of Lords Essex and Southampton. Thorpe's *Custumale Roffense*, p. 89, contains an account of an interview between Lambarde (when he presented his pandect of the records in the Tower) and Elizabeth, shortly subsequent to that event, in which she observed, "I am Richard the Second; know you not that?" Lambarde replied, "Such a wicked imagination was determined and attempted by a most unkind gentleman, the most adorned creature that ever your Majestie made." "He (said the Queen) that will forget God will alsoe forgett his benefactors." The publication of the edition of 1608, without the mention on the title-page of "The Parliament Scene and the deposing of King Richard," might have been contemplated about this date.

interested. In his original Diary, (MS. Ashm. 208,) preserved in the Museum at Oxford, Forman inserts the following account of, and observations upon, the plot of the "Richard II.," he having been present at the representation:—

"Remember therein how Jack Straw, by his overmuch boldness, not being politic, nor suspecting any thing, was suddenly, at Smithfield Bars, stabbed by Walworth, the Mayor of London; and so he and his whole army was overthrown. Therefore, in such case, or the like, never admit any party without a bar between, for a man cannot be too wise, nor keep himself too safe. Also, remember how the Duke of Glouster, the Earl of Arundel, Oxford, and others, crossing the King in his humour about the Duke of Erland (Ireland) and Bushy, were glad to fly, and raise a host of men: and being in his castle, how the Duke of Erland came by night to betray him, with 300 men; but, having privy warning thereof, kept his gates fast, and would not suffer the enemy to enter, which went back again with a fly in his ear, and after was slain by the Earl of Arundel in the battle. Remember, also, when the Duke (*i. e.* of Gloucester) and Arundel came to London with their army, King Richard came forth to them, and met them, and gave them fair words, and promised them pardon, and that all should be well, if they would discharge their army; upon whose promises and fair speeches they did it: and after, the King bid them all to a banquet, and so betrayed them, and cut off their heads, &c., because they had not his pardon under his hand and seal before, but his word. Remember therein, also, how the Duke of Lancaster privily contrived all villainy to set them all together by the ears, and to make the nobility to envy the King, and mislike him and his government; by which means he made his own son king, which was Henry Bolingbroke. Remember, also, how the Duke of Lancaster asked a wise man, whether himself should ever be king; and he told him no, but his son should be a king: and when he had told him, he hanged him up for his labour, because he should not bruit abroad, or speak thereof to others. This was a policy in the Commonwealth's opinion, but I say it was a villain's part, and a Judas' kiss, to hang the man for telling him the truth. Beware by this example of noblemen and their fair words, and say little to them, lest they do the like to thee for thy good will."

This quotation was first published in "New Particulars regarding Shakespeare and his Works," 8vo, 1836, where it was suggested that this "Richard II." might be the play which Sir Gilly Merrick and others are known to have procured to be acted the afternoon before the insurrection headed by the Earls of Essex and Southampton in 1601 (Bacon's Works by Mallet, iv. 320); but in a letter,

published in a note to the same tract, the late Mr. Amyot argued, that "the deposing of King Richard" probably formed no part of the play Forman saw, and that it might actually be another, and a lost play by Shakespeare, intended as a "first part" to his extant drama on the later portion of the reign of that monarch. It is true that Forman says nothing of the formal deposition of Richard II.; but he tells us that in the course of the drama the Duke of Lancaster "made his own son King," and he could not do so without something like a deposition exhibited or narrated. It is also to be observed, that if Forman's account be at all correct, Shakespeare could never have exhibited the characters of the King and of Gaunt so inconsistently in two parts of the same play. The Richard and the Gaunt of Forman, with their treachery and cruelty, are totally unlike the Richard and Gaunt of Shakespeare. For these reasons we may, perhaps, arrive at the conclusion, that it was a distinct drama, and not by Shakespeare: we may presume, also, that it was the very piece which Sir Gilly Merrick procured to be represented, and for the performance of which, according to a passage in the arraignment of Cuffe and Merrick, the latter paid forty shillings additional, because it was an old play, and not likely to attract an audience.

With reference to this point we have recently been put in possession of a piece of singular and authentic evidence. It is no other than a copy of the original deposition of Augustine Phillips, the actor, before Lord Chief Justice Popham, Mr. Justice Anderson, and Serjeant Fenner, signed by the examinant and by the rest, containing the particulars of an interview between certain friends of the Earl of Essex and the leaders of the company at the Globe, when the latter were applied to to substitute "Richard the Second" for another play, and when they were promised forty shillings additional for so doing. It is in these terms, and they are on every account curious:—

> "The exam. of Augustyne Phillippes, Servant unto the L. Chamberlayne, and one of his players, taken the xviijth of Februarij, 1600, upon hys othe.

"He sayeth that on Fryday last was sennyght, or Thursday, S^{r} Charles Pryce, or Jostlyne Pryce, and the L. Montegle with some thre more spake to some of the players in the presens of thys exam^{t} to have the playe of the deposing and kyllyng Kyng Rychard the Second to be played the Saterday next, promysing to geve them xl^{s} more then their ordynary to play yt; when thys Exam^{t} and his fellowes were determyned to have played some other playe, holdyng that play of Kyng Rychard to be so old, and so long out of yous [use], that they should have small or no company

at yt. But at theire request this Exam^{t} and his fellowes were content to play it the Saterday, and have theise xl^{s} more then theire ordynary for yt, and so played yt accordyngly.

Ex. per Jo. Popham. Augustine Phillipps."
Edw. Anderson.
Edw. Fenner."

This remarkable document (the body of which is in Popham's hand-writing) does not at all serve to settle the point whether the play thus agreed to be performed was by Shakespeare, or whether it was the work of some other dramatist. All we learn is that early in the spring of 1601 it was considered so old a play, and "so long out of use," that it was thought by the company that it would not be profitable; and in order to compensate for their loss, on account of changing the play, they were to receive forty shillings "more than their ordinary," meaning, we may suppose, the ordinary receipt at their theatre for a dramatic representation. What we have above quoted is one of the preliminary depositions, taken by three commissioners, appointed to ascertain what evidence could be adduced against a party accused of so high a crime as treason and rebellion.

The persons named by Phillips are neither Sir Gilly Merrick nor Cuffe, but Lord Monteagle and the two Pryces, but we may pretty safely conclude that Merrick and Cuffe were two out of the "three more" who negociated with the Lord Chamberlain's players, and against whom, as we have stated, it was subsequently made a matter of charge, that they had been instrumental in procuring the performance of "Richard the Second." Augustine Phillips seems to have been the only witness called to the fact to which he deposes, but other players were present at the negociation, and we may infer, perhaps, that the matter was never disputed by the accused parties.

The description of the plot given by Forman reads as if it were an old play, with the usual quantity of blood and treachery. How it came to be popular enough, in 1611, to be performed when Forman saw it at the Globe must be matter of mere speculation: perhaps the revival of it by the party of the Earls of Essex and Southampton had recalled public attention to it, and improvements might have been made in it, which would render it a favourite in 1611, though it had been laid by in 1601.

Out of these improvements, and out of this renewed popularity, may, possibly, have grown the "new additions," which were printed with the impression of Shakespeare's "Richard II." in 1608[3], and which solely relate to the deposing of the King. On

[3] It may possibly be gathered that there was an intention to publish the "history," with these "new additions," in 1603: at all events, in that year the

the other hand, if these "new additions," as they were termed in 1608, were only a suppressed part of the original play, there seems hardly sufficient ground for believing that it was not Shakespeare's drama which was acted at the instance of Sir Gilly Merrick in 1601. If it were written in 1593, as Malone imagined, or even in 1596, according to the speculation of Chalmers, it might be called an old play in 1601, considering the rapidity with which dramas were often written and brought out at the period of which we are speaking. If neither Shakespeare's play, nor that described by Forman, were the piece selected by Sir Gilly Merrick, there must have been three distinct plays, in the possession of the company acting at the Globe, upon the events of the reign of Richard II.

The general favour in which Shakespeare's "Richard II." and "Hamlet" were held early in the seventeenth century, may be seen from this remarkable circumstance, mentioned in one of the publications of the Hakluyt Society[4], viz. that when a ship called "The Dragon" was at Sierra Leone, in the Autumn of 1607, both those dramas were acted for the amusement of the crew. The fact is derived from a manuscript belonging to the East India Company, which Purchas originally printed, but without the information we derive from it. It is the Journal of the Captain (Keeling), and it contains the following entries:—

"September 5. I sent the interpreter, according to his desire, on board the 'Hector,' where he broke fast, and after came on board me, where we gave the tragedy of 'Hamlet.'

"September 30. Captain Hawkins dined with me, where my companions acted 'King Richard the Second.'

"September 31. I invited Captain Hawkins to a fish-dinner, and had 'Hamlet' acted on board me; which I permit to keep my people from idleness and unlawful games, or sleep."

We thus see that "Richard the Second" (probably Shakespeare's tragedy) was a favourite performance in 1607, although "Hamlet," as far as Captain Keeling and his crew were concerned, exceeded it in popularity.

For the incidents of this "most admirable of all Shakespeare's

right in "Richard II.," "Richard III." and "Henry IV. Part I." was transferred to Matthew Law, in whose name the plays came out when the next editions of them appeared. The entry relating to them in the books of the Stationers' Company runs thus:—

"27 June 1603

"Matth. Lawe] in full Courte, iij Enterludes or playes. The first of Richard the 3d. The second of Richard the 2d. The third of Henry the 4, the first pte. all Kings."

[4] "Narratives of Voyages towards the North-west," edited by Thomas Rundall, Esq., London, 1849, p. 231.

purely historical plays," as Coleridge calls it, (Lit. Rem. ii. 164,) our great poet appears to have gone no farther than Holinshed, who was himself indebted to Hall and Fabian. However, Shakespeare has no where felt himself bound to adhere to chronology when it better answered his purpose to desert it. Thus, the Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V., is spoken of in Act v. sc. 3, as frequenting taverns and stews, when he was in fact only twelve years old. Marston, in a short address before his "Wonder of Women," 1606, aiming a blow at Ben Jonson, puts the duty of a dramatic author in this respect upon its true footing, when he says, "I have not laboured to tie myself to relate any thing as a historian, but to enlarge every thing as a poet;" and what we have just referred to in this play is exactly one of those anachronisms which, in the words of Schlegel, Shakespeare committed "purposely and most deliberately[5]." His design, of course, was in this instance to link together "Richard II." and the first part of "Henry IV."

Of the four 4to. editions of "Richard II." the most valuable, for its readings and general accuracy, beyond all dispute, is the impression of 1597. The other three 4tos. were, more or less, printed from it, and the folio of 1623 seems to have taken the latest, that of 1615, as the foundation of its text; but, from a few words found only in the folio, it may seem that the player-editors referred also to some extrinsic authority. It is quite certain, however, that the folio copied obvious and indisputable blunders from the 4to. of 1615. There are no fewer than eight places where the folio omits passages inserted in the 4tos, in one instance to the destruction of the continuity of the sense, and in most to the detriment of the play. Hence not only the expediency, but the absolute necessity of referring to the 4to. copies, from which we have restored all the missing lines, pointing them out distinctly in our notes at the foot of the page.

[5] "Ich unternehme darzuthun, dass Shakspeare's Anachronismen mehrentheils geflissentlich und mit grossem Bedacht angebracht sind."—Ueber dramatische Kunst und Litteratur, vol. ii. 43.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, Duke of York.
JOHN OF GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster.
HENRY BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford.
DUKE OF AUMERLE, Son to the Duke of York.
THOMAS MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.
DUKE OF SURREY.
EARL OF SALISBURY. EARL BERKLEY.
BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN, } Creatures to King Richard.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
HENRY PERCY, his Son.
LORD ROSS. LORD WILLOUGHBY. LORD FITZWATER.
BISHOP OF CARLISLE. Abbot of Westminster.
LORD MARSHAL; and another Lord.
SIR PIERCE OF EXTON. SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.
Captain of a Band of Welchmen.

QUEEN TO KING RICHARD.
DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.
DUCHESS OF YORK.
Lady attending the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE, dispersedly in England and Wales.

[1] No list of characters is in any of the old editions: it was first supplied by Rowe.

THE LIFE AND DEATH

OF

KING RICHARD II.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King RICHARD, *attended;* JOHN OF GAUNT, *and other Nobles, with him.*

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son[1];
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness; no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then, call them to our presence: face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
Th' accuser, and th' accused, freely speak.—
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*

[1] Brought hither Henry HEREFORD thy bold son;] In all the ancient copies, 4to. and folio, this name is here spelt *Herford*, showing that it was pronounced in Shakespeare's time as a dissyllable. The difficulty is easily overcome; by reading the first two syllables in the time of one the rhythm is preserved. Daniel, in his "Civil Wars," 1595, always prints Bolingbroke's title, *Herford*.

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire [2].

Re-enter Attendants with BOLINGBROKE *and* NORFOLK.

Boling. Full many years of happy days befal [3]
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!
Nor. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!
K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
Boling. First, heaven be the record to my speech!
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate [4],
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live,
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish, (so please my sovereign) ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may prove.

[2] In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.] This couplet is quoted in a MS. common-place book of the time in my possession, and there the last line is made to run,

"Deaf as the sea in rage, hasty as fire."

Possibly this might be the original reading.

[3] FULL many years of happy days befal] No old edition has "Full," but it is clearly required by the metre, and is found in the corr. fo. 1632. We have no hesitation in inserting it.

[4] And free from OTHER misbegotten hate,] So the printed editions, and the meaning may be, that his hate was derived from no other cause than the care he felt for the safety of the king: the corr. fo. 1632 reads,

"Free from *wrath or* misbegotten hate,"

and it is possible that *wrath or* was misheard "other." It is *frei von Zorn* in Professor Mommsen's German edition.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal.
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this;
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say.
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech,
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled [5] down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable [6],
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty:—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king [7];
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop.
By that and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise [8].

Nor. I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,

[5] — DOUBLED down his throat.] So every 4to: the folio, 1623, *doubly.*

[6] Or any other ground INHABITABLE,] *i. e. Uninhabitable:* so used by Ben Jonson, Donne, and other writers of the time. The following passage occurs in T. Heywood's "General History of Women," folio, 1624:—"Where all the country was scorched by the heat of the sun, and the place almost *inhabitable* for the multitude of serpents."

[7] — kindred of THE king;] The editions after the 4to, 1597, read "kindred of *a* king;" but Bolingbroke, of course, refers to *the* king before whom he stood, and whose "kinsman" Norfolk had just said that he was.

[8] What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.] So the 4to, 1597. 4to, 1598, "What I have spoke, or thou canst devise." 4tos, 1608 and 1615, "What I have spoke, or *what* thou canst devise." Folio, 1623, "What I have *spoken*, or thou canst devise."

Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And, when I mount, alive may I not light [9],
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great, that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak [1], my life shall prove it true:—
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments [2],
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
Besides, I say, and will in battle prove,
Or here or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray [3] their first head and spring.
Farther, I say, and farther will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries [4],
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

[9] And, when I mount, alive may I not light,] The 4tos. of 1608 and 1615 repeat the word "alive," to the injury of the metre.

[1] Look, what I SPEAK,] This is the reading of the 4to, 1597: the other 4tos. and the first folio have *said* for "speak." "Speak," in the present tense, seems more proper, as it refers to the particular accusations Bolingbroke is about to bring against Mowbray.

[2] — for LEWD employments,] *i. e.* For *wicked* purposes: this is one of the old senses of "lewd." See Vol. ii. p. 77.

[3] FETCH from false Mowbray] All editions, after the first of 1597, read *fetch'd*. Farther on, "*my* kingdom's heir" is printed only in the folio *our*.

[4] SUGGEST his soon-believing adversaries,] In Shakespeare, to "suggest" usually means to *tempt*, and here to *incite*. See Vol. ii. p. 611.

Nor. O! let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.
K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
As he is but my father's brother's son,
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou:
Free speech and fearless, I to thee allow.
Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Disburs'd I duly [5] to his highness' soldiers:
The other part reserv'd I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a clear account [6],
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen.
Now, swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's death,
I slew him not; but to mine own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor;
Which in myself I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurl down my gage

[5] Disburs'd I DULY] "Duly" is only in 4to, 1597. The necessity of the word, if only for the completeness of the verse, is obvious.

[6] Upon remainder of a CLEAR account,] So the corr. fo. 1632, with indisputable fitness, the reading of all editions, ancient and modern, having been "*dear* account." Mr. Singer prints it "clear account," observing that *dear* is "an evident error:" so it is, but he did not discover it until it was pointed out in my corr. fo. 1632, of which he says nothing, although he adopts the emendation found in no other authority. The German editor puts it *einer klaren Fordrung.*

Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.
K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentleman, be rul'd by me[7].—
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision.
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed[8].—
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.
Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age.—
Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.
K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.
Gaunt. When, Harry? when[9]?
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.
K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there is no boot.
Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
Despite of death, that lives upon my grave,
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.
K. Rich. Rage must be withstood.

[7] Wrath-kindled GENTLEMAN, be rul'd by me.] So all the 4tos; the King addressing himself to Norfolk, who had just concluded his angry speech. The folio reads *gentlemen;* but Bolingbroke, merely as the accuser, was not so properly "wrath-kindled," and, moreover, had had time to cool. In consistency with this notion the King afterwards undertakes to "calm the duke of Norfolk."

[8] Our doctors say this is no MONTH to bleed.] This line, and three others preceding it, are quoted in a MS. of the time in my hands. It may be worth noting, that the line,

"Deep malice makes too deep incision,"

is there omitted. The folio, 1623, contrary to all the earlier printed authorities and my MS., has *time* instead of "month."

[9] When, Harry? when?] This expression of impatience is followed, in all the old copies, 4to. and folio, by the words "obedience bids," as the conclusion of the line, though the same words begin the next line. They are surplusage, as is obvious both from the sense and the hyme. "When, Harry? when?" is the conclusion of the line commenced by the King with "And, Norfolk, throw down his," and "obedience bids" is struck out in the corr. fo. 1632.

Give me his gage: lions make leopards tame.
Nor. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear, dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten times barr'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one:
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.
K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage: do you begin.
Boling. O, God defend my soul from such deep sin[1]!
Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar-fear[2] impeach my height
Before this outdar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.
[*Exit* GAUNT.
K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command:
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day.
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate:
Since we cannot atone you[3], we shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry[4].—
Lord Marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*

[1] O, GOD defend my soul from such DEEP sin!] So all the 4to. editions: the folio, 1623, substitutes *heaven* for "God" and *foul* for "deep." The last change would seem to have been merely arbitrary.

[2] Or with pale beggar-FEAR] So the 4to, 1597, and the first folio: the other 4tos. have "beggar-*face*."

[3] Since we cannot ATONE you, WE shall see] "Atone" is *reconcile* or *at one* you: see "As you like it," A. v. sc. 4. Vol. ii. p. 430. "*We* shall see" is the preferable reading of the 4to, 1597: it is "*you* shall see" in all the folios.

[4] Justice DESIGN the victor's chivalry.] To "design" was used in Shakespeare's time in its etymological sense, from the Lat. *designo*, to *mark out*, or *point out*. Pope most injudiciously altered the word to *decide*.

SCENE II.

The Same. A Room in the Duke of Lancaster's Palace.

Enter Gaunt, *and Duchess of* Gloster.

Gaunt. Alas! the part I had in Gloster's blood [5]
Doth more solicit me, than your exclaims,
To stir against the butchers of his life:
But since correction lieth in those hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth [6],
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut;
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded [7],
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah! Gaunt, his blood was thine: that bed, that womb,
That metal, that self mould, that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st, and breath'st,
Yet art thou slain in him. Thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,

[5] Alas! the part I had in Gloster's blood] In all the 4to. editions, prior to the folio, 1623, it stands "*Woodstock's* blood." He was born at Woodstock, and was always called Thomas of Woodstock by the historians, till Richard II. first created him Earl of Buckingham, and afterwards (according to Dugdale and Sandford) Duke of Gloster in the 9th year of his reign.

[6] Who when they see the hours ripe on earth,] So all the ancient copies, 4to. and folio, which the moderns have needlessly altered to *he sees*. Gaunt uses "heaven" as a plural noun.

[7] Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,] All the 4to. editions have "faded," and the folio *vaded*. They were in fact the same word.

Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee.
That which in mean men we entitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to venge my Gloster's death.
Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute[8],
His deputy anointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death; the which, if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge, for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.
Duch. Where then, alas! may I complain myself?
Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and defence.
Duch. Why then, I will.—Farewell, farewell, old Gaunt[9].
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight.
O! sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast;
Or if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford.
Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometimes brother's wife
With her companion grief must end her life.
Gaunt. Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry.
As much good stay with thee, as go with me!
Duch. Yet one word more.—Grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun,
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.

[8] God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,] So the 4to. editions: the folio, 1623, has *heaven's* in both instances. Three lines lower, all the copies, folio and 4to, read, "Let *heaven* revenge," &c. but farther on, "To *God*, the widow's champion," is the reading of the 4tos, and "To *heaven*" that of the folio. These changes were, of course, made in consequence of the statute, 3 Jac. I. c. 21; but the original words of Shakespeare were nevertheless preserved in all the 4to. impressions, and to those we adhere.

[9] Why then, I will.—Farewell, FAREWELL, old Gaunt.] The repetition of "farewell" is from the corr. fo. 1632: we have little doubt that the poet wrote it, although it is not found in the early printed copies: the measure requires it.

Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo! this is all:—nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—O! what?—
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack! and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow that dwells every where.
Desolate, desperate, will I hence, and die[1]:
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Gosford Green, near Coventry.

Lists set out, and a Throne. Heralds, &c., attending.

Enter the Lord Marshal, and AUMERLE.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?
Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.
Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish. Enter King RICHARD, *who takes his seat on his Throne;* GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN, *and others, who take their places. A Trumpet is sounded, and answered by another Trumpet within. Then enter* NORFOLK *in armour, preceded by a Herald.*

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:

[1] Desolate, DESPERATE, will I hence, and die:] The old printed text has always been "Desolate, *desolate*, will I hence, and die," but it is not likely that Shakespeare would have thus repeated the word "desolate," and most likely that it was misheard, in the second instance, by the scribe or printer for "desperate," which so well expresses the state of mind of the Duchess when she makes her *exit*. This emendation is from the corr. fo. 1632.

Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.
Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms;
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel.
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!
Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which, God defend [2], a knight should violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue [3],
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Trumpets sound. Enter BOLINGBROKE, *in armour, preceded by a Herald* [4].

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause.
Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore com'st thou hither,
Before King Richard in his royal lists?
Against whom com'st thou? and what is thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight; so defend thee heaven!
Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove by God's grace, and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,

[2] (Which, GOD defend,] So all the 4tos: the folio, "(Which *heaven* defend,)" &c. Just before, however, it has, "In God's name."

[3] To God, my king, and MY succeeding issue,] Here the corr. fo. 1632 restores the old reading of the 4tos, viz. "my succeeding issue," for "*his* succeeding issue" of the folio, 1623. It is therefore clear that Mowbray, as Johnson argued, adverted to his own issue endangered by attainder, and not to the issue of the King.

[4] Enter Bolingbroke, in armour, preceded by a Herald.] The old stage-direction in the 4to. editions terms Bolingbroke *appellant*, and omits the "Herald," a deficiency supplied by the folio, 1623.

To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!
Mar. On pain of death no person be so bold,
Or daring hardy, as to touch the lists;
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.
Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty;
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage:
Then, let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell of our several friends.
Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.
K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.—
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right [5],
So be thy fortune in this royal fight.
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead [6].
Boling. O! let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear.
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—
My loving lord, I take my leave of you;—
Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle;—
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.
Lo! as at English feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
O! thou, [*To* GAUNT.] the earthly author [7] of my blood,
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,

[5] — as thy cause is RIGHT,] So every 4to: all the folios have *just*.

[6] — but not revenge THEE dead.] The 4tos. of 1597 and 1598 read "*the* dead;" that of 1608, and subsequent editions, "*thee* dead," which is doubtless right." *Thee* was often of old written and printed *the*.

[7] — EARTHLY author] The folio of 1623 reads *earthy*, (it is "earthly" in the 4to. from which it was reprinted) which is amended to "earthly" in the corr. fo. 1632. A few lines lower the folio, 1623, misprints "furbish," the word in all the 4tos, *furnish*. "Furbish" is restored in the corr. fo. 1632.

And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.
Gaunt. God in thy good cause[8] make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.
Boling. Mine innocence, and Saint George to thrive!
Nor. However God, or fortune, cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to king Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.—
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,
Go I to fight. Truth hath a quiet breast.
K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.—
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.
Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!
Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry, amen.
Mar. Go bear this lance [*To an Officer.*] to Thomas, duke of Norfolk.
1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him;
And dares him to set forward to the fight.
2 *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

[8] God in thy good cause] All the 4tos. have "God," which is doubtless what Shakespeare wrote, and is therefore to be preferred to *heaven* of the folio, 1623, in spite of erasure by the Master of the Revels under the statute. Lower down, the folio reads *amaz'd* for "adverse."

To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.
[*A Charge sounded.*

Stay! the king hath thrown his warder down[9].

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again.—
Withdraw with us; and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.—
[*A long flourish.*

Draw near, [*To the Combatants.*] and list, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;
And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep[1];
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood:
Therefore, we banish you our territories:—
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life[2],

[9] — hath thrown his WARDER down.] A *warder*, says Steevens, appears to have been a kind of truncheon, carried by the person who presided at these single combats. So, in Daniel's "Civil Wars," 1595, in reference to this transaction, Book i. st. 63:—

"When, lo! the king chang'd suddenly his mind,
Casts down his *warder*, and so stays them there."

Sir John Denham (State Poems, i. 44) calls it, not a "warder" but, an *award*:

"So champions have shar'd the lists and sun,
The judge throws down's *award* and they have done."

[1] Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;] It is not easy to discover why this and the four preceding lines, were omitted in the folio, 1623: nothing of the kind can be more beautiful. They are fortunately preserved in all the 4tos, and the sense is incomplete without them.

[2] — upon pain of LIFE,] *i. e.* Of the loss of life. Thus all the 4to. editions, and afterwards, when the King addresses Norfolk: the folio, 1623, with obvious inconsistency, has "upon pain of *death*" in one place, and "upon pain of *life*" in another.

Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.
Boling. Your will be done. This must my comfort be,
That sun that warms you here shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.
K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The fly-slow hours shall not determinate [3]
The dateless limit of thy dear exile.
The hopeless word of—never to return
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.
Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego;
And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have enjail'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my jailor to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death [4],
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?
K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate:
After our sentence plaining comes too late.

[3] The FLY-SLOW hours shall not determinate] The folio, 1623, has *sly slow* (not with a hyphen as Mr. Singer erroneously quotes it), and so also some copies of the folio, 1632; but in others the compound epithet seems to have been amended in the press to "fly-slow." In the corr. fo. 1632 *sly slow* is altered to "fly-slow," and a hyphen properly interposed, "fly-slow." Pope preferred "fly-slow," very reasonably.

[4] What is thy sentence, THEN, but speechless death,] "Then" is found in the first and other folios: it is clearly necessary to the measure, and perhaps had originally dropped out from the 4tos.

Nor. Then, thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. [*Retiring.*
K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that ye owe to God,
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves)
To keep the oath that we administer:—
You never shall (so help you truth and God!)
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor never look upon each other's face[5];
Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advised purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.
Boling. I swear.
Nor. And I, to keep all this. [*Kissing the King's sword*[6].
Boling. Norfolk, so fare, as to mine enemy[7].
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.
Nor. No, Bolingbroke: if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence.
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
Farewell, my liege.—Now no way can I stray:
Save back to England, all the world's my way. [*Exit.*

[5] Nor NEVER look upon each other's face;] This reduplication of the negative was the language of Shakespeare's time, and is preserved in all the 4to. editions: the folio, 1623, has "Nor *ever*," &c.

[6] Kissing the King's sword.] This is a MS. stage-direction in the corr. fo. 1632, and shows the precise manner in which the oath was administered, and received on the stage in the time of the old annotator.

[7] Norfolk, so FARE, as to mine enemy.] This line presents a difficulty arising out of a textual discordance: the folio, 1632, alone has *far*, for "fare" of all the earlier copies, and hence some have supposed (the Rev. Mr. Dyce among the number) that Bolingbroke wished to warn Mowbray that he was not his friend. What should have reconciled them? How could Mowbray have imagined his adversary any thing but his enemy? The clear meaning is, (if commentators would but allow themselves to see it,) "Norfolk, so fare, as I wish to mine enemy."

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away.—[*To* Boling.] Six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.
Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs,
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.
Gaunt. I thank my liege that, in regard of me,
He shortens four years of my son's exile;
But little vantage shall I reap thereby,
For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age and endless night:
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.
K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.
Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow [8],
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow.
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is current with him for my death,
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.
K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave:
Why at our justice seem'st thou, then, to lower?
Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O! had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd [9].
Alas! I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict, to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

[8] — with SULLEN sorrow,] The folios read *sudden*. Here again, as in "King John," A. i. sc. 2, p. 126, we have *sudden* and "sullen" confounded.

[9] And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.] This and the three preceding lines are omitted in the folio editions.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell;—and, uncle, bid him so:
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.
[*Flourish. Exeunt King* RICHARD *and Train.*
Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,
From where do you remain, let paper show.
Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.
Gaunt. O! to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?
Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe th' abundant dolour of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.
Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.
Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.
Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a travel, that thou tak'st for pleasure.
Boling. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.
Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make[10]
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages, and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?
Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity:
Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king: woe doth the heavier sit
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the king exil'd thee; or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,

[10] Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make] This and the twenty-five next lines are in all the 4to. editions, but omitted in the folio of 1623 and of course in the other folios—perhaps for the sake of shortening the performance on the stage.

And thou art flying to a fresher clime:
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.
Suppose the singing birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure, or a dance;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.
Boling. O! who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O! no: the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when he bites[1], but lanceth not the sore.
Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way:
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.
Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell! sweet soil, adieu;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Same. A Room in the King's Castle.

Enter King RICHARD, BAGOT, *and* GREEN, *at one door;* AUMERLE *at another.*

K. Rich. We did observe[2].—Cousin Aumerle,

[1] Than when HE bites,] The 4to. of 1597 reads *he*, and so, we are persuaded, Shakespeare wrote; but later copies have *it* for "he:" the poet personifies sorrow. In the preceding line the folio, 1623, misprints "never" *ever*.

[2] We did observe.] These words are addressed by the King to Bagot and Green, and are the continuation of something that had passed between them before their entrance. Bushy is mentioned in the old stage-direction of the 4tos, but he does not in fact enter till afterwards.

How far brought you high Hereford on his way?
Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.
K. Rich. And say, what store of parting tears were shed?
Aum. 'Faith, none for me; except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces[3],
Awak'd the sleeping rheum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.
K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you parted with him?
Aum. Farewell: and, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word "farewell" have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.
K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green[4],
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles[5],
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,

[3] Which then BLEW bitterly against our faces,] The folio, 1623, reads, "Which then *grew* bitterly," &c.; a misprint followed by the later impressions of the same volume: every 4to. edition has "blew," and *grew* is altered to "blew" in the corr. fo. 1632. The earlier 4tos. also have "faces" for *face* of the folio, and "sleeping" for *sleepy* in the next line.

[4] Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,] This line (with the transposition of "here") is from the folio, 1623: the 4tos. merely have "Ourself and Bushy;" but Bushy was not on the stage, entering some time afterwards.

[5] — with the craft of SMILES,] It is "with the craft of *souls*" in all the folios, but "craft of smiles" of all the 4tos. is of course the true text, and to that it is amended in the corr. fo. 1632.

With—"Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;"—
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage[6] must be made, my liege,
Ere farther leisure yield them farther means,
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war:
And, for our coffers, with too great a court
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand. If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants,
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY[7].

Bushy, what news?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord[8],
Suddenly taken, and hath sent post-haste
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he now?

Bushy. At Ely-house, my liege[9].

K. Rich. Now put it, God, in his physician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—
Come, gentlemen; let's all go visit him:
Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late! [*Exeunt.*

[6] EXPEDIENT manage] *i. e. Expeditious conduct*, or *arrangements.*

[7] Enter Bushy.] The old stage-direction, as if to indicate that Bushy was to enter in haste, has "Enter Bushy with news."

[8] — is GRIEVOUS sick, my lord,] The folio, 1623, poorly substitutes *very* for "grievous."

[9] At Ely-house, MY LIEGE.] The words "my liege," and "now" in the line above, are from the corr. fo. 1632: it is clear that the measure requires them, and there can be little doubt that in some way they made their escape.

ACT II. SCENE I.

London. An Apartment in Ely-house.

GAUNT *on a Couch; the Duke of* YORK, *and Others, standing by him.*

Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?
York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.
Gaunt. O! but they say, the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more must say is listen'd more,
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before.
The setting sun, and music at the close[1],
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past.
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.
York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As praises of his state: then, there are found[2]
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen:
Report of fashions in proud Italy;
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
So it be new there's no respect how vile,
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?

[1] — and music AT the close,] The folios have "music *is* the close:" our reading is that of the 4to, 1597: the later 4tos. print *glose* for "close." The passage is quoted in "England's Parnassus," 1600, p. 54, as in our text, and it is so amended in the corr. fo. 1632.

[2] As praises of his state: then, there are found] The two earliest 4tos, those of 1597 and 1598, give this line, "As praises, of whose taste the wise are found," which yields admirable sense, if we read *fond* for "found," a very easy corruption: the meaning would then be, that even the wise are fond of the taste of praise. The two 4tos. of 1608 and 1615 have the line as in our text, and they are followed by the folio, 1623: these authorities we feel unwillingly bound to take.

Then, all too late[3] comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose:
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.
Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd,
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him.
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection[4], and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth[5],
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son:
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,

[3] THEN, all too late] So the 4tos: the folios read "*That*," which is altered to "Then" in the corr. fo. 1632.

[4] Against INFECTION,] Every ancient copy, 4to. and folio, has "infection," and it affords the clearest possible meaning. In "England's Parnassus," 1600, p. 348, this line, among others, is misquoted, for there we read "against *intestion*," which led Farmer to conjecture that we ought to read *infestion*. If this authority were to guide us, we ought also to read farther on "For *charity*, service, and true chivalry," instead of "For Christian service," &c. There cannot, we apprehend, be a moment's doubt as to the propriety of adhering to the lection of every old edition, and of rejecting that of nearly every modern one.

[5] — and famous BY their birth,] This text is that of all the 4tos: the folio, 1623, has "famous *for* their birth," but it is amended to "*by* their birth" in the corr. fo. 1632.

Is now leas'd out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm.
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds:
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death.

Enter King RICHARD, *and* QUEEN; AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, *and* WILLOUGHBY.

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being urg'd, do rage the more [6].
Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?
K. Rich. What, comfort, man! How is't with aged Gaunt?
Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
Is my strict fast, I mean my children's looks;
And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt.
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.
K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?
Gaunt. No; misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.
K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live [7]?
Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those that die.

[6] For young hot colts, being URG'D, do rage the more.] In all the early copies the line stands "For young hot colts, being *rag'd*, do rage the more," than which nothing can be more undeniable; but Shakespeare meant no such truism. Our emendation is that of the corr. fo. 1632, and it shows that *rag'd* is a misprint for "urg'd:" urge a hot colt and he rages the more is what is meant; and since this new reading has been published, editors have become sensible that *rag'd* must be wrong. We alter the text accordingly.

[7] — flatter WITH those that live?] The folio, 1623, omits the preposition. Farther on it reads, "*I* see thee ill:" the 4tos, "*and* see thee ill."

K. Rich. Thou, now a-dying, say'st—thou flatter'st me.
Gaunt. O! no; thou diest, though I the sicker be.
K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.
Gaunt. Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill;
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Commit'st thy 'nointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee.
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head,
And yet, incaged in so small a verge [8],
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O! had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease;
But for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king [9]:
Thy state of law is bondslave to the law,
And thou—
K. Rich. A lunatic lean-witted fool [1],

[8] And yet, INCAGED in so small a verge,] The four early 4tos. have *inraged:* the literal error was corrected in the first folio.

[9] Landlord of England art thou now, not king:] In the old copies, this line is differently printed: in the 4to, 1597, thus:—

"Landlord of England art thou now not, not king;"

and so it is repeated in the 4tos. of 1598 and 1608; but that of 1615 substitutes *nor* for the last *not*. The folio, 1623, reads,

"Landlord of England art thou, *and* not king;"

which is much less forcible than our text, in which the repetition of the negative, injurious to the metre and to the sense of the passage, is omitted. None of the commentators have pointed out the variation. The allusion, of course, is to the manner in which Richard had let out his kingdom "to farm."

[1] And thou—
K. Rich. A lunatic lean-witted fool,] It is astonishing to see a man like the Rev. Mr. Dyce not perceiving, that here Richard continues the sentence which Gaunt has begun with the words "And thou—." The king impatiently interrupts the dying man, refusing longer to listen to reproof: Richard, therefore, most properly makes "thou," which Gaunt had used, the nominative case to "dar'st" in the next line but one. Besides, the most unpractised ear must per-

Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood[2]
With fury from his native residence.
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

Gaunt. O! spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son:
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd.
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
Whom fair befal in heaven 'mongst happy souls!
May be a precedent and witness good,
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood.
Join with the present sickness that I have,
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long withered flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee:
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out by Attendants.*

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and sullens have,
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry, duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right, you say true; as Hereford's love, so his:
As their's, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

K. Rich. What says he?

North. Nay, nothing; all is said.

ceive, that to make Richard repeat "And," as in the folios, gives the line a superabundant syllable. We adhere to the language and regulation of all the 4to. editions, which are on every account preferable, and which we are confident Mr. Dyce will hereafter himself adopt.

[2] — CHASING the royal blood] So all the 4tos: the folio, 1623, *chafing*.

His tongue is now a stringless instrument:
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.
York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.
K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he:
His time is spent; our pilgrimage must be.
So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars.
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns [3],
Which live like venom, where no venom else,
But only they, hath privilege to live:
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.
York. How long shall I be patient? Ah! how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first:
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours [4];
But when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won;
His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.

[3] — rug-headed kerns,] "Kerns" were wild Irish foot-soldiers, whose heads were like the rough *rugs* which the peasantry usually wore as outer garments. Hence, as in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Night Walkes," A. v. sc. 1, the Irish were sometimes designated as *rugs:* in that comedy a servant speaks of "a Kilkenny rug," which is misprinted "a Kilkenny *ring*" in the old copies, a difficulty no commentator has ever been able to overcome, and the Rev. Mr. Dyce was obliged to give up the matter in despair—so easy is it to puzzle editors.

[4] Accomplish'd with THE number of thy hours;] This is the correct reading of the folio, 1623: the 4tos. all have the indefinite for the definite article.

O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.
K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?
York. O, my liege!
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow, then, ensue to-day;
Be not thyself; for how art thou a king,
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!)
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attornies-general to sue
His livery [5], and deny his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts,
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.
K. Rich. Think what you will: we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.
York. I'll not be by the while. My liege, farewell:
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*
K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight:
Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,
To see this business. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create, in absence of ourself,

[5] His LIVERY,] "On the death of every person (says Malone) who held by knight's service, the escheator of the court in which he died summoned a jury, who inquired what estate he died seized of, and of what age his next heir was. If he was under age, he became a ward of the king; but if he was found to be of full age, he then had a right to sue out a writ of *ouster le main*, that is, his *livery*, that the king's hand might be taken off, and the land *delivered* to him." This is very shortly, and very correctly stated.

Our uncle York lord governor of England,
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.—
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[*Flourish.*

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, BUSHY, AUMERLE, GREEN, *and* BAGOT.

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too, for now his son is duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenues.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more,
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!

Willo. Tends that thou'dst speak to the duke of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all that I can do for him,
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne
In him, a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute,
'Gainst us, our wives, our children, and our heirs[6].

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd,
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what.
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

[6] 'Gainst us, our WIVES, our children, and our heirs.] It is *lives* in the old copies, but assuredly a mistake for "wives:" the words "'gainst us" must of course mean against the lives of the conspirators, and the rest of the line is devoted to the consideration of their wives and families. We have therefore amended the text by the margin of the corr. fo. 1632; and Prof. Mommsen has pursued the same course by rendering the line thus:

——————— "gegen uns
Und unsre Weiber, Kinder, Erben durch."

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his noble ancestors achiev'd with blows[7]:
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.
Ross. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.
Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.
North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.
Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.
North. His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.
Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.
North. Not so: even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost our's.
Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but our thoughts: therefore, be bold[8].
North. Then thus.—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Britanny, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry duke of Hereford, Reginald lord Cobham,
That late broke from the duke of Exeter[1],

[7] That which his NOBLE ancestors achiev'd with blows:] Every 4to. printed in the lifetime of the author has "noble," which, it is true, makes the line of twelve syllables, but of such we have numerous examples. The folio, 1623, omits the epithet: yet on p. 255, under exactly similar circumstances, the folio preserves the same word, and it is not erased in the corr. fo. 1632.

[8] Thy words are but OUR thoughts: therefore, be bold.] "Our" is the amended reading of the corr. fo. 1632, and so self-evidently right, that Mr. Singer has not been able to avoid the insertion of it in his text. The line has hitherto been "Thy words are but *as* thoughts;" but the meaning of Ross must be that, as Northumberland is only speaking the thoughts of all the conspirators, he need not fear to utter what is actually passing through their minds: his words are not merely "*as* thoughts," but "our thoughts," so that there can be no danger in speaking out freely.

[1] That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,] It not being historically true that Lord Cobham broke from the Duke of Exeter, but that fact applying, according to Holinshed, to the son of the Earl of Arundel, Malone here inserted

"The son of Richard Earl of Arundel"

His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Coines [2],
All these well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps, they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If, then, we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out [3] our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post to Ravenspurg;
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, *and* BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,

in the text, but between brackets: whether it, or something like it, had escaped from the original MS. employed by the old printers (and the deficiency applies to four impressions in 4to. and as many in folio) cannot be positively determined, but the language of the old chronicler, whom Shakespeare undoubtedly followed, is quite clear, and it is not likely that the poet really said that Lord Cobham "late broke from the Duke of Exeter." With this note we leave the text as it stands in every edition till the time of Malone; who, however, was guilty of the unpardonable omission of the words "duke of" before "Hereford," in the preceding line, merely because it did not well come into the measure: for the same reason he abridged the name of "Reginald" to *Reignold*, a more pardonable liberty.

[2] — and Francis COINES,] The real name of this person appears to have been Quoint, but Shakespeare gives it "Coines," and so we reprint it.

[3] IMP out] When (says Steevens) the wing-feathers of a hawk were dropped, or forced out by any accident, it was usual to supply as many as were deficient. This operation was called *to imp a hawk*. Turbervile has a whole chapter on "The Way and Manner howe to *ympe* a Hawke's Feather, how-soever it be broken or broosed." The use of the word to *imp*, as here figuratively, was very common.

To lay aside life-harming heaviness [4],
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did; to please myself,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard. Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at some thing it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief more than himself to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not: more's not seen;
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me, it is otherwise: howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As, though in thinking on no thought I think [5],

[4] To lay aside LIFE-harming heaviness,] This is the reading of the two earliest editions in 1597 and 1598: those of 1608 and 1615 have the compound absurdly corrupted to *half*-harming; which the folio, 1623, corrected to *self*-harming; certainly an improvement, but not the word employed by Shakespeare. The true text, we take it, is represented by the 4tos. of 1597 and 1598.

[5] As,—though in thinking on no thought I think,] Mr. Singer, probably not having himself consulted the oldest impressions, here states what is the reverse of the fact, viz. that the 4to, 1597, "has though for thought:" it has *thought* for *though*. There is no doubt that that edition does not give us the true words, and it is difficult to say here, with any positiveness, what Shakespeare wrote. Our text was suggested by Johnson, the old copies, after the 4to, 1598, giving "As though *on* thinking," &c. The corr. fo. 1632 puts it "As though *un*thinking," thus making the Queen say, as she might do naturally enough, that even when her mind was vacant of thought, when she was entirely *unthinking*, still she was oppressed with the apprehension of coming calamity. We consider this emendation right, but still we have hardly sufficient confidence in it to warrant the insertion of it, excepting in a note.

Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.
Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.
Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some forefather grief; mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve[6]:
'Tis in reversion that I do possess,
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name: 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your majesty!—and well met, gentlemen.—
I hope, the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.
Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope he is,
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;
Then, wherefore dost thou hope, he is not shipp'd?
Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land.
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurg.
Queen. Now, God in heaven forbid!
Green. Ah! madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse[7],
The lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,
The lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.
Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,
And all the rest of the revolted faction, traitors[8]?

[6] Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:] Here Johnson owned that he could make nothing of this and the preceding line: we therefore give the words as they stand printed in the old copies, adding here merely the way in which the four lines appear as amended in the corr. fo. 1632:

——————————— "mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something *woe;*
Or something hath the nothing that I *guess:*
'Tis in reversion that I do possess."

The above seems to clear the meaning, and to restore the rhymes, which in the lapse of time had perhaps been lost.

[7] — and THAT is worse,] "And *what* is worse" is the change in the corr. fo. 1632, but unnecessarily.

[8] And ALL the rest of the revolted faction, traitors?] This is the reading of the 4tos. of 1597 and 1598: those of 1608 and 1615 omit "all," and have *revolting* for "revolted."

Green. We have: whereupon the earl of Worcester
Hath broken his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Bushy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter the Duke of York [9].

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck.
O! full of careful business are his looks.—
Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts [1]:
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was?—Why, so:—go all which way it will.—
The nobles they are fled, the commons cold [2],

[9] Enter the Duke of York.] *Part-armed* adds the corr. fo. 1632, and such afterwards appears to be the fact.

[1] Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:] This line is found in all the 4tos, but is wanting in the folio, 1623, and it is not inserted in the corr. fo. 1632.

[2] The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,] The redundant words "they are" are inserted before "cold;" but they are struck out in the corr. fo. 1632, and were probably not recited on the stage, nor written by the poet.

And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.
Hold; take my ring.
Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:
To-day, as I came by, I called there;
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.
York. What is't, knave?
Serv. An hour before I came the duchess died.
York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do:—I would to God,
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it)
The king had cut off my head with my brother's—
What! are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland[3]?—
How shall we do for money for these wars?—
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say: pray, pardon me.—
Go, fellow, [*To the Servant.*] get thee home; provide some carts,
And bring away the armour that is there.— [*Exit Servant.*
Gentlemen, will you go muster men?
If I know how, or which way, to order these affairs,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:
The one is my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again,
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd[4],
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin,
I'll dispose of you.—Gentlemen, go muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkley.
I should to Plashy too,
But time will not permit.—All is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.
[*Exeunt* YORK *and* QUEEN.
Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go for Ireland,

[3] What! are there NO posts dispatch'd for Ireland?] So the 4to, 1597: the three other 4tos. substitute *two* for "no," and the folio omits both words.

[4] Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,] "Is my *near* kinsman" says the corrector of the folio, 1632, perhaps to aid the verse; but it may be that the poet here intended it to be irregular and disjointed, and therefore adapted to the perturbation of York. Just below, when the Duke tells his followers to meet him "at Berkley," the folio, 1623, adds *castle*, as if to make complete the line, which very likely was meant to be imperfect.

But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons; for their love
Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol castle:
The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little office
Will the hateful commons perform for us,
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.—
Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No; I will to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry:
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.

Bushy. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never[5].

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Wilds in Glostershire.

Enter BOLINGBROKE *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with Forces.*

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?

North. Believe me, noble lord,

[5] I fear me, never.] We follow the division of the dialogue marked out in all the 4tos, which seems the natural distribution. The folio, 1623, improbably, gives the desponding line, "Farewell at once," &c. to Bushy, who had spoken cheerfully just before of the possible success of the Duke of York, and who in the 4tos. consistently adds, "Well, we may meet again," which the folio strangely appends to "Farewell at once," &c.

I am a stranger here in Glostershire.
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome;
And yet your fair discourse[6] hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From Ravenspurg to Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But their's is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess;
And hope to joy is little less in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter HARRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—
Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?

Percy. No, my good lord: he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?
He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake
Together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;
And sent me over by Berkley, to discover
What power the duke of York had levied there;
Then, with directions to repair to Ravenspurg.

[6] And yet YOUR fair discourse] The folio, 1623, reads *our*. It is altered to "your" in the corr. fo. 1632: at the end of the speech it strikes out "noble," and, strictly speaking, it is redundant, but the poet may have intended to insert a line of twelve syllables: moreover "noble" is in all the early impressions. In the preceding line "done" is changed in MS. to *been*, but it is questionable.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?
Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.
North. Then learn to know him now: this is the duke.
Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.
Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.
North. How far is it to Berkley? And what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?
Percy. There stands the castle, by yond' tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour;
None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter Ross *and* Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.
Boling. Welcome, my lords. I wot, your love pursues
A banish'd traitor: all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.
Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.
Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.
Boling. Evermore thanks, th' exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter Berkley[7].

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.
Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

[7] Enter Berkley.] The entrances of the different characters are rarely marked in the 4to. editions, but the defect here, and in other places, is remedied by the folio, 1623. If any omission of the kind still remain, the old corrector of the folio, 1632, supplies it.

Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster [8],
And I am come to seek that name in England;
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.
Berk. Mistake me not, my lord: 'tis not my meaning,
To raze one title of your honour out.
To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,
From the most gracious regent of this land [9],
The duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with self-borne arms.

Enter YORK *attended.*

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you:
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle. [*Kneels.*
York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false [1].
Boling. My gracious uncle—
York. Tut, tut! Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle [2]:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word "grace,"
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But then, more why [3],—why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And ostentation of despoiling arms [4]?

[8] My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster,] *i. e.* "My answer is to the name of Lancaster, which I am come to seek in England."

[9] From the most GRACIOUS REGENT of this land,] So the 4to, 1597. The 4to. of 1598 alters "gracious" to *glorious*, and omits "regent." In these blunders it is followed by the other 4tos, and by the folio, 1623, but they are both remedied in the corr. fo. 1632.

[1] Whose duty is DECEIVABLE and false.] We have had the word "deceivable" in the same sense in "Twelfth Night," A. iv. sc. 3. Vol. ii. p. 711.

[2] — nor uncle me NO UNCLE:] So the 4tos: the folios omit "no uncle."

[3] But then, more why,] *i. e.* "But then, still more." The 4to, 1598, and the subsequent 4tos, as well as the folio, read "But more then why," certainly lessening the force of the expression.

[4] And ostentation of DESPOILING arms?] It seems allowed on all hands that the epithet in the old editions, "*despised* arms," is wrong, though a sense (viz. that the arms are *despised* by York) may be extracted from it. It has run the gauntlet of commentators, and various words have been proposed as substitutions, such as *despightful*, *disposed*, &c., to all which, beyond question, *despised* is to

Com'st thou because th' anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord[5] of such hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O! then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault:
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree;
In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;
But, as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I see old Gaunt alive: O! then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be king of England,
It must be granted I am duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongers, chase them to the bay[6].

be preferred. The old corrector of the folio, 1632, tells us to read "despoiling arms," which certainly fits the place better than any other epithet, and which therefore we willingly adopt.

[5] Were I but now THE lord] In the 4to. editions "the" is omitted, having, perhaps, dropped out in the original impression of 1597, which the others followed: it is first found in the folio, 1623.

[6] To rouse his WRONGERS, chase them to the bay.] The old and obviously corrupt reading is

"To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay,"

upon which Mr. Singer simply remarks, "wrongs is probably here used for *wrongers*." He did not remember, perhaps, that "wrongers" is the very emendation in the corr. fo. 1632. It can hardly be disputed.

I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters patent give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold;
And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: attornies are denied me,
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abused.

Ross. It stands your grace upon[7] to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this.
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right;
But in this kind to come; in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be:
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is
But for his own; and for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms.
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left;
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king:
But, since I cannot, be it known unto you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there, my lords, repose you for this night[8].

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept:
But we must win your grace, to go with us
To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,

[7] It stands your grace upon] A very frequent idiom, meaning "it depends upon your grace:" we still say in common parlance, "it lies upon you," *i. e.* it is your duty or business.

[8] And there, MY LORDS, repose you for this night.] So the corr. fo. 1632, the words "my lords" having, as we may conclude, accidentally escaped in the first instance. The verse is elsewhere regular.

The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.
York. It may be, I will go with you;—but yet I'll pause,
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress are now with me past care. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.[9]

A Camp in Wales.

Enter SALISBURY, *and a Welsh Captain.*

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore, we will disperse ourselves. Farewell.
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman:
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.
Cap. 'Tis thought, the king is dead: we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change:
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings[1].
Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd Richard, their king, is dead. [*Exit.*
Sal. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament.

[9] Scene iv.] Johnson, with some appearance of reason, complains that this scene is "inartfully and irregularly" thrust in here, and suspects that it ought to form the second scene of Act iii. It is struck out in the corr. fo. 1632, but the emendations are nevertheless continued.

[1] — the death OR FALL of kings.] The folio, 1623, has it merely "the death of kings:" it follows the 4tos. subsequent to that of 1597, in which last the line is complete. The words "or fall" are inserted in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632, possibly from the 4to, 1597, or from accurate recitation.

Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

BOLINGBROKE'S Camp at Bristol.

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS: BUSHY *and* GREEN, *prisoners.*

Boling. Bring forth these men.—
[BUSHY *and* GREEN *stand forth.*
Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls,
Since presently your souls must part your bodies,
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity; yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean:
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears, drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,
Near to the king in blood, and near in love
Till you did make him misinterpret me,
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods,
From mine own windows torn my household coat,
Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign,
Save men's opinions and my living blood,
To show the world I am a gentleman.
This and much more, much more than twice all this,

Condemns you to the death.—See them deliver'd over
To execution, and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell[2].

Green. My comfort is, that heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND *and others, with* BUSHY *and* GREEN.

Uncle, you say the queen is at your house;
For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated[3]:
Tell her I send to her my kind commends.
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, my lords, away[4],
To fight with Glendower and his complices:
Awhile to work, and after holiday. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view.

Flourish: Drums and Trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, *Bishop of* CARLISLE, AUMERLE, *and Soldiers.*

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call they this at hand[5]?

Aum. Yea, my good lord[6]. How brooks your grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

[2] Lords, farewell.] These words are omitted in the folios, though necessary to the line, and found in all the 4to. impressions.

[3] — fairly let her be ENTREATED:] It was very usual with our early writers, especially with our dramatists, to use "entreat" for *treat*. We will give only one instance from the old play, "The Weakest goeth to the Wall," 1600,

"*Entreat* them well, as thou wilt answer me
At my return."

[4] Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, MY lords, away,] "My" is from the corr. fo. 1632, clearly necessary, and as clearly carelessly omitted.

[5] — call THEY this at hand?] Malone says that the 4to, 1608, first substituted *you* for "they." *You*, in fact, is found in the 4to. of 1598, as well as in the two later 4tos. and in the folios. The 4to, 1597, here and elsewhere, has generally furnished our text.

[6] Yea, my GOOD lord.] "Good" is not in any old copy, but is derived from the corr. fo. 1632: in the next line the early editions have "*your* late tossing," clearly surplusage, but we have not ventured to erase "your."

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy,
To stand upon my kingdom once again.—
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense:
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms[7].

Bishop. Fear not, my lord: that power that made you king,
Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.
The means that heavens yield must be embrac'd,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succour and redress[8].

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance, and in power[9].

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not,
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,

[7] — foul REBELLION'S arms.] Malone states that the 4to. of 1597 only reads "rebellion's arms," and all the others *rebellious*. The 4to. of 1598 follows the reading of that of the preceding year.

[8] The proffer'd means of succour and redress.] This and the three preceding lines are omitted in the folio impressions, and the sense consequently left imperfect, because, without them, Aumerle's reply, "He means, my lord, that we are too remiss," has little application.

[9] — in substance, and in POWER.] So all the 4to. copies: the folio has *friends* for "power." Lower down it reads *lightning* for "light."

Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders and in outrage, boldly here[1];
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes[2],
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea[3]
Can wash the balm from an anointed king:
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord. How far off lies your power?
Sal. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm. Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.

[1] — BOLDLY here;] The 4to, 1597, has *bouldy*, but all subsequent impressions *bloody:* probably it was a misprint for "boldly;" but at the same time it is to be borne in mind that *bloody* was formerly often spelt *bloudy*, and that the very same letters form *bouldy*, the misprint of the earliest 4to. It deserves remark, also, that the German editor prefers *bloody*, and prints *blutig hier*.

[2] Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,] Modern editors do not notice the fact that this line is wanting in the folio, 1623, though found in every 4to. edition. Six lines lower the folio properly omits "off" after "balm."

[3] Not all the water in the rough rude sea] "Rough" and "rude" are here nearly synonymous, and we may suspect that "rude" ought to have been printed *wide*, to denote the vast extent and quantity of the waters of the ocean. Of course we reprint here the received text, having no authority to alter it.

O! call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men:
To-day, to-day, unhappy day too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled [4].

Aum. Comfort, my liege! why looks your grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege! remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself.—Am I not king?
Awake, thou coward majesty [5]! thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name twenty thousand names [6]?—
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king: are we not high?
High be our thoughts. I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd:
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be: if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us.
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay,
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

[4] — dispers'd, and fled.] It is "dispers'd *or* fled" in the corr. fo. 1632, but there is no adequate reason for making the change.

[5] Awake, thou COWARD majesty!] Every 4to. edition has "coward:" the folio reads *sluggard*, much to the injury of the force of the passage.

[6] Is not the king's name TWENTY thousand names?] So all the 4to. impressions: the folio has *forty*, but twenty thousand is probably right. See above, where Richard speaks of "the blood of twenty thousand men."

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears,
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White-beards have arm'd[7] their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; and boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clasp their feeble joints[8]
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew[9] against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains! vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!—
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence[10]!

[7] White-BEARDS have arm'd] It is "White-*bears*" in all the folios.

[8] — and CLASP their FEEBLE joints] In the old copies, 4to. and folio, it is "*clap* their *female* joints." Pope proposed "clasp," but "feeble" for *female* is only in the corr. fo. 1632, from whence Mr. Singer borrowed it, neglecting, however, to state the source of the emendation. The boys had not *female*, but "feeble" joints, and one word was evidently misheard for the other, and has been continued as the text of our great poet for the last two hundred and fifty years. We do not adopt the change in the next line, of *armour 'gainst* for "arms against," plausible as it may be, because it does not seem necessary, and "arms" may be called "stiff unwieldy" with about as much propriety as *armour*.

[9] Of double-fatal yew] "Called so," says Warburton, "because the leaves of the yew are poison, and the wood is employed for instruments of death."

[10] — for this OFFENCE!] The word "offence" was added by the editor of the folio, 1623. The 4tos. thus regulate the passage:—

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads and not with hands: those whom you curse,
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound [1],
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.
Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead?
Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.
Aum. Where is the duke, my father, with his power?
K. Rich. No matter where.—Of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd,
All murder'd;—for within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court, and there the antick sits [2],
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;

"Would they make peace? terrible hell
Make war upon their spotted souls for this."

It may be disputed which is the more forcible reading, but that of the folio completes the defective measure.

[1] — death's destroying WOUND,] The folio, 1623, in opposition to all the 4tos, and to the rhyme, reads *hand* for "wound." We need scarcely add, that *hand* is repeated in the later folios.

[2] — and there the antick sits,] In "Henry VI. Part I." we meet with the expression, "thou antick death;" and Douce observes, that Shakespeare may have borrowed this idea of death sitting in the King's crown from the wood-cuts called *Imagines Mortis*, attributed, though falsely, to Holbein. He refers to the seventh print, a fac-simile of which may be seen at the end of his learned and beautiful work, "The Dance of Death," octavo, 1833. In that cut, however, death is represented taking off an emperor's crown, and not sitting and keeping his court in it; so that though Shakespeare may have had it in his mind, he did not follow it.

Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king!—
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence: throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king[3]?

Bishop. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself[4].
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come to fight:
And fight and die is death destroying death,
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, enquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well.—Proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown:
An easy task it is, to win our own.—
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

[3] How can you say to me—I am a king?] We follow here the regulation of all the old copies, 4to. and folio, which is to be preferred to the modern arrangement, which only varies without curing the defect. Were we to adopt Capel's advice, we should insert *like you* twice over, in order to complete what he considered defective lines: the case might be different if there were any difference in the original editions. In the next line the folio, 1623, reads, "My lord, wise men ne'er wail their *present* woes," omitting the word "sit," which is important, because from it we may, perhaps, gather, that in his despondency Richard had cast himself upon the earth, where he remained until roused by the reproof of the Bishop, and by the hope expressed by Aumerle, when Richard may have started up with the exclamation, "Thou chid'st me well."

[4] And so your follies fight against yourself.] This line was, perhaps accidentally, omitted in the folios.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken.
Your uncle York is join'd [5] with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.
K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—
Beshrew thee, cousin, [*To* AUMERLE.] which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair.
What say you now? What comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.—
Go to Flint castle: there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow [6],
For I have none.—Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.
Aum. My liege, one word.
K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.—
Discharge my followers: let them hence away
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day. [*Exeunt.*

[5] Your uncle York IS join'd] So all the old copies: Malone read "*hath* joined." Three lines lower the four early 4tos. read "party," and the folio, 1623, *faction*. Possibly, difference of recitation occasioned this and other differences of words; but the old corrector does not restore "party."

[6] To EAR the land that hath some hope to grow,] *i. e.* to cultivate that soil which promises to be productive. To "ear the land" meant to prepare it for seed by *ploughing:* see "All's Well that Ends Well," A. i. sc. 3. Vol. ii. p. 543. In "Antony and Cleopatra," A. i. sc. 4, Shakespeare speaks of "earing," or *ploughing* the sea:—

"Make the sea serve them, which they *ear* and wound
With keels."

SCENE III.

Wales. A Plain before Flint Castle.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, BOLINGBROKE *and Forces;* YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and others.*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.
North. The news is very fair and good, my lord.
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.
York. It would beseem the lord Northumberland,
To say, king Richard:—Alack, the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head!
North. Your grace mistakes me[7]; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.
York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you[8], to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.
Boling. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.
York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you should,
Lest you mistake: the heavens are o'er our heads[9].
Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself
Against their will.—But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Welcome, Harry. What, will not this castle yield?
Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.
Boling. Royally?
Why, it contains no king.
Percy. Yes, my good lord,

[7] Your grace mistakes ME;] The corr. fo. 1632 supplies the pronoun "me," which we may be willing on every account to admit.

[8] Have been so brief WITH YOU,] The words "with you" are from the first folio. They improve the sense, and complete the metre, and for both reasons we have placed them in the text.

[9] — the heavens are o'er OUR HEADS.] So the 4tos. of 1597 and 1598. The 4tos, 1608 and 1615, have *over your heads*, and the folio, 1623, "o'er *your head*." The differences are not very material.

It doth contain a king: king Richard lies
Within the limits of yond' lime and stone;
And with him are the lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.
North. O! belike it is the bishop of Carlisle.
Boling. Noble lord, [*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.—
Henry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss king Richard's hand,
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his most royal person; hither come,
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted.
If not, I'll use th' advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go; signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
Let's march without the noise of threatening drum,
That from the castle's tatter'd battlements[1]
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock[2]

[1] That from the castle's TATTER'D battlements] *Tottered* in the 4tos. of 1597 and 1598: "tattered" in the 4tos. of 1608, 1615, and the folios. Boswell suggested that *tottered* was put for *tottering*, but as has been stated on p. 202, of this volume, the oldest mode of spelling "tattered" was *tottered:* consequently, "tattered battlements" here merely means *ragged* battlements: if the battlements were *tottering*, they would have been no very good defence for the King. We may add one apposite proof of what we have advanced, from the old play of the "Alarum for London," 1602:—

"Whose streetes besmear'd with blood, whose blubber'd eyes,
Whose *tottered walls*, whose buildings overthrowne," &c.

[2] — when their thundering SHOCK] It stands "thundering *smoake*" in the folio, 1623, and in three of the 4tos; but the earliest 4to, that of 1597, has "shock." It is not easy to explain how such a misprint occurred.

At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.—
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

A parley sounded, and answered by a Trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the walls King RICHARD, *the Bishop of* CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP, *and* SALISBURY.

Boling. See, see! king Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident[3].
York. Yet looks he like a king: behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty. Alack, alack, for woe,
That any storm should stain so fair a show[4]!
K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have we stood
[*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee[5],
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget

[3] Of his bright passage to the occident.] In every old edition, 4to. and folio, this and the preceding five lines are given to Bolingbroke; and there is no sufficient reason for taking them from him, and giving them to York, as has been done by all the editors since the time of Warburton, some with, and others without notice. It is not at all inconsistent with the character of Bolingbroke, and with what he has before said of Richard, that he should now so speak of him; and, as has been remarked, all the authorities are in favour of the restoration. After he has so spoken, and after York's answer, we must suppose Bolingbroke to retire with York, and to leave the conduct of the interview to Northumberland, until he rejoins Bolingbroke just before Richard descends to the plain. Richard's observation to Northumberland, "For yond', methinks, he stands," shows that Bolingbroke was not out of sight.

[4] That any STORM should stain so fair a show!] We can hardly be wrong in substituting "storm" (a fine expressive word, consistent with all that has gone before it) for the tame word *harm* in this line, because it stands so amended not merely in my corr. fo. 1632, but in another amended copy of the same edition in the possession of Mr. Singer. Thus two independent authorities concur in a change, which is otherwise recommended by its great fitness.

[5] To watch the FEARFUL bending of thy knee,] "Fearful" is altered to *faithful* in the corr. fo. 1632: it must represent some difference of recitation, but we are not disposed, on that account, to displace a word contained in all the old impressions of this tragedy, which seems also quite as appropriate.

To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For, well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
And we are barren and bereft of friends,
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, for yond', methinks, he stands,
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason. He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The King of heaven forbid, our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,
His coming hither hath no farther scope
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.

This swears he, as he is a prince, is just [6],
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.
K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king returns.
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction.
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
[NORTHUMBERLAND *retires to* BOLINGBROKE.
We do debase ourself, cousin, [*To* AUMERLE.] do we not,
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?
Aum. No, good my lord: let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords,
K. Rich. O God! O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yond' proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth. O! that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name,
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.
K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented. Must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown,
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave:
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet

[6] This swears he, as he is a prince, is just,] The correct reading of the folio. The 4tos. of 1597 and 1598 have, "as he is a princesse just," and the 4tos. of 1608 and 1615, "as he is prince, just." In the next line "I am" is struck out in the corr. fo. 1632, perhaps as surplusage, and injurious to the metre.

May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live,
And, buried once, why not upon my head?—
Aumerle, thou weep'st; my tender-hearted cousin!—
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land:
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus;—to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid, there lies
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.
Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says I[7].

North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you: may't please you to come down?

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glistering Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[NORTH. *retires again to* BOLING.

In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!
For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing.

[*Exeunt, from above.*

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.

Enter King RICHARD, *and his Attendants, below.*

Boling. Stand all apart,

[7] You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says *I.*] This is one of the cases in which the rhyme renders it necessary that we should preserve the old spelling of *ay*, viz. "I." Another instance of orthography sacrificed to sound occurs in "All's Well that Ends Well," A. v. sc. 3. Vol. ii. p. 619. The spelling of *ay* "I" may be said to have been almost universal with our old dramatists, and it has now and then been the source of confusion.

And show fair duty to his majesty.—
My gracious lord,— [*Kneeling.*
K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up: your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.
Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.
K. Rich. Your own is your's; and I am your's, and all.
Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.
K. Rich. Well you deserve:—they well deserve to have,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London.—Cousin is it so?
Boling. Yea, my good lord.
K. Rich. Then, I must not say no [8].
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

[8] Then, I must not say no.] Mr. Singer here, at second hand as the misspelling shows, quotes from Stowe a passage which Malone had previously cited; but Mr. Singer, omitting one important clause, makes nonsense of the whole, and represents the old chronicler as writing ridiculous English. We extract the passage from the original, just as it stands on p. 521 of the edition of 1605, the reference given by Malone:—"The Duke, with a high sharpe voyce, bad bring foorth the King's horses, and then two little nagges, not worth fourtie franks, were brought forth: the king was set on the one, and the Earle of Salisburie on the other; and thus the Duke brought the king from Flint to Chester, where he was delivered to the Duke of Glocesters sonne, and to the Earle of Arundels sonne, that loved him but little, for he had put their fathers to death, who ledde him straight to the Castle." Mr. Singer omits all mention of the Earl of Arundel and his son, and perverts history by making Richard author of the death of only one of the noblemen mentioned. We adduce this merely as an instance of the evil of quoting, without acknowledgment, what others have already adduced, and not even copying that correctly. We are confident that Mr. Singer meant to be accurate, but that is hardly enough in an edition of Shakespeare.

SCENE IV.

Langley. The Duke of York's Garden.

Enter the Queen, *and two Ladies.*

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?
1 *Lady.* Madam, we'll play at bowls.
Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.
1 *Lady.* Madam, we'll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.
1 *Lady.* Madam, we'll tell tales.
Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy[9]?
1 *Lady.* Of either, madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl;
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy;
For what I have I need not to repeat,
And what I want it boots not to complain.
1 *Lady.* Madam, I'll sing.
Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep.
1 *Lady.* I could weep, madam, would it do you good.
Queen. And I could sing, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change. Woe is forerun with woe.
[Queen *and Ladies retire.*

[9] Of sorrow, or of joy?] All the old copies read, "Of sorrow, or of *grief?*" Pope made the alteration, which the context fully supports. It is somewhat singular that we here find no change made in the corr. fo. 1632.

Enter a Gardener and two Servants.

Gard. Go, bind thou up yond' dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.—
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1 *Serv.* Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean, the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

1 *Serv.* What! are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—O! what pity is it,
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden. We at time of year[1]
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood[2],

[1] We at time of year] The word *We* is not in any of the old copies, but it seems necessary, and most likely had dropped out in the press. In the next line the folio has, "*And* wound the bark." The corr. fo. 1632 puts the passage thus:—

"At *the* time of year
We wound the bark," &c.

This is very probably right, but Malone's text, as it stands, has precisely the same meaning, and we do not needlessly alter it.

[2] Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,] So the 4to, 1597: all later impressions read, "*with* sap and blood."

With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches[3]
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours[4] hath quite thrown down.

1 *Serv.* What! think you, then, the king shall be depos'd?

Gard. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,
'Tis doubt, he will be[5]: letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's[6],
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O! I am press'd to death, through want of speaking.
[*Coming forward.*
Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh, rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say king Richard is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I
To breathe these news, yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.

[3] — superfluous branches] So every old copy previous to the folio, 1632, which inserts *all* for the sake of the metre: it had doubtless escaped.

[4] Which waste OF idle hours] The folio, 1623, has "waste *and* idle hours." None of the 4tos. countenance the substitution of *and* for "of," which, to say the least of it, is otherwise unobjectionable.

[5] 'Tis DOUBT, he will be:] The folio, 1623, reads, "'Tis *doubted* he will be," to the injury of the measure. In this part of the scene the folio, 1623, was very careless of the versification.

[6] To a dear friend of the GOOD duke of York's,] We only point out this as an instance of the way in which words sometimes are lost, and are necessarily supplied: the folios are without the epithet "good" in this line, but it is recovered from the earlier authorities: it is also in MS. in the corr. fo. 1632.

Post you to London, and you'll find it so:
I speak no more than every one doth know.
Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O! thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go
To meet at London London's king in woe.—
What! was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?—
Gardener, for telling me these news of woe[7],
Pray God, the plants thou graft'st may never grow.
[*Exeunt* QUEEN *and Ladies.*
Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
Here did she fall a tear[8]; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace[9]:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [*Exeunt.*

[7] — for telling me THESE news of woe,] So the 4to, 1597. It was subsequently printed "*this* news;" yet in the second line of the speech of the gardener, just above, we meet with "*these* news" in the folio, 1623.

[8] Here did she FALL a tear;] This is the reading of the 4to, 1597, and, doubtless, the language of Shakespeare. The later 4tos. and folios substitute *drop* for "fall." In "Othello," A. iv. sc. 1, we have a corresponding expression,

"Each drop she *falls* would prove a crocodile."

So in "The Comedy of Errors," A. ii. sc. 2.

——— "as easy may'st thou *fall*
A drop of water."

And in "Midsummer-Night's Dream," A. v. sc. 1. Vol. ii. p. 246, we meet with, "her mantle she did *fall*." It would be easy to point out other instances in which Shakespeare uses *fall* as a verb active.

[9] I'll set a bank of RUE, sour herb of grace:] "Rue" was often called "herb of grace" by our old writers; but Shakespeare's authority on the point is sufficient. We have it mentioned as "herb of grace" only in "All's Well that Ends Well," A. iv. sc. 5. Vol. ii. p. 610; and in "Hamlet," A. iv. sc. 5, it is introduced by both names: "There's *rue* for you, and here's some for me: we may call it *herb of grace* o' Sundays." It was sometimes termed *herbgrace* for brevity.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

London. Westminster Hall[1].

The Lords spiritual on the right side of the Throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below. Enter Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Surrey, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, *another Lord, the Bishop of* Carlisle, *the Abbot of Westminster, and Attendants.*

Boling. Call forth Bagot.—

Enter Bagot, *guarded*[2].

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind,
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death:
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end?

Bagot. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say,—"Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court,
As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head?"
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.

[1] Westminster Hall.] "The rebuilding of Westminster Hall (says Malone)' which Richard had begun in 1397, being finished in 1399, the first meeting of parliament in the new edifice was for the purpose of deposing him."

[2] Enter Bagot, guarded.] The usual stage-direction follows the introduction to the scene "Officers behind with Bagot;" but in the corr. fo. 1632 *Enter Bagot, prisoner*, is made a new entrance, perhaps for the sake of stage effect. Such was probably the course in the time of the old annotator; and although in the folios the name of Bagot follows that of the other characters in the scene, we may conclude that the mode of proceeding was such as is pointed out, viz. that Bagot should be brought upon the stage in custody, after Bolingbroke had issued the order "Call forth Bagot."

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement[3]?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.—
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear: thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine.
By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust;
And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to th' extremest point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe.

Lord. I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle[4];
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear

[3] On equal terms to give HIM chastisement?] The 4to. of 1597 has *them*; that of 1598, *my*; and the 4tos. of 1608 and 1615, with the folios, read "him."

[4] I TASK the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;] This and the seven next lines, are only in the 4to. editions, in the three last of which the reading is, "I *take* the earth," &c. The expression is difficult, and the explanation uncertain; but the lord may mean that he *tasks the earth*, when he throws down the weight of his gage upon it: this, however, is rather a forced construction.

From sun to sun. There is my honour's pawn:
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.
Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all[5].
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.
Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.
Fitz. 'Tis very true[6]: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me this is true.
Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.
Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.
Surrey. Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou, the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's scull.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn:
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.
Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies. There is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.
Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage.—
That Norfolk lies, here do I throw down this[7],
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.
Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage,
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his lands and signories. When he's return'd,

[5] Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all.] Expressions used in games with dice: to "set" of course means to stake down—to accept a challenge. Just above, "from sun to sun" is misprinted "from *sin* to *sin*" in the old 4tos.

[6] 'Tis very true:] Thus the 4tos: the folio has, quite superfluously, "*My lord*, 'tis very true."

[7] — here do I throw down this,] Steevens remarks that Holinshed says, that on this occasion "he threw down a *hood* that he had borrowed."

Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.
Bishop. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
And toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy, and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.
Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?
Bishop. As surely as I live, my lord[8].
Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, *attended.*

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard, who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand.
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth[9]!
Boling. In God's name I'll ascend the regal throne.
Bishop. Marry, God forbid!—
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard: then, true nobless would[1]
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,

[8] As SURELY as I live, my lord.] The 4to. of 1598 and all subsequent impressions have "As sure," &c. Malone and other editors have, "As *sure* as I live," not being aware, perhaps, of the true reading in the 4to, 1597.

[9] And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!] Thus the folio: the 4tos. less harmoniously, "And long live Henry, fourth of that name."

[1] — then, true NOBLESS would] So the 4to, 1597, and so the verse requires: all the other 4tos. and folios have *nobleness*. Heywood uses "nobless."

Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O! forfend it, God[2],
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by God thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king;
And if you crown him, let me prophesy
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act:
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead men's sculls.
O! if you raise[3] this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so[4],
Lest child, child's children, cry against you—woe!

North. Well have you argu'd, sir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here.—
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.—
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit[5].

[2] O! FORFEND it, God,] The folio, 1623, in opposition to all the 4tos, has "*forbid* it, God." The meaning is, of course, the same, and *forbid* is altered to "forfend" in the corr. fo. 1632.

[3] O! if you RAISE] The folio, 1623, *rear:* all the 4tos, "raise."

[4] Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,] This line, were we authorised so to alter it, would read better, "Prevent, resist it, let it not be so." The folio, 1623, makes it worse than in the 4to. editions, by printing, "Prevent it, resist it, *and* let it not be so." No change is made in the corr. fo. 1632.

[5] May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit.] This line, and what follows to the line, "That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall," (p. 291,) were first inserted in the 4to, 1608, and constitute the "new additions" mentioned on the title-page. They were included in all subsequent impressions. Mr. Singer is in error when he makes the "new additions" begin with the speech of Bolingbroke, "Fetch hither Richard," &c.

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender: so we shall proceed
Without suspicion[6].
York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*
Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer.—
Little are we beholding to your love, [*To the Bishop.*
And little look for at your helping hands.

Re-enter YORK, *with King* RICHARD, *and Officers bearing the Crown, &c.*

K. Rich. Alack! why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs[7]:
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men[8]: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, All hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ; but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one: I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
To do what service am I sent for hither?
York. To do that office of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer;
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Harry Bolingbroke.
K. Rich. Give me the crown.—[*Seize the crown*[9].] Here, cousin,
On this side my hand, and on that side, your's.—
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,

[6] Without suspicion.] In the 4tos. of 1608 and 1615, this and the two preceding lines are made a continuation of the speech of Northumberland. The folio, 1623, first gave them, with all fitness, to Bolingbroke.

[7] — and bend my LIMBS:] The reading of the folios is *knee*.

[8] The FAVOURS of these men:] *i. e.* The *countenances* or *looks*. See "Twelfth Night," A. ii. sc. 4. Vol. ii. p. 672.

[9] Seize the crown.] Mr. Singer is quite right (and he deserves credit for the change) in treating these words as a stage-direction. The crown being brought, Richard snatches at it, and then proceeds. In the 4tos. and folios "seize the crown" is erroneously made part of the text.

That owes two buckets[1], filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my grief, whilst you mount up on high.
Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.
K. Rich. My crown, I am; but still my griefs are mine.
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs: still am I king of those.
Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.
K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
My care is loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.
Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?
K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself.—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart:
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duties, rites[2]:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee[3]!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!
Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!

[1] That OWES two buckets,] *i. e. Owns*, as before repeatedly.

[2] — release all DUTIES, RITES:] The folio, 1623, has it "release all *duteous oaths:*" this can hardly be correct, because Richard afterwards mentions "oaths" as broken to him: they would not have been broken if he had released them. Our text is that of the 4tos, but "duteous rites" may be the text.

[3] — THAT SWEAR to thee!] The folio, less forcibly, but, perhaps, more correctly, "*are made* to thee."

God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!—
What more remains?

North. No more, but that you read
[*Offering a paper.*

These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weav'd up folly? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven.—
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me[4],
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, dispatch: read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see;
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of traitors here[5].
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest;
For I have given here my soul's consent,
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Made glory base, and sovereignty a slave[6],
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

[4] Nay, ALL of you, that stand and look upon ME,] The 4tos. give this line imperfectly as follows, both words having, probably, dropped out:—

"Nay, of you that stand and look upon."

[5] But they can see a SORT of traitors here.] *i. e.* A *company* of traitors. The use of the word in this sense is extremely common in Shakespeare and his contemporaries: see "Midsummer-Night's Dream," A. iii. sc. 2. Vol. ii. p. 219.

[6] Made glory base, AND sovereignty a slave,] So the 4tos. of 1608 and 1615. The folio misprints it "*a* sovereignty," &c.

North. My lord,—
K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught, insulting man[7],
Nor no man's lord: I have no name, no title,
No, not that name was given me at the font,
But 'tis usurp'd.—Alack, the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself!
O, that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water drops!—
Good king,—great king,—and yet not greatly good,
An if my name be sterling yet in England[8],
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.
Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.
[*Exit Attendant.*
North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.
K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.
Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.
North. The commons will not then be satisfied.
K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed,
Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

Re-enter Attendant with a Glass.

Give me the glass, and therein will I read[9].—
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass!
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me[1]. Was this face the face,
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face,

[7] — thou HAUGHT, insulting man,] The adjective "haught" was nearly in as common use as *haughty*. Shakespeare has it elsewhere; and we meet with it in Spenser and Marlowe, and down to the time of Milton.

[8] An if my NAME be sterling yet in England,] This is the reading of the two 4tos, 1608 and 1615: the folio 1623 altered "name" to *word*, but without necessity, or even propriety: the King has just been talking about his name, and now wishes to see if it yet have power to command a mirror to be brought.

[9] — and therein will I read.] These words are first found in the folio, 1623.

[1] Thou dost beguile me.] Not in the 4tos. In the same line, the 4tos. read, "Was this the face?"

That like the sun did make beholders wink[2] ?
Was this the face, that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke ?
A brittle glory shineth in this face :
As brittle as the glory is the face ;
[*Dashes the Glass against the ground.*
For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.—
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport :
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.
Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.
K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow ? Ha ! let's see :—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within ;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul ;
There lies the substance[3] : and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then begone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it[4] ?
Boling. Name it, fair cousin.
K. Rich. Fair cousin ! I am greater than a king[5] ;
For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects ; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.
Boling. Yet ask.
K. Rich. And shall I have it ?
Boling. You shall.
K. Rich. Why then, give me leave to go.
Boling. Whither ?
K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

[2] ———— Was this the face,
That like the sun did make beholders wink ?] This passage was added in the folio, 1623 : no 4to. has it.

[3] There lies the substance :] These words are from the folio, as well as "For thy great bounty," in the next line.

[4] Shall I obtain it ?] This question is not in the 4tos.

[5] Fair COUSIN ! I am greater than a king ;] The 4tos. read, "Fair *Coz ! why* I am," &c. Bolingbroke's words were "fair cousin," which, it is obvious, the King ought to repeat.

Boling. Go, some of you; convey him to the Tower.
K. Rich. O, good! Convey?—Conveyers are you all[6],
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall[7].
[*Exeunt King* RICHARD, *and Guard.*
Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves[8].
[*Exeunt all but the Abbot, Bishop of* CARLISLE, *and* AUMERLE.
Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.
Bishop. The woe's to come: the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.
Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?
Abbot. My lord, before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears:
Come home with me to supper; I will lay
A plot, shall show us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

London. A Street leading to the Tower.

Enter QUEEN, *and Attendants.*

Queen. This way the king will come: this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,

[6] O, good! Convey?—Conveyers are you all,] To "convey," "conveyer," and "conveyancer" were, in Shakespeare's time, words of double meaning. To "convey" meant to cheat and defraud, or, more strictly, to pick pockets; and "conveyers" and "conveyancers" were not only lawyers, but persons who practised tricks of sleight of hand.

[7] That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.] This is the last line of the "new additions," which first appeared in the 4to, 1608, and afterwards in the 4to, 1615, and in the folios.

[8] Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.] The 4tos. of 1597 and 1598, not having the new additions, read:—

"Let it be so: and lo! on Wednesday next
We solemnly proclaim our coronation:
Lords, be ready all."

The change in the text was in part rendered necessary by the scene of the deposition.

To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter King RICHARD, *and Guard.*

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—
Ah! thou, the model where old Troy did stand;
Thou map of honour; thou king Richard's tomb,
And not king Richard; thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this. I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down[9].

Queen. What! is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart[1]?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts[2]?

[9] — have STRICKEN down.] So the folios. The 4tos. read "*thrown* down," which might be measure if *thrown* were read as two syllables, as it was formerly often spelt, *throwen*.

[1] — hath he been in thy heart?] The corr. fo. 1632 puts the question thus, with some improvement, but not necessarily to be adopted:—

"Hath *this* Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect? been in thy heart?"

The passage was possibly so recited on the stage.

[2] — and A king of beasts?] The first 4to. has "and *the* king of beasts."

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometimes queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid;
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me[3],
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *attended.*

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd:
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you:
With all swift speed you must away to France.
K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder, wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all:
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way[4]
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger and deserved death.

[3] Tell thou the lamentable TALE of me,] This is the reading of every 4to, 1597, 1598, 1608, and 1615, and it accords with what has been previously said about narrating "tales." The folio, 1623, prints *fall*, but evidently with some loss of force, as well as of correctness. *Fall* is altered to "tale" in the corr. fo. 1632.

[4] AND he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way] The conjunction, necessary to the metre, if not to the sense, is from the corr. fo. 1632. Above, we might speculatively be disposed to read *convulsion* for "corruption."

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part, for you must part forthwith.
K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd!—Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me,
And then, betwixt me and my married wife.—
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.—
Part us, Northumberland: I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My wife to France[5]: from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas, or short'st of day[6].
Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?
K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.
Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.
North. That were some love, but little policy[7].
Queen. Then, whither he goes, thither let me go.
K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off than near, being ne'er the near[8].
Go; count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans.
Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.
K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part:
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. [*They kiss.*
Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [*They kiss again.*
So, now I have mine own again, begone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

[5] My WIFE to France:] All the 4tos have "wife:" the folio, 1623, *queen*. She was no longer *queen*, and Richard just before calls her "wife."

[6] — or SHORT'ST of day.] So every old copy, and so it may have been written: therefore we make no change, but the corr. fo. 1632 reads with much apparent fitness "or *shortest* day," viz. 1 Nov., All Saints' Day.

[7] That were some love, &c.] The 4tos. give this speech to the King. It is probably an error, which the folio, 1623, corrects.

[8] Better far off than near, BEING ne'er the near.] So the corr. fo. 1632 in reference to the proverb: the ordinary reading has been "Better far off than near, *be* ne'er the near.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

London. A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.

Enter York, *and the Duchess.*

Duch. My lord, you told me, you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.
York. Where did I leave?
Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.
York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cried—"God save thee, Bolingbroke!"
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once,—
"Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!"
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus,—"I thank you, countrymen:"
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.
Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst[9]?
York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on gentle Richard[1]: no man cried, God save him;

[9] — where RODE he the whilst?] This is the reading of the first 4to: the others, and the folios, "where *rides* he the whilst?"

[1] Did scowl on GENTLE Richard:] This important epithet is wanting in the folio, but is found in all the 4tos. Malone, who professed generally to follow the first edition, omitted "gentle" without notice.

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was;
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now.
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Welcome, my son. Who are the violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs[2]?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent it not, I purpose so[3].

York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom[4]?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me, then, see the writing[5].

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

[2] — hold those justs and triumphs?] The 4tos, to the sacrifice of the verse, read, "Do these justs and triumphs hold."

[3] If God prevent IT not, I purpose so.] The small word "it" seems to have escaped in the press in this reply: it is required by the measure, and is supplied by the corr. fo. 1632.

[4] What seal is that, that HANGS without thy bosom?] The seals of deeds (as Malone observes) were formerly impressed with wax on slips or labels of parchment appendant to them.

[5] — let me, THEN, see the writing.] "Then" is also derived from the corr. fo. 1632, under precisely similar circumstances as the last emendation.

York. No matter then who sees it:
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me.
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.
York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—
Duch. What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some bond he's enter'd into
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day[6].
York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me: I may not show it.
York. I will be satisfied: let me see it, I say.
[*Snatches it, and reads.*
Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!
Duch. What is the matter, my lord?
York. Ho! who is within there? Saddle my horse.
God for his mercy! what treachery is here!
Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?
York. Give me my boots, I say: saddle my horse.—
Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain.
Duch. What's the matter?
York. Peace, foolish woman!
Duch. I will not peace.—What is the matter, Aumerle?
Aum. Good mother, be content: it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.
Duch. Thy life answer?
York. Bring me my boots!—I will unto the king.

Enter Servant with boots.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou art amaz'd.—
Hence, villain! never more come in my sight.—
[*Exit Servant.*
York. Give me my boots, I say.
Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?

[6] For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph DAY.] "Day" is in the 4tos, but not in the folios: it is, however, inserted in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632. The previous line is also amended according to that copy, where "that he is entered into" is altered to "he's enter'd into:" it can hardly be wrong.

Have we more sons, or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time,
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
York. Thou fond, mad woman[7],
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.
Duch. He shall be none;
We'll keep him here: then, what is that to him?
York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times
My son, I would appeach him.
Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind: thou dost suspect,
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son.
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.
York. Make way, unruly woman. [*Exit.*
Duch. After, Aumerle: mount thee upon his horse:
Spur post, and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind: though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away! begone.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Windsor. A Room in the Castle.

Enter BOLINGBROKE *as King;* PERCY, *and other Lords.*

Boling. Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months, since I did see him last:

[7] Thou FOND, mad woman,] It is almost unnecessary to say that "fond" here, as in many other places, is used in the sense of *foolish*.

If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found.
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions;
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers [8];
While he [9], young wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour to support
So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stews,
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute, as desperate: yet, through both
I see some sparks of better hope [1], which elder days
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE, *in great haste* [2].

Aum. Where is the king?

Boling. What means our cousin, that he stares and looks
So wildly?

Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.—
[*Exeunt* PERCY *and Lords.*
What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth, [*Kneels.*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

Boling. Intended or committed was this fault?

[8] And BEAT our watch, and ROB our passengers;] The folio absurdly transposes the words "beat" and "rob."—"And *rob* our watch, and *beat* our passengers."

[9] WHILE he,] All the old copies, 4to. and folio, read—*Which* he. The correction was made by Pope.

[1] I see some SPARKS of better hope,] So the 4to, 1597; and we adopt also the regulation of the passage, as a twelve-syllable line. The 4to. of 1598 alters "sparks" to *sparkles*, which error the two 4tos. of 1608 and 1615 repeat. The folio, 1623, returns to "sparks." Bolingbroke afterwards (p. 310) speaks of "*sparks* of honour."

[2] Enter Aumerle, in great haste.] "Enter Aumerle amazed," in the old 4tos.

If of the first, how heinous e'er it be [3],
To win thy after love I pardon thee.
Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key [4],
That no man enter till my tale be done.
Boling. Have thy desire. [AUMERLE *locks the door.*
York. [*Within* [5].] My liege, beware! look to thyself:
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.
Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [*Drawing.*
Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand: thou hast no cause to fear.
York. [*Within.*] Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king:
Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.
[BOLINGBROKE *opens the door* [6].

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath: tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.
York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.
Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past.
I do repent me; read not my name there:
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
York. It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king:
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence.
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.
Boling. O, heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!—
O, loyal father of a treacherous son!

[3] If OF the first, how heinous e'er it be,] The old copies all read "If *on* the first," but *on* was often used for "of," and here it seems to have been misprinted for it. Pope altered *on* to *but*, which could hardly have been mistaken by the old compositor. Bolingbroke asks if the fault were only intended or committed, and adds that if it were "of the first" kind, he would at once pardon it.

[4] — that I may turn the key,] In the first 4to. the pronoun "I" is accidentally omitted.

[5] York. [*Within.*] The old stage-direction in the 4tos. is, "The duke of York knocks at the door, and crieth."

[6] Bolingbroke opens the door.] "And locks it again" says the old annotator on the folio, 1632: if not, the Duchess could have got into the room afterwards without exclaiming "for God's sake let me in." Aumerle, on the next page, opens the door for his mother by the King's order.

Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current [7], and defil'd himself.
Thy overflow of good converts to bad;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd,
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. [*Within.*] What ho! my liege! for God's sake let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant [8] makes this eager cry?

Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door:
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is altered, from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to "The Beggar and the King [9]."—
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in:
I know, she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rest sound;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

[AUMERLE *opens the door.*

Enter DUCHESS.

Duch. O king! believe not this hard-hearted man:
Love, loving not itself, none other can.

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

[7] Hath HELD his current,] The folio poorly substitutes "*had* his current."

[8] What shrill-voic'd suppliant] This is the reading of the 4tos. of 1608, 1615, and of the folio, 1623. The two earlier 4tos. have "shrill *voice* suppliant," which may be right, though more probably a misprint.

[9] And now chang'd to "The Beggar and the King."] This ballad has been already mentioned by Shakespeare in "Love's Labour's Lost," Vol. ii. pp. 105. 125. The earliest known copy of it is dated 1612, (in R. Johnson's "Crown Garland," printed in that year,) but it was much older: Moth speaks of it as a ballad of "some three ages since."

Duch. Sweet York, be patient.—Hear me, gentle liege.
[*Kneels.*

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I walk upon my knees [1],
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee.
[*Kneels.*

York. Against them both my true joints bended be.
[*Kneels.*
Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace [2]!

Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, our's from our breast:
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Our's of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then, let them have
That mercy which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up [3].

Duch. Nay, do not say—stand up;
But, pardon first, and afterwards, stand up.
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king: say, *pardonnez moi* [4].

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?

[1] For ever will I WALK upon my knees,] The folio 1623 substitutes *kneel*, but all the 4to. editions have "walk," avoiding the tautology, which diminishes, instead of adding force to the expression.

[2] Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!] This line, found in every 4to. copy, and necessary for the rhyme, is omitted in the folios.

[3] Good aunt, stand up.] Assigned in the first 4to. to York, but corrected in old MS. in the copy of that impression belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. The strange error was not repeated in the later editions.

[4] — *pardonnez moi.*] That is in English (as Johnson remarks), *excuse me.*

Ah! my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That set'st the word itself against the word.
Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping French we do not understand [5].
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand:
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Duch. O, happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. I pardon him with all my heart.

Duch. A god on earth thou art!

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law, and the abbot [6],
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are [7]:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell,—and cousin mine, adieu [8].
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son: I pray God make thee new.

[*Exeunt.*

[5] The CHOPPING French we do not understand.] "Chopping" is strictly *cheaping*, A. S. *cyppan*, and cheaping and changing (corrupted in comparatively modern times to "chopping and changing") is buying and bartering goods. The Duchess calls the language "the chopping French" on account of the convertibility of such terms as *pardonnez moi*, which, apparently consenting, mean the very reverse.

[6] But for our trusty brother-in-law, AND the abbot,] So the 4tos: the folio, 1623, erroneously reads "our trusty brother-in-law, the abbot." The abbot of Westminster was not brother-in-law to the King, but the duke of Exeter, who had married the sister of Bolingbroke.

[7] To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:] The corr. fo. 1632 here makes a change in the text, which probably only represents the language delivered by some performer, viz. "To Oxford, or where *else* these traitors *be*."

[8] Uncle, farewell,—and cousin MINE, adieu:] Some monosyllable must have dropped out in this rhyming line. Theobald supplied *too*; but, according to the corrector of the folio, 1632, "mine" was the right word, and it avoids the awkward sound of *too* and "adieu."

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir PIERCE *of* EXTON, *and a Servant.*

Exton. Did'st thou not mark the king, what words he spake?
"Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?"
Was it not so?
Serv. Those were his very words.
Exton. "Have I no friend?" quoth he: he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together, did he not?
Serv. He did.
Exton. And, speaking it, he wishtly look'd on me[9];
As who should say,—I would thou wert the man,
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go:
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle.

Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare[1]
This prison, where I live, unto the world:
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,

[9] And, speaking it, he WISHTLY look'd on me;] So the 4tos. of 1597 and 1598; probably, as the context shows, an abridgment of *wishfully*, for the sake of the metre. The two later 4tos. and the folio read *wistly*, which is a different word, meaning *attentively*, and sometimes *silently*. The Rev. Mr. Dyce says that there is no such word as "wishtly," and he naturally resorts to Richardson's Dictionary. The fact is that Shakespeare here, as in many other places, coined a word for his own use out of *wishedlÿ* or *wishfully*: surely Mr. Dyce need not be informed that this was our poet's custom, when our language failed under him, and could not easily be brought to express his meaning. When Mr. Dyce adds that, with reference to *wistly*, I have "confounded two distinct words," he could not have read the last part of my note where I say that *wistly* sometimes "meant attentively, and sometimes silently." He spells it in the one case *whistly*; but our old compositors might readily leave out the *h*, and print it *wistly*, *i. e.* silently.

[1] — how I may compare] So the 4to, 1597: other editions, 4to. and folio, read "how to compare."

I cannot do it: yet I'll hammer't out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world;
In humours like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word [2]:
As thus,—"Come, little ones;" and then again,—
"It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye [3]."
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls,
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame
That many have, and others must sit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one person [4], many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I king;
Then, treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: then, crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king:
Then, am I king'd again; and, by and by,

[2] ——— and do set the WORD itself
Against the WORD:] So the four 4to. editions: the folios have *faith* for "word" in both instances. Perhaps it was thought that this allusion to Holy Writ was too direct for the times when the folio, 1623, was published.

[3] To thread the postern of a SMALL needle's eye.] All the 4tos. agree in the insertion of "small," which is excluded in the folio, probably because the editor did not advert to the fact, that the dissyllable "needle" is to be pronounced in the time of a monosyllable, as in "Midsummer-Night's Dream," A. iii. sc. 2. Vol. ii. p. 224. It is here spelt "needle" in all impressions.

[4] Thus play I, in one PERSON,] All the copies, 4to. and folio, excepting the first 4to, read *prison* for "person;" another out of many proofs of the value of the edition of 1597. If that impression had never come to light, what contention should we not have had in favour of *prison*!

Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing.—But whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing.—Music do I hear? [*Music.*
Ha, ha! keep time.—How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives:
And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To check time broke [5] in a disorder'd string,
But for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;
For now hath time made me his numbering clock:
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch [6],
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still in cleansing them from tears.
Now, for the sound that tells what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans [7], that strike upon my heart,

[5] To CHECK time broke] The four 4tos. have "To check:" the folio, 1623, alone, "To *hear.*"

[6] My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar
THEIR watches ON UNTO mine eyes the outward watch,] The Rev. Mr. Dyce has a note (Remarks, p. 101) of two pages, almost entirely upon a comma which in my first edition was wrongly placed after "jar." His explanation as to "sir" is certainly wrong, and all we can do is now to repeat the note we formerly made upon this laboured simile of the time-piece, whether clock or watch: the conclusion is necessarily new. "This is the reading and pointing of the 4tos, excepting that that of 1615 has *There* in the second line for 'Their;' the folio, 1623, follows the three earliest 4tos, and the folio of 1632 omits 'on,' and prints 'into' *to*. We have stated the original text thus particularly, on account of the difficulty of extracting sense from the passage by any of the old readings: the commentators gave up the attempt, and Johnson reasonably supposed the passage to be corrupt. 'Jar' is explained by the use of the same word in 'The Winter's Tale,' this Vol. p. 16, to signify the *tick* of a clock; and Steevens suggested that 'outward watch' meant the figure of a watchman, or *watch*, above the dial-plate. Still, this will not explain what is intended by 'with sighs they jar their watches *on unto* my eyes.' The reading of the second line in the second folio is good measure, 'Their watches to mine eyes, the outward watch,' but it does not clear the sense of the passage." The lines from "For now hath time," &c. down to "Jack o' the clock" are struck out in the corr. fo. 1632, perhaps as not understood, not acted, or both.

[7] Now, for the sound that tells what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans,] Ritson suggests that "sound" should be in the plural, which seems plausible; but what has "sir" to do in the line, and whom is Richard addressing? If we read *for* instead of "sir," a not unfrequent error (it is amended to *for* in the corr. fo. 1632), the nominative to "are" will be

Which is the bell: so sighs, and tears, and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours; but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock [8].
This music mads me: let it sound no more,
For though it hath holpe madmen to their wits,
In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.
Yet, blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love, and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world [9].

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!
K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear [1].
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man never comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food to make misfortune live?
Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.
O! how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In London streets that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!
K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?
Groom. So proud [2], as if he had disdain'd the ground.

"clamorous groans," and the meaning will be "clamorous groans are *for* (or instead of) the sound that tells what hour it is." With this explanation the Rev. Mr. Dyce will, we apprehend, be satisfied.

[8] — his Jack o' the clock.] The figure that in old clocks used to strike the hour was called the "Jack of the clock," and "Jack of the clock-house." It is often mentioned by old writers, and some Jacks are yet preserved.

[9] Is a strange BROOCH in this all-hating world.] *i. e.* says Malone, "Is as strange as a brooch, which is now no longer worn." We have already seen in "All's Well that Ends Well," A. i. sc. 1. Vol. ii. p. 537, that brooches were out of fashion,—"just like the brooch and tooth-pick, *which wear not now.*" If brooches had not at this time been "strange," why was the epithet prefixed?

[1] The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.] Some allusion may be intended here (as Boswell supposes) to the "royal" and "noble," as pieces of money.

[2] So PROUD,] "So *proud*," says the corr. fo. 1632, and the change from *proudly* seems required, for Richard repeats "proud:" "had" is from the folio, 1623.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back?
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall) and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a dish [3].

Keep. Fellow, give place: here is no longer stay.
[*To the Groom.*

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [*Exit.*

Keep. My lord, will't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not: sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [*Strikes the Keeper* [4].

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter Sir PIERCE *of* EXTON, *and Servants, armed.*

K. Rich. How now! what means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.
[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*
Go thou, and fill another room in hell.
[*He kills another:* EXTON *strikes him down* [5].
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.

[3] Enter Keeper, with a dish.] This is the stage-direction of the folio, 1623: the 4to, 1597, and other 4tos, have "Enter one to Richard with meat."

[4] Strikes the Keeper.] This stage-direction is not in the old copies: something of the kind seems necessary.

[5] He kills another: Exton strikes him down.] Neither this, nor the preceding stage-direction, "snatching a weapon, and killing one," is in the old copies; but that Richard kills two of "the murderers" (as they are called in the oldest editions) is evident from the last line of this scene.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high,
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die[6]. [*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood:
Both have I spilt: O, would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear.—
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Windsor. An Apartment in the Castle.

Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE, *and* YORK, *with Lords and Attendants.*

Boling. Kind uncle York[7], the latest news we hear
Is, that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Ciceter in Glostershire;
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

[6] Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.] The late Mr. Amyot, who took so much, and such successful pains in investigating the curious point of Richard's death, favoured me with the following note:—

"In dramatizing the account of Richard's death, which he found in Holinshed, Shakespeare, as the late Lord Dover observed, has perhaps done more than all other writers to render it the popular version of the story. Malone supposed it to have first appeared in 'Fabyan's Chronicle;' but it was of earlier origin, being found in Caxton's additions to Hygden's 'Polychronicon,' and in a MS. of still earlier date in the Royal Library at Paris. Two other stories, however, had precedence of it, one of them relating that the King had died of grief and voluntary famine, and the other that the starvation had been compulsory. On these conflicting narratives (all three of which Shakespeare had seen in Holinshed) a controversy will be found in vol. xx. of the 'Archæologia.' The twenty-third vol. of that work contains an attempt to refute the improbable relation of Richard's escape from his prison at Pontefract into Scotland, as narrated by Bower and Winton, and supported, as Mr. Tytler maintains, by other Scottish authorities. This romantic tale was countenanced by Sir Walter Scott, who adopted it in his 'History of Scotland,' but afterwards, in a letter to the writer of this note, he stated that he had not meant to express a *conviction* of his belief in it, though he had thought it worth grave observation, which it had not hitherto received. Of these four stories, whichever may have been the true one, Shakespeare may be held justified in adapting to stage-representation that which seemed best suited to the taste, and was probably most acceptable to the belief of his audience."

[7] KIND uncle York,] It may merit a note that "kind" having been omitted in the folio, 1632, it was inserted by the old annotator on that edition, who has made several other changes to cure defects in the versification in this part of the play. He was most likely guided by recitation on the stage in his time.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord. What is the news with you[8]?
North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness:
The next news is,—I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent[9]:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here. [*Presenting a paper.*
Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.
Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, *with the Bishop of Carlisle.*

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.
Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom[1]:—
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

[8] Welcome, my lord. What is the news WITH YOU?] The words "with you" are from the corr. fo. 1632. They complete the line, which there could be no reason for leaving incomplete, and it is a colloquial expression that often occurs. The carelessness of the old printer, probably, occasioned the loss.

[9] — of SALISBURY, SPENCER, Blunt, and Kent:] So the folio. The 4to. reads, "of *Oxford*, *Salisbury*, Blunt, and Kent." The reading of the folio (says Malone) is historically right.

[1] Carlisle, this is your doom:] This brief mode of address is more forcible than the line, as we find it amended in the corr. fo. 1632,

"*Bishop of* Carlisle, this *shall be* your doom."

It is very likely that the expletive words were purposely left out by the poet, and we do not insert them, although they were perhaps spoken on the stage in the presence of the old annotator. The additions may, however, only have been the result of his own notions of fitness, as regards the metre.

Enter EXTON, *with Attendants bearing a coffin.*

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.
Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander with thy fatal hand [2]
Upon my head, and all this famous land.
Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.
Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the shades of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.—
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent [3].
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
March sadly after: grace my mournings here [4],
In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt.*

[2] A deed of SLANDER with thy fatal hand] This is the original, and, no doubt, authentic reading of the 4to, 1597. That of 1598 printed *slaughter* for "slander," and it was followed by all the other 4tos. and folios. In the corr. fo. 1632 *slaughter* is amended to "slander;" and as might be expected, it is *ein Werk der Schande* in the German version.

[3] And put on sullen black incontinent.] The old corrector of the folio, 1632, here alters the punctuation, putting a full point before "incontinent," instead of a colon (as in the old copies) after it. It is true that in the very opening of the next play the King speaks of his intended voyage to Palestine; but whether "incontinent" (*i. e. immediately*) apply to that undertaking, or to the putting on "sullen black" for the death of Richard II., is a matter of too little consequence, as regards the poet, to induce us to make a change, which contradicts the always received, and perhaps correct, reading.

[4] — grace my MOURNINGS here,] The 4to, 1597, has "mournings" in the plural: the folio prints it in the singular. The same remark will apply to "the shades of night," eight lines above.

FIRST PART

OF

KING HENRY IV.

"The History of Henrie the Fovrth; With the battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henrie Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir Iohn Falstalffe. At London, Printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Angell. 1598." 4to. 40 leaves.

"The History of Henrie the Fovrth; With the battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henry Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir Iohn Falstalffe. Newly corrected by W. Shake-speare. At London, Printed by S. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Angell. 1599." 4to. 40 leaves.

"The History of Henrie the Fourth, With the battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King, and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henry Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir Iohn Falstalffe. Newly corrected by W. Shake-speare. London Printed by Valentine Simmes, for Mathew Law, and are to be solde at his shop in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Fox. 1604." 4to. 40 leaves.

"The History of Henry the fourth, With the battell of Shrewseburie, betweene the King, and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henry Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceites of Sir Iohn Falstalffe. Newly corrected by W. Shake-speare. London, Printed for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Churchyard, neere unto S. Augustines gate, at the signe of the Foxe. 1608." 4to. 40 leaves.

The 4to edition of 1613 also consists of 40 leaves; and the only differences between its title-page and that of 1608 are the date, and the statement that it was "Printed by W. W."

In the folio of 1623, "The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of Henry Sirnamed Hot-spvrre," occupies twenty-six pages, viz. from p. 46 to p. 73 inclusive. In the later folios it is reprinted in the same form.

INTRODUCTION.

At the time when Shakespeare selected the portion of history included in the following play, as a fit subject for dramatic representation, the stage was in possession of an old play, entitled "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth," of which three early impressions, one printed in 1598, and two others without date, have come down to us: a copy of one edition without date is in the Collection of the Duke of Devonshire; and, judging from the type and other circumstances, we may conclude that it was anterior to the impression of 1598, and that it made its appearance shortly after 1594, on the 14th of May of which year it was entered on the Stationers' Registers. Richard Tarlton, who died in 1588, was an actor in that piece, but how long before 1588 it had been produced, we have no means of ascertaining. It is, in fact, in prose, although many portions of it are printed to look like verse, because, at the date when it first came from the press, blank-verse had become popular on the stage, and the bookseller probably was desirous of giving the old play a modern appearance. Our most ancient public dramas were composed in rhyme: to rhyme seems to have succeeded prose; and prose, about the date when Shakespeare is believed to have originally come to London, was displaced by blank-verse, intermixed with couplets and stanzas. "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth" seems to belong to the middle period; and as Stephen Gosson, in his "School of Abuse," 1579, leads us to suppose that at that time prose was not very usual in theatrical performances, it may be conjectured that "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth" was not written until after 1580.

That a play upon the events of the reign of Henry V. was upon the stage in 1592, we have the indisputable evidence of Thomas Nash, in his notorious work, "Pierce Penniless his Supplication," which went through three editions in the same year: we quote from the first, (Sign. H 2.) where he says, "What a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fifth represented on the Stage, leading the French King prisoner, and forcing him and the Dolphin to swear fealty." We know also that a drama, called "Harry the V.," was performed by Henslowe's Company on the 14th of May, 1592, and it appears likely that it was a revival of "The Famous

Victories," with some important additions, which gave it the attraction of a new play; for the receipts (as we find by Henslowe's Diary, p. 26) were of such an amount as was generally only produced by a first representation. Out of this circumstance may have arisen the publication of the early undated edition in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. The reproduction of "The Famous Victories" by a rival company then, and again in 1595 (Henslowe's Diary, p. 61), and the appearance of it from the press, possibly led Shakespeare to consider in what way he could avail himself of some of the same incidents for the theatre to which he belonged. This event would at once make the subject popular, and hence, perhaps, the re-impression of "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth" in 1598[1]. The year 1596 may possibly have been the date when Shakespeare wrote his "Henry IV." Part i.

It is to be observed, that the incidents, which are summarily dismissed in one old play, are extended by our great dramatist over three—the two parts of "Henry IV." and "Henry V." It is impossible to institute any parallel between "The Famous Victories" and Shakespeare's dramas; for, besides that the former has reached us evidently in an imperfect shape, the immeasurable superiority of the latter is such, as to render any attempt to trace resemblance rather a matter of contrast than comparison. Who might be the writer of "The Famous Victories," it would be idle to speculate; but it is decidedly inferior to most of the extant works of Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Kyd, Lodge, or any other of the more celebrated predecessors of Shakespeare.

Sir John Oldcastle is one of the persons in "The Famous Victories;" and no doubt can be entertained that the character of Sir John Falstaff, in the first part of Shakespeare's "Henry IV.," was originally called Sir John Oldcastle. If any hesitation could formerly have been felt upon this point, it must have been recently entirely removed by Mr. Halliwell's very curious and interesting tract, "On the character of Sir John Falstaff, as originally exhibited by Shakespeare," 12mo. 1841. How the identity of Oldcastle and Falstaff could ever have been questioned after the discovery of the following passage in a play by Nathaniel Field, called, "Amends for Ladies," 1618, it is difficult to comprehend: the lines seem to us decisive:—

[1] The third edition of "The Famous Victories" was printed after James I. came to the throne: it has no date, but it states on the title-page that "it was acted by the King's Majesty's servants." This assertion was probably untrue, the object of the stationer being to induce buyers to believe that it was the same play as Shakespeare's work, which was certainly performed by "the King's Majesty's servants." From this impression Steevens reprinted it in the "Six Old Plays," 8vo, 1779; and the variations between it and the two earlier editions are any thing but material.

——————— "Did you never see
The play where the fat knight, hight Oldcastle,
Did tell you truly what this honour was?"

This can allude to nothing but to Falstaff's speech in Act v. sc. 2, of the ensuing play; and it would also show that Falstaff sometimes retained the name of Oldcastle after the author had altered it to Falstaff[2]. This fact is remarkable, recollecting that "Amends for Ladies" could hardly have been written before 1611, that prior to that date no fewer than four editions of "Henry IV." Part i., had been printed, on the title-pages of which Falstaff was prominently introduced, and that he was called by no other name from the beginning to the end of that drama. The case is somewhat different with respect to Shakespeare's "Henry IV." Part ii., which contains a singular confirmatory piece of evidence that Falstaff was still called Oldcastle, even after that continuation of the "history" had been written and performed: in Act i. sc. 2 of that drama *Old.* is given as the prefix to one of Falstaff's speeches. The error is met with in no other part of the play, and when the MS. for the quarto, 1600, was corrected for the press, this single passage escaped observation, and the ancient reading was preserved until it was expunged in the folio of 1623. Malone and Steevens, in opposition to Theobald, argue that *Old.* was not meant for Oldcastle, but was the commencement of the name of some actor: none such belonged to Shakespeare's company, and the probability is all in favour of Theobald's supposition.

This change must have been made by Shakespeare anterior to the spring of 1597-8, because we then meet with the subsequent entry in the Stationers' Registers, relating to the earliest edition of "Henry IV." Part i.

"25 Feb. 1597.
Andrew Wisse] A booke intitled the Historye of Henry the iiiith, with his battaile at Shrewsburye against Henry Hottspurre of the Northe, with the conceipted Mirth of Sir John Falstaffe[3]."

As the year did not then end until the 25th March, the 25th February, 1597, was of course the 25th February, 1598; and pursuant to the above entry, Andrew Wise published the first edition of "The History of Henry IV." with the date of 1598: we may infer, therefore, that it was ready, or nearly ready, to be

[2] The same conclusion may perhaps be drawn from the mention of "fat Sir John Oldcastle," in "The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie," 1604, 4to, a tract recently reprinted for the Percy Society.

[3] There is another entry, under date 27th June, 1603, by which "Henry the 4 the first pte." seems to have been transferred by Wise to Law, for whom the edition of 1604 was in fact printed.

issued at the time the memorandum was made at Stationers' Hall: on the title-page, "the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstalffe" are made peculiarly obvious. It is certain, then, that before the play was printed, the name of Oldcastle had been altered to that of Falstaff[4]. The reason for the change is asserted to have been, that some descendants of "Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham" (as he is called upon the title-page of a play which relates to his history, printed in 1600) remonstrated against the ridicule thrown upon the character of the protestant martyr, by the introduction into Shakespeare's drama of a person bearing the same name. Such, unquestionably, may have been the case; but it is possible also that Shakespeare, finding that his play, and his Sir John Oldcastle were often confounded with "The Famous Victories" and with the Sir John Oldcastle of that drama, made the change with the purpose that they should be distinguished. That he did not quite succeed, is evident from the quotation we have made from Field's "Amends for Ladies[5]."

Respecting the manner in which Falstaff was attired on the stage in the time of Shakespeare, we meet with a curious passage in a manuscript, the hand-writing of Inigo Jones, the property of the Duke of Devonshire[6]. The Surveyor of the Works, describing the dress of a person who was to figure in one of the court masques, early in the reign of James I., says, that he is to be dressed "like a Sir John Falstaff, in a robe of russet, quite low, with a great belly, like a swollen man, long moustachios, the shoes short, and out of them great toes, like naked feet: buskins, to show a great swollen leg." We are, perhaps, only to understand from this description, that the appearance of the character was to bear a general resemblance to that of Sir John Falstaff, as exhibited on the stage at the Globe or Blackfriars' Theatres.

Although we are without any contemporaneous notices of the performance of Shakespeare's "Henry IV." Part i., there cannot be a doubt that it was extraordinarily popular. It went through five distinct impressions in 4to, in 1598, 1599, 1604, 1608, and 1613, before it was printed in the first folio. There was also an edition in 1639, which deserves notice, because it was not a reprint of the play as it had appeared either in the first or second folios, but of the 4to. of 1613 that text being for some reason preferred.

[4] Ben Jonson, at the end of his "Every Man out of his Humour," first acted in 1599, and printed in 1600, speaks of Falstaff by that name: "You may in time (says he) make lean Macilente as fat as sir John Falstaff."

[5] See also another relic of the name of Oldcastle for Falstaff on p. 326 of the present volume, and the note upon it.

[6] His Grace had a fac-simile made of the original, and presented copies of it to his friends, artists, and public libraries. It consists of many sketches, drawings, and observations, chiefly while Inigo Jones was in Italy in 1614.

Meres introduces "Henry the IVth" into his list in 1598, and we need feel little doubt that he alluded to Part i., because, on the preceding page, (fo. 281, b) he makes a quotation from one of Falstaff's speeches,—"there is nothing but roguery in villainous man,"—though without acknowledging the source from which it was taken. We may be tolerably sure, however, that "Henry IV." Part ii., had then been produced by Shakespeare, but it is not distinguished by Meres, and he also makes no mention of "Henry V.," the events of whose reign, to his marriage with Catherine of France, were included in the old play of "The Famous Victories."

With regard to the text of this play, it is unquestionably found in its purest state in the earliest 4to. of 1598, and to that we have mainly adhered, assigning reasons in our notes when we have varied from it. The editors of the folio, 1623, copied implicitly the 4to. impression nearest to their own day, that of 1613, adopting many of its defects, and, as far as we can judge, resorting to no MS. authority, nor to the previous quartos of 1598, 1599, 1604, and 1608. Several decided errors, made in the reprint of 1599, were repeated and multiplied in the subsequent quarto impressions, and from thence found their way into the folio. Near the end of Act i. we meet with a curious proof of what we have advanced: we there find a line, thus distinctly printed in the 4to, 1598:—

"I'le steale to Glendower and Lo: Mortimer:"

that is, "I'll steal to Glendower and *Lord* Mortimer," Lo: being a common abbreviation of "Lord;" but the compositor of the 4to, 1599, strangely misunderstanding it, printed it as follows:—

"Ile steale to Glendower and loe Mortimer;"

as if Lo: of the 4to, 1598 were to be taken as the interjection, lo! then usually printed *loe*, and so the blunder was followed in the subsequent quartos, including that of 1613, from whence it was transferred, literatim, to the folio, 1623. The error is repeated in the folio, 1632; but Norton, the printer of the 4to, 1639, who, as has been remarked, did not adopt the text of either of the folios, saw that there must be a blunder in the line, and although he did not know exactly how to set it right, he at least made sense of it, by giving it,

"I'll steal to Glendower and *to* Mortimer."

We only adduce this instance as one proof, out of many which might be brought forward, to establish the superiority of the text of the 4to. of 1598, to any of the subsequent re-impressions.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.
HENRY, Prince of Wales.
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
SIR WALTER BLUNT.
THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester.
HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland:
HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR, his Son.
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.
SCROOP, Archbishop of York.
ARCHIBALD, Earl of Douglas.
OWEN GLENDOWER.
SIR RICHARD VERNON.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
SIR MICHAEL, a friend of the Archbishop of York.
POINS.
GADSHILL.
PETO.
BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, Wife to Hotspur.
LADY MORTIMER, Daughter to Glendower.
MRS. QUICKLY, Hostess of a Tavern in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE, England.

[1] The old copies have no list of persons: it was first made and prefixed by Rowe.

FIRST PART

OF

KING HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, WESTMORELAND, *Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care [1],
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil [2]
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,

[1] — so WAN with care,] "So *worn* with care" says the old corrector of the fo. 1632, and perhaps such was the recitation on the stage in his day, but it affords no sufficient warrant for changing the text of a very intelligible passage.

[2] No more the thirsty ENTRANCE of this soil] When Shakespeare wrote this line he had, no doubt, as Malone suggests, a personification of England in his mind: by "thirsty entrance" he meant thirsty *mouth*, and forgetting that he had given no more of the personification than the allusion to the mouth, he added the next line, "Shall daub *her* lips with her own children's blood." This seems the natural explanation of a passage that has excited much dispute among the commentators. Steevens first recommended *entrants*, and subsequently adopted into his text a conjecture by M. Mason, that it was a misprint for *Erinnys*, than which few things could be more unlikely. Coleridge thought Theobald's interpretation right, that "thirsty entrance" meant the dry penetrability of the soil; and he added, "the obscurity of this passage is of the Shakespearean sort." Lit. Rem. vol. ii. p. 179. Douce suggested *entrails* for "entrance," and in Peele's "Arraignment of Paris," A. iv. sc. 4, *entrails* is unquestionably misprinted for "entrance," where Paris talks of "the *entrails* of my mortal ears," instead of "the entrance of my mortal ears." The Rev. editor has failed to detect this blunder: see Dyce's Peele's Works, i. 53.

Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross,
We are impressed, and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meet not now.—Then, let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience[3].

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge[4] set down
But yesternight; when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered[5];
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,

[3] In forwarding this dear EXPEDIENCE.] *i. e. Expedition.* Shakespeare constantly uses "expedient" for *expeditious;* see this Vol. p. 136; and in "Antony and Cleopatra," A. i. sc. 2, we have "expedience" in exactly the same sense as above. However, afterwards in this play, A. i. sc. 3, we have *expedition* used instead of "expedience."

[4] And many LIMITS of the charge] *i. e. Bounds* of the expense.

[5] A thousand of his people butchered;] So every 4to. edition: the folio, "*And* a thousand," &c.

Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those Welchwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame re-told or spoken of.

K. Hen. It sêems, then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This, match'd with other, did [6], my gracious lord;
For more uneven [7] and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import.
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met;
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear, a true-industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of our's;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The earl of Douglas is discomfited;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood [8], did sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains: of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas, and the earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith [9];
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha! cousin, is it not?

[6] This, match'd with other, DID,] So the two earliest 4tos: the later editions print *like* for *did*.

[7] FOR more uneven] The folio, following the 4to. of 1613, has *Far* instead of "For," the reading of the 4tos, 1598, 1599, 1604, and 1608.

[8] BALK'D in their own blood,] Some commentators would read *bak'd*; but Tollet showed that "balk'd," which means laid up in a *ridge* or *hillock*, is correct, and all the old editions concur in so printing it: neither is any change made, or suggested, in the corr. fo. 1632.

[9] Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith;] We prefer printing the line, thus imperfect, to the emendation in the corr. fo. 1632, which inserts *the bold* before Menteith: the word "earl," (forsan *earls*) in the preceding line, applies to all four noblemen of the same rank by their titles of place, and to call Menteith *the bold* Menteith seems to render the reference merely personal.

West. 'Faith, 'tis a conquest for a prince to boast of[1].

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin,
In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son[2]:
A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O! that it could be prov'd,
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet:
Then, would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts.—What think you, coz',
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.—
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor: so inform the lords[3];
But come yourself with speed to us again,
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*

[1] 'FAITH, 'TIS a conquest for a prince to boast of.] In the old copies "In faith, it is" is made part of the King's speech; but the words clearly belong to Westmoreland, and ought to form the two first syllables of his speech, as we have given it in our text from the corr. fo. 1632. The last line of the King is complete without them, and to print them at length, "In faith, it is," makes Westmoreland's line redundant. There can be little doubt that this arrangement is correct.

[2] — the father TO so blest a son:] The folio, 1623, adopting the reading of the later 4tos, has "*of* so blest a son."

[3] Will hold at Windsor: so inform the lords;] The folio, 1623, without the authority of any preceding edition, inserts *and* in the middle of this line to the destruction of the metre.

SCENE II.

The Same. Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter HENRY, *Prince of Wales, and* FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal; what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon [4], that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly, which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous [5] to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me, now, Hal; for we, that take purses, go by the moon and the seven stars [6], and not by Phœbus,—he, "that wandering knight so fair [7]." And, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace,—majesty, I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,—

P. Hen. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say, we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

[4] — upon benches AFTER NOON,] The folio 1623 has it "*in the* afternoon."

[5] — why thou shouldst be so superfluous] "So" is the reading of the 4to, 1598, and of the folio, 1623: all the other 4tos. omit "so."

[6] — and THE seven stars,] "The" is omitted in the 4tos. subsequent to that of 1608, and in the folio, 1623.

[7] — "that wandering knight so fair."] Perhaps an expression from some ballad upon the adventures of the Knight of the Sun, a well-known romance of the time, translated from the Spanish, by Margaret Tyler, under the title of "The Mirror of Princely Deeds and Knighthood." It forms nine parts.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well, and it holds well, too; for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As for proof now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by; and spent with crying—bring in; now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle[8]. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin[9]?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No: I'll give thee thy due; thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent[1],—But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king,

[8] As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle.] The folio, 1623, merely reads, "As is the honey, my old lad of the castle." The words "old lad of the castle" are conjectured to be an allusion to the name of Oldcastle, by which Falstaff was originally known in this play: there could otherwise be no joke in the expression. See this point considered in the Introduction.

[9] — what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?] We have already seen in "The Comedy of Errors," A. iv. sc. 2, that buff was the usual dress of serjeants, whose business it was to arrest debtors. When Falstaff asks, whether "his hostess is not a sweet wench?" the Prince asks in return, "whether it will not be a sweet thing to go to prison, by running in debt to this sweet wench?" This is Johnson's explanation of the passage. There seems also a joke intended by the words "robe of *durance;*" and in "The Comedy of Errors," Dromio terms a serjeant "a devil in an everlasting garment."

[1] Yea, and so used it, that were it NOT here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—] The negative is from the 4tos, and none of the folios have it: still the sentence is incomplete, and the corr. fo. 1632 gives it thus, "Yea, and so used it that it is here apparent that thou art heir apparent," meaning that Henry's credit had been used as the prince and successor to the throne. The sentence is concluded, but perhaps the poet intended it to be imperfect, and so, under the circumstances, it is, perhaps, better to leave it.

and resolution thus fobbed, as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick, the law? Do not thou, when thou art a king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No: thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat [2], or a lugged bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe [3].

P. Hen. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch [4]?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascallest, sweet young prince.—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and [5] no man regards it.

[2] — I am as melancholy as a GIB CAT,] The melancholy of a cat is proverbial; and Ray has "as melancholy as a *gibd* cat." Such seems of old to have been the most usual way of printing it, but in all the copies of this play it stands "*gib* cat." Coles, in his Dictionary, 1677, gives *felis mas* as the explanation of "gib cat." Steevens and Tollet suggest "*glib'd* cat" *i. e.* castrated cat.

[3] — a Lincolnshire bagpipe.] Lincolnshire bagpipes are spoken of by several old writers; and, as Steevens pointed out, in the "Three Lords and Three Ladies of London," 1590, (a play partaking of the character of a morality and a historical drama,) "the sweet ballad of the Lincolnshire bagpipes" is mentioned.

[4] What sayest thou to a HARE, or the melancholy of MOOR-DITCH?] The melancholy of a hare seems to have also been proverbial; and Taylor, in his "Penniless Pilgrimage," 1618, speaks of "Moor-ditch melancholy," in reference to the filthy stagnant condition of the water in it formerly. According to Stowe's "Survey," it "separated Bedlam Hospital from the fields," another reason for associating it with melancholy.

[5] — wisdom cries out in the streets, and] These words are left out in the folios, and the point of the reply thereby sacrificed.

Fal. O! thou hast damnable iteration, and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me[6], Hal: God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Zounds! where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Enter POINS, *at a distance.*

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal: 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation[7]. Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match[8].—O! if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried, Stand! to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg.

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word: the devil shall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs; he will give the devil his due.

[6] Thou hast done much harm UPON me,] The 4to, 1593, has this reading: later editions alter "upon" to *unto*.

[7] — to labour in his vocation.] According to the erroneous printing of the folio, the speech of Falstaff is made to end with these words; and Poins (called *Pointz*) is represented to begin what he says at, "Now shall we know," &c. We can see at once how the blunder originated, Falstaff's exclamation of "Poins!" having been mistaken for the prefix to a speech.

[8] — if Gadshill have set a MATCH.] So every 4to. edition: the folio, 1623, "set a *watch*," which was a very easy misprint; and it seems, by the following quotation, pointed out by Farmer in "Ratsey's Ghost," a tract printed about 1606, that "to set a match" was technical among thieves:—"I have been many times beholding to tapsters and chamberlains for directions and *setting of matches*." In addition, we have the phrase "setting a *match*," for making an appointment, in Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair." Many other instances to the same effect might be adduced, showing decisively that the printer of the folio mistook *w* for *m*.

Poins. Then, art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill. There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves. Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward[9]: if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou darest not Stand! for ten shillings[1].

P. Hen. Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

[9] Hear ye, YEDWARD:] The Rev. Mr. Dyce thinks it necessary here to write a note, to which he adds a quotation ("Few Notes," p. 93), to show that "Yedward is a familiar corruption of Edward." He blames the commentators for having passed the matter over; but, with all deference, it would have been well, if they had passed many other matters over, equally obvious and unimportant.

[1] — Stand! for ten shillings.] Such was the value of the coin called a "royal," the word upon which Falstaff plays, when he says to the Prince, "nor thou cam'st not of the blood *royal*."

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, All-hallown summer[2]! [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill[3], shall rob those men that we have already way-laid: yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

P. Hen. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Yea, but 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll tie them in the wood: our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce[4], to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty at

[2] Farewell, THOU latter spring! Farewell, All-hallown summer!] The old copies read *the* for "thou," which Pope, as well as the old corrector of the fo. 1632, substituted. "All-hallown summer" means a summer on the first of November, which was All-hallows-day.

[3] Falstaff, BARDOLPH, PETO, and Gadshill,] In all the old copies, *Harvey* and *Rossill* are put for Bardolph and Peto: perhaps these were the names of the actors of the parts, though we do not meet with them in any list of the company. It is possible that Harvey and Rossill were names by which Peto and Bardolph were called in the play as it originally stood, before Oldcastle was changed to Falstaff. At all events, the robbery was committed with the aid of Bardolph and Peto, and their names ought to be inserted in the text.

[4] — for the NONCE,] A phrase of perpetual occurrence in writers of the time; but the word "nonce" is of disputed etymology. The meaning is, *for the occasion*, and Gifford (Ben Jonson, iii. 218) tells us that "for the nonce" is simply *for the once*, the letter *n* having been inserted to prevent elision in pronouncing *for the once*: There is little doubt that he is right, though Tyrwhitt would strangely derive it from *nunc*: note on Cant. Tales, v. 381. The real origin of the expression is the A. S. *for than anes*.

least he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit* POINS.

P. Hen. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds [5]
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off [6].
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [*Exit.*

[5] — the base contagious clouds] Mr. Singer here, adopting Malone's quotation from Shakespeare's 33rd Sonnet, (see Vol. vi.) commits Malone's blunder by omitting two lines. For that reason only we cite the passage correctly:—

"Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face," &c.

Malone leaves out the third and fourth lines, so does Mr. Singer. If the omission were in either case intentional, the reader ought to have been informed of it.

[6] Than that which hath no FOIL to set it off.] This is the emendation of the corr. fo. 1632, all the old copies having *soil* for "foil:" the usual text has been "foil," but without notice of the early misprint.

SCENE III.

The Same. Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, *Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition,
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness, too, which our own hands
Have holp to make so portly.

North. My good lord[7],—

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
O, sir! your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow[8].
You have good leave to leave us: when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—
[*Exit* WORCESTER.
You were about to speak. [*To* NORTH.

[7] My GOOD lord,—] So the corr. fo. 1632, instead of merely "My lord," which does not complete Worcester's hemistich, "Have holp to make so portly." We may be confident that "good" escaped by accident, for when Northumberland again begins to speak, he says to the King, "Yea, my *good* lord." Probably for the sake of the measure the old corrector inserts *Lord* before "Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see," &c., but the anger and impetuosity of the King may naturally have produced this brief informality.

[8] The moody FRONTIER of a servant brow.] "*Frontier*," observes Steevens, "was anciently used for *forehead*." So Stubbs, in his "Anatomy of Abuses," 1583, "Then on the edges of their bolstered hair, which standeth crested round their *frontiers*, and hanging over their faces," &c. In Shakespeare's line "frontier" is merely to be taken as *front*,—the moody front of a servant brow; and in A. iii. sc. 2 "frontier" seems used for *fort*.

North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy, here, at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprision [9]
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.
Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners;
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest home:
He was perfumed like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box [1], which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff:—and still he smil'd, and talk'd;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what,
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God save the mark!

[9] Either envy, therefore, or misprision] This is the reading of every 4to; but the folio, without the slightest necessity, and to the injury of the sense, prints this line as follows:—

"Who either through envy or misprision:"

there is here nothing for the relative *who* to agree with. The corr. fo. 1632 restores the words of the 4tos.

[1] A pouncet-box,] "A small box," says Warburton, "for musk or other perfumes then in fashion: the lid of which, being cut with open work, gave it its name; from *poinsoner*, to *prick*, *pierce*, or *engrave*."

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villainous salt-petre [2] should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said [3],
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso, and exception,
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great magician [4], damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, that earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason, and indent with foes [5],

[2] THIS villainous salt-petre] So every 4to: the folio, 1623, *That*. The oldest reading seems on every account preferable.

[3] Whate'er LORD Harry Percy then had said,] So the original 4to. of 1598. All the later 4tos. spoil the line by omitting "Lord," and the folio of 1623 endeavours to remedy the defect in the metre by reading *Whatever*. Blunt in Percy's presence would hardly omit his title.

[4] Against THAT great magician,] So the 4tos. previous to that of 1608: the rest, and the folio, have "*the* great magician." As Shakespeare invariably follows Holinshed, we need hardly say that that chronicler states that Glendower was a magician. In the next line, the 4to, 1598, properly reads, "*that* earl of March," *i. e.* Mortimer.

[5] Shall we buy treason, and indent with FOES,] This line affords a curious instance of the mode in which one corruption has been adduced to justify another. For "indent with *fears*" of the old copies, the corr. fo. 1632 instructs us to read

When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost,
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.
Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war: to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,

"indent with foes," and no emendation can be more natural, and few misprints more easy. It has been the custom with the commentators to try to persuade readers to understand *fears* as "objects of fear," and the Rev. A. Dyce ("Remarks," p. 105) brings forward a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Valentinian," A. iv. sc. 1, which, in truth, is merely a repetition of the error in Shakespeare's imputed text:—

———————— "if I must perish,
Yet shall my *foes* go foremost."

Nothing can be plainer; but the old compositor obscured the poet's meaning by printing "foes" *fears*, and reduced Mr. Dyce, who did not detect the misprint, to the necessity of explaining *fears* "objects of fear:" true, they were objects of fear, because they were "foes." So, in the same author's "Bonduca," A. i. sc. 2, we have this passage, not cited by Mr. Dyce,

"And to ourselves our own *fears*;"

when it ought certainly to be,

"And to ourselves our own foes."

A third proof of the same blunder (vindicated by corresponding blunders) may be pointed out in Marlowe's "Massacre at Paris" (Dyce's Edit. ii. 226), where the Queen Mother says to Anjou, after his coronation,

"Here hast thou a country void of *fears*,"

when, as in the former cases, the plain sense of the passage instructs all (but commentators, who cannot allow for so ordinary a mistake) to read "foes" for *fears*: the Queen Mother is congratulating Anjou that he governs a country in which he has no enemies. The very sequel to the line in Shakespeare shows that *fears* cannot be the right word, for how could *fears*

"have lost and forfeited themselves?"

The King's "foes" had "lost and forfeited themselves," and for this reason he would not "indent," or enter into a treaty with them. If those who edit old plays would not in this way support obvious blunders by their repetitions, the text of our early dramatists would be freed from many corruptions. In conclusion we may ask whether it is at all likely that Henry IV. would thus acknowledge, before the very friends of "revolted Mortimer," that he and his partisans were "objects of fear?" "foes" he might well call them, but he would never admit that he stood in fear of them. It is *mit Feinden* in the German.

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then, let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him:
He never did encounter with Glendower.
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd?—But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.—
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt King* HENRY, BLUNT, *and Train.*

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them.—I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head[6].

North. What! drunk with choler? stay, and pause awhile:
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!
'Zounds! I will speak of him[7]; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:

[6] ALBEIT I MAKE A hazard of my head.] This is the reading of every 4to; and there seems no reason to vary from it in order to read with the folio, "Although it be with hazard of my head,"— a poorer and less expressive line. Mr. Singer here introduces a specimen of a composite line, partly made up from the 4tos, and partly from the folios, putting "Albeit" of the 4tos. before *it be* of the folios,—a most "cacophonous conjunction."

[7] 'ZOUNDS! I will speak of him;] How poor, tame, and uncharacteristic is the folio, "*Yes*, I will speak of him:" all the 4tos. support our text. Perhaps "'zounds" was struck out by the Master of the Revels.

Yea, on his part [8], I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, [*To* WORCESTER.] the king hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him. Was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard, that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was: I heard the proclamation:
And then it was when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft! I pray you, did King Richard, then,
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did: myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay then, I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve [9].
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murd'rous subornation, shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—
O! pardon me, that I descend so low,
To show the line, and the predicament,

[8] Yea, ON HIS PART,] The folio, "*On his behalf.*" Two lines lower the folio misprints the original word "down-trod" *downfall.*

[9] That wish'd him on the barren mountains STARVE.] *i. e.* To *starve:* the folio, 1623, in opposition to all the 4tos, has *starv'd.* Northumberland is repeating the words used by the king.

Wherein you range under this subtle king.
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power,
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,
(As both of you, God pardon it! have done)
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be farther spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
No! yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours [1], and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again.
Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd contempt,
Of this proud king; who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin! say no more.
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and adventurous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night!—or sink or swim,
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple:—O! the blood more stirs,
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap [2],
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;

[1] Your BANISH'D honours,] "Your *tarnish'd* honours," corr. fo. 1632; which may seem an improvement, considering that Hotspur would hardly say that the honours of his friends were "banish'd," though they might be *tarnish'd*: still, the use of "redeem" in the preceding line, and of "restore" in the same line, would show, that their "honours" were to be brought back, as if they had been exiled. We therefore adhere to the received text.

[2] By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,] In the earlier 4tos, this line and seven others that follow it are assigned to Northumberland. The error was corrected in the 4to, 1608.

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!
Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,—
Hot. I'll keep them all.
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not.
I'll keep them, by this hand.
Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.
Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat.
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.
Wor. Hear you, cousin, a word.
Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales[3],
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale[4].
Wor. Farewell, kinsman. I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

[3] And that same SWORD-AND-BUCKLER prince of Wales,] Servants, and riotous fellows, were in the habit of wearing swords and bucklers, and of using them in street brawls and contentions. Steevens, on this point, refers to a tract by William Basse, called, "Sword and Buckler, or Serving Man's Defence," printed in 1602. "Small reading" in books of the time would furnish many other needless illustrations.

[4] I would have HIM POISON'D] The folio 1623 thus transposes the words; "I would have *poison'd him.*"

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool [5]
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own.
Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—what do ye call the place?—
A plague upon't—it is in Gloucestershire;—
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York,—where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
'Sblood [6]! when you and he came back from Ravenspurg.
North. At Berkley castle.
Hot. You say true.—
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy [7]
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look,—"when his infant fortune came to age,"
And,—"gentle Harry Percy,"—and, "kind cousin,"—
O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!—
Good uncle, tell your tale: I have done [8].
Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;
We'll stay your leisure.
Hot. I have done, i'faith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted you.—My lord,
[*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.

[5] Why, what a WASP-STUNG and impatient fool] This is the epithet in the first 4to, and it is surely much superior to *wasp-tongued*, the reading of the folio and other editions. Northumberland, of course, means that his son is as impatient as if he had been stung by a wasp, not that he had a wasp's tongue in his head, for the tongue of the wasp is harmless. Malone nevertheless has a long vindication of *wasp-tongued*—merely a mishearing.

[6] 'Sblood!] All the 4tos. give, and all the folios omit, this characteristic interjection. The same circumstance occurs afterwards.

[7] Why, what a CANDY deal of courtesy] Of course, the meaning is "a deal of candy courtesy:" the corr. fo. 1632 converts "candy" into *candied*, but without much apparent fitness.

[8] Good uncle, tell your tale: I have done.] The word "for" is inserted in the folio, 1623, after "tale;" but the line, though syllabically imperfect, reads with more spirit without it. It is followed by a line of only eight syllables, and preceded by one of thirteen syllables; and at no time is Shakespeare's versification to be measured by mere counting on the fingers.

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbishop.
Hot. Of York, is it not?
Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.
Hot. I smell it:
Upon my life, it will do wondrous well [9].
North. Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st slip.
Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot.—
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?
Wor. And so they shall.
Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home:
And see, already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.
Hot. He does, he does: we'll be reveng'd on him.
Wor. Cousin, farewell.—No farther go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly)
I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer [1];
Where you, and Douglas, and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

[9] Upon my life, it will do WONDROUS well.] "Wondrous" is obtained from the folio, 1623, and seems on all accounts necessary: how it escaped from the 4to, it would be vain to speculate.

[1] I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;] Regarding this line see the Introduction, p. 319. In the corr. fo. 1632 *loe* is amended to "lord."

Hot. Uncle, adieu.—O! let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Rochester. An Inn Yard.

Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

Ost. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess [2].

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog [3], and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down since Robin ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose: it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit, than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach [4].

[2] — out of all CESS.] *i. e.* "Out of all *measure* (says Warburton), the phrase being taken from a *cess*, tax, or subsidy; which being by regular and moderate rates, when any thing was exorbitant, or out of measure, it was said to be *out of all cess.*"

[3] — as dank here as a DOG,] Such in all probability is the true text; but "dank as a *dock*" is not an unprecedented phrase. The Rev. Mr. Dyce, who is strongly for "dank as a dog," (Remarks, p. 105,) does not produce any instance of the use of it, though he has "hot as a dog," "drunk as a dog," &c.

[4] — breeds fleas like a LOACH.] Why one carrier should say that he has been "stung like a tench," and the other that "chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach," has not been satisfactorily explained. Farmer thought that "tench" was a mis-

1 *Car.* What, ostler! come away and be hanged; come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain. —Come, and be hanged:—hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye: I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine?

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell[5]?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[*Exeunt Carriers.*

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [*Within.*] At hand, quoth pick-purse[6].

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain[7].

Cham. Good morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current,

print for *trout*, which is spotted; and Monck Mason suggests that the "loach" is a very prolific fish, and hence that the carrier uses it as a simile.

[5] Ay, when? canst tell?] This proverbial expression has occurred in "The Comedy of Errors," A. iii. sc. 1.

[6] At hand, quoth pick-purse.] Another proverbial phrase, met with in many writers of the time.

[7] Enter Chamberlain.] The entrance of the Chamberlain takes place, according to the old copies, when first Gadshill calls him, but it is evidently improperly marked there. Such points were formerly little attended to.

that I told you yesternight: there's a franklin in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what[8]. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks[9], I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worship'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for, if I hang, old sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace, that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff, sixpenny strikers: none of these mad, mustachio, purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and sanguinity: burgomasters, and great ones;—yes, such as can hold in[1]; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

[8] — God knows what.] Though the folio, every now and then, omits such expressions as "zounds" and "i' faith," there is not the slightest consistency in its corrections of this kind: it permits these original words to stand.

[9] — saint Nicholas' clerks,] This was a very common cant term applied to highwaymen and robbers, but why, it is not easy to decide. Warburton suggests that the patron saint of clerks being St. Nicholas, and Old Nick being a cant name for the devil, the word "clerks" became indifferently applied to scholars and robbers. Grey has shown, that highwaymen were sometimes termed "St. Nicholas' knights." See also Dodsley's Old Plays, last edit. Vol. vii. p. 308; where several instances are collected relative to "St. Nicholas' clerks," particularly from Dekker's tracts: we need not reiterate them here.

[1] — but with nobility and SANGUINITY; burgomasters, and great ONES;—YES, such as can hold in;] The old text has hitherto been *tranquillity* for "sanguinity" (a probable mishearing), and for "ones—yes" *oneyers* (spelt *Oneyres* in the 4to, 1598), an easy misprint. Nobody has given even a plausible explanation of either, and our reading in both cases is that supplied by the corr. fo. 1632. Gadshill is boasting of the "great ones" with whom he is connected, and uses "sanguinity" to indicate that his companions were not only "nobility," but other people of good blood and family. It is well rendered into German by the words *mit adligem Gemüthe und fürstlichem Geblüte.*

Cham. What! the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible [2].

Cham. Nay, by my faith; I think you are more beholding to the night, than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase [3], as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *homo* is a common name to all men [4]. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Road by Gadshill.

Enter Prince HENRY, *and* POINS; BARDOLPH *and* PETO, *at some distance.*

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet [5].

P. Hen. Stand close.

[2] — we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.] Fern-seed being of old supposed to be invisible, those who carried it about them were supposed to be invisible also. Possibly the origin of the phrase was, that people walked *like* fern-seed, invisible.

[3] — thou shalt have a share in our PURCHASE,] "Purchase" was a cant term for booty, or for property obtained by robbery of any kind. It is used exactly in this way in "Henry V.," A. iii. sc. 2. "They will steal any thing, and call it *purchase.*" The use of the word in this sense is ancient and frequent. What can Mr. Singer mean, when he says that "*purchase* in our poet's time signified any thing got, or obtained, or gained *by legal means?*" The very reverse is the fact, as he will see by reference to any glossary or dictionary: Richardson speaking of the verb tells us that to *purchase* "in our old writers, is to take (as thieves or robbers), to steal, to rob." Are these "legal means" in the opinion of Mr. Singer? Suppose an editor (we put it only hypothetically) were to take advantage of the notes of all previous commentators, and appropriate them and their quotations constantly to his own use, as if it were his own learning, and without a hint of acknowledgment, would he designate that "legal means," or would it not be *purchase*, in the sense the word bore in the time of Shakespeare?

[4] Go to; *homo* is a common name to all men.] The words "true man" and "false thief" were frequently opposed in writers of the time; and when Gadshill says, in reply to the Chamberlain, that "*homo* is a common name to all men," he means that it was just as applicable to the "true man," which he had called himself, as to the "false thief," which the Chamberlain had termed him.

[5] — he frets like a GUMMED VELVET.] Velvets and taffatas, when gummed, fretted or wore themselves out by reason of their stiffness.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! What a brawling dost thou keep?

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him. [*Pretends to seek* POINS.

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire[6] further afoot I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else: I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is three score and ten miles afoot with me, and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues: give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down: lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood! I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus[7]?

P. Hen. Thou liest: thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

[6] — four foot by the SQUIRE] *i. e.* By the *square*, or rule. See "Love's Labour's Lost," A. v. sc. 2, and "The Winter's Tale," A. iv. sc. 3.

[7] What a plague mean ye to COLT me thus?] To "colt" is to *trick* or *fool*, as Johnson explains it, and as many quotations would prove. The prince in his reply plays upon the word, in reference to the fact that Falstaff was on foot, "uncolted," by reason of the loss of his horse.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself[8] in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand!

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O! 'tis our setter: I know his voice.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye[9]; on with your visors: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue: 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be there of them[1]?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof[2].

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

[8] Go, hang thyself] "Go" is from the folio, 1623: it is wanting in the 4tos. previous to that of 1608.

[9] *Gads.* Case, ye, case ye;] There is some little confusion of persons here in all the old copies, 4to. and folio. "Bardolph, what news?" is made part of what Poins says, and Bardolph is made to reply "Case ye, case ye," &c. Our text is regulated as Johnson recommended.

[1] How many be THERE of them?] So the 4to, 1598: that of 1599, "How many be *they* of them?" and the subsequent 4tos. have, "But how many be they of them?" The folio omits both *there* and *they*, "But how many be of them?"

[2] Well, we leave that to the proof.] The folio has "*We'll* leave that," &c. and makes other more minute variations in this scene.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. [*Aside to* Poins.] Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by: stand close.

[*Exeunt P.* Henry *and* Poins.

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole[3], say I: every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1 *Trav.* Come, neighbour: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike! down with them; cut the villains' throats. Ah, whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

1 *Trav.* O! we are undone, both we and our's, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves[4]. Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would, your store were here! On, bacons, on! What! ye knaves, young men must live. You are grand-jurors are ye[5]? We'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Exeunt* Fal. *&c. driving the Travellers out*[6].

Re-enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters; let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

[3] — happy man be his DOLE,] *i. e.* Happiness be his *portion*, or "dole." See "The Taming of the Shrew," A. i. sc. 1, and "The Winter's Tale," A. i. sc. 2.

[4] Hang ye, GORBELLIED knaves.] "Gorbellied" is a very common epithet used for fat-bellied, corpulent. In his "Have with you to Saffron Walden," 1596, sign. F 2, Nash speaks of Harvey's production as "a *gorbellied* volume."

[5] You are grand-JURORS are ye?] We are perhaps to suppose that some of the Travellers swore lustily at the thieves.

[6] Exeunt Fal. &c. driving the Travellers out.] The old stage-direction in all the old editions is, "Here they rob them and bind them." It is very clear, however, that Falstaff and the rest go out, leaving the stage to the Prince and Poins, who immediately return to it.

P. Hen. Your money! [*Rushing out upon them.*

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and* POINS *set upon them. They all run away, and* FALSTAFF, *after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them*[7].]

P. Hen. Got with much ease[8]. Now merrily to horse:
The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.—
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.

Enter HOTSPUR, *reading a Letter.*

—"But for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house." —He could be contented,—why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house: he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house.—Let me see some more. "The purpose you undertake, is dangerous;"—Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety[9]. "The purpose you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted, and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition."—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lackbrain is this! By the Lord[10], our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a

[7] — leaving the booty behind them.] This is verbatim the oldest stage-direction, which there can be no objection to preserve instead of the modern alteration.

[8] Got with much ease.] This speech is printed as prose in all the old copies.

[9] — WE pluck this flower, safety.] It is "*we'll* pluck this flower, safety" in the corr. fo. 1632, but change is not by any means necessary.

[10] By the Lord,] The folio, 1623, merely *I protest;* and just afterwards, instead of "zounds!" it substitutes "by this hand:" elsewhere the Master of the Revels seems to have objected even to "by this hand."

good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends.—What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. 'Zounds! an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month, and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel!—Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O! I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action.—Hang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady PERCY.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord! why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sit'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers[1] I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, "Courage!—to the field!" And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies, and retires; of trenches, tents[2],
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,

[1] In THY faint slumbers] So the two earlier 4tos, and no doubt rightly. The later 4tos. and folio, 1623, have "*my* faint slumbers."

[2] Of sallies, and retires; OF trenches, tents,] The folio, 1623, following the 4tos. of 1608 and 1613, omits "of," which is inserted in MS. in the corr. fo. 1632. Lower down it reads *beds* for "beads," for the same reason.

And all the currents of a heady fight[3].
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream;
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest[4]. O, what portents are these!
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight.—O, *esperance*[5]!—
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit Servant.*

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why my horse,
My love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen,
As you are toss'd with. In faith,
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title, and hath sent for you,
To line his enterprize; but if you go—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

[3] And all the CURRENTS of a heady fight.] "A heady fight" may well be said to run in "currents," and therefore we do not alter the received text; but the corr. fo. 1632 has "And all th' occurrents" which Mr. Singer adopts, printing it "All the 'currents," but without stating from whence he procured the hint. *Occurrents* (if it were right) must, as he states, be understood as "occurrences," but nobody so understood it, until the discovery of the corr. fo. 1632.

[4] On some great sudden HEST.] "Hest," for *behest*, is a very common word; but none of the commentators have observed that the earliest 4to. prints "hest," and not *haste*, as they have given it. "On some great sudden hest," is "On some great sudden *command*." "Sudden *haste*" is something like sudden suddenness.

[5] O, *esperance!*] The motto of the Percy family. The folio omits "O."

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask.
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true[6].
Hot. Away!
Away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate. This is no world,
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—
What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?
Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no?
Hot. Come to the park, Kate; wilt thou see me ride[7]?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout.
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no farther wise
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,
But yet a woman; and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know:
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.
Lady. How! so far?
Hot. Not an inch farther. But hark you, Kate?
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?
Lady. It must, of force[8]. [*Exeunt.*

[6] An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.] This speech and some others are mistakenly printed as prose in the old copies, which error the editor of the folio, 1623, not perceiving, thought himself warranted in varying from the text of the five 4to. impressions. In a preceding line he inserted *shall*, and this line he gives thus prosaically, "If thou wilt not tell me true."

[7] Come TO THE PARK, KATE; wilt thou see me ride?] This is the line as it is represented in the corr. fo. 1632, the words "to the park, Kate" being found no where else. They had, doubtless, been carelessly omitted, and are consistent with what Hotspur has previously said, "Bid Butler lead him forth into the park."

[8] It must, of FORCE.] *i. e.* Of *necessity*. See "Love's Labour's Lost," A. i. sc. 1. Vol. ii. p. 97, and "Midsummer-Night's Dream," A. iii. sc. 2. Vol. ii. p. 219.

SCENE IV.

Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINS.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four-score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their Christian names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy, and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, (by the Lord, so they call me[9],) and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dying scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry hem! and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker[1]; one that never spake other English in his life, than—"Eight shillings and sixpence," and—"You are welcome;" with this shrill addition,—"Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon," or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis! that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

[9] — (by the Lord, so they call me,)] These words, which, of course, came from Shakespeare's pen, are omitted in the folio, 1623: every 4to. has them. Above, the folio has *confidence* for "salvation."

[1] — under-skinker;] An under-drawer. A "skinker" is one that *serves drink at table*. *Schenken*, Germ. is to fill a glass or cup; and *schenk* is a *cup-bearer*. Hence our common old word "skinker."

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis! [*Exit* POINS.

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and to show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis!

Fran. Let me see,—about Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord[2].

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis. For the sugar thou gavest me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, sir! I would it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, knot-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter[3], smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

[2] Pray YOU, stay a little, my lord.] "You" is not in the 4to, 1598, but in all the subsequent editions: three lines lower the folio adds "sir" after "O lord!" perhaps to qualify the expression.

[3] — PUKE-stocking, CADDIS-garter,] "Puke" appears to have been some dark

Fran. O lord, sir! who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why then, your brown bastard is your only drink[4]: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully. In Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue! Dost thou not hear them call[5]?

[*Here they both call him; the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit* FRAN.] My lord, old sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door. Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours, that have show'd themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter* FRANCIS, *with Wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. [*Exit.*

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is

colour, possibly what we now call *puce*: also the name of a species of cloth, perhaps usually of that colour. We have had "caddisses" mentioned in "The Winter's Tale," A. iv. sc. 3. See this Vol. p. 76.

[4] — your brown BASTARD is your only drink:] "Bastard" was a species of wine which Barrett, in his Alvearie, 1580, says is synonymous with "muscadel, sweet wine." It seems to have been either brown or white, and is often mentioned in writers of Shakespeare's time, not unfrequently as the worn-out groundwork of a pun.

[5] Dost thou NOT hear them call?] The folio omits "not," against all authority. The stage-direction is that of the old copies.

up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the North; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—"Fie upon this quiet life! I want work." "O my sweet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou killed to-day?" "Give my roan horse a drench," says he, and answers, "Some fourteen," an hour after; "a trifle, a trifle."—I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. "Rivo!" says the drunkard [6]. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks [7], and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun [8]! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man [9]: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous

[6] "Rivo!" says the drunkard.] "Rivo!" is a drinking exclamation, "the etymology of which (says the Rev. A. Dyce, in his edit. of Middleton's Works, Vol. i. p. 243) has not been discovered." See "Twelfth Night," Vol. ii. p. 646, where "*Rivo Castiliano!*" is quoted from Marlowe's "Rich Jew of Malta." This might show it to be of Spanish origin: possibly, after all, it is only a corruption of *bibo*.

[7] I'll sew nether-stocks,] *i. e.* Lower stocks, or stockings.

[8] Pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the SUN!] This is the reading of the folio, 1623: the first and second 4tos. have *sonnes* for "sun:" the later 4tos. are like the folio. The passage has been hotly disputed by Theobald, Warburton, Steevens, Malone, &c., but we think that Warburton's interpretation of the meaning must be adopted: he read "pitiful-hearted Titan" as in parenthesis, and made the word "that" refer to the butter, which melted "at the sweet tale of the sun:" still a difficulty remains in the words "at the sweet tale," unless we suppose Titan to whisper a tale, while he is kissing the "dish of butter." Malone would make out an allusion to Phaeton, and that the "tale" was that of the destruction of the *son* of Titan. No explanation can perhaps be entirely satisfactory. Theobald boldly read "pitiful-hearted *butter*."

[9] — there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man:] This line is given, not quoted, in the *Palladis Tamia* of Francis Meres, folio, p. 281. The work was printed in the same year as the play before us.

coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack: die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing[1]. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

P. Hen. How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that: and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds[2]! ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning[3].

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

[1] — I could sing psalms or any thing.] This is the text of the 4to, 1598, and of all the other 4to. editions: the folio, 1623, alters it to "I could sing all manner of songs," as Malone says, to avoid the penalty of the statute, 3 Jac. I. c. 21. Weavers, according to authorities of the time (among them Shakespeare himself) were famous for singing, and Thomas Deloney, the celebrated ballad-writer, was a weaver: see "Memoirs of Shakespeare's Actors," 8vo, 1846, p. 110.

[2] *Poins.* 'Zounds!] In the folio, 1623, this speech (omitting the interjection) is assigned to the Prince, a misprint which first found its way into the 4to, 1613, from which the folio was reprinted.

[3] — this DAY morning.] So the first two 4tos, according to the phraseology of the time: later editions omit "day."

Fal. Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us [4].

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw:—*ecce signum.* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs: how was it [5]?

Bard. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Bard. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Bard. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What! fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

P. Hen. Pray God, you have not murdered some of them [6].

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward:—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Hen. What four? thou saidst but two even now.

[4] A hundred upon poor four of us.] So all the old copies. Malone and modern editors omit "of."

[5] *P. Hen.* Speak, sirs: how was it?] In the 4to. editions these words are erroneously assigned to Gadshill, and *Ross.* stands as the prefix to what Bardolph ought to say. We have seen before, p. 330, that Rossill was inserted in the text for Bardolph.

[6] *P. Hen.* Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.] This speech is given in all the 4tos, prior to that of 1613, to the Prince, but the 4to. 1613, having misprinted *Poins* for *Prin.* the folio repeated the blunder, and modern editors have followed the folio.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone: we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose[7].

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in, foot and hand, and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green[8], came at my back and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain; open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech[9],—

Fal. What! art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see

[7] Down fell their hose.] See "The Winter's Tale," A. iv. sc. 3: their hose fell down because the points, *i. e.* the laces (with metal *points*) broke. Falstaff uses "points" in one sense, and Poins in another.

[8] — in Kendal green,] *i. e.* Green cloth made at Kendal in Westmoreland, famous of old for the manufacture, and often mentioned.

[9] — greasy tallow-KEECH,] In the old copies it is printed tallow-*catch*, but it is probably meant for "tallow-keech." Percy informs us that a *keech* of *tallow* is the fat of an ox, or cow, rolled up by the butcher in a round lump, in order to be carried to the chandler. It is the proper word in use now. In "Henry IV., Part II.," A. ii. sc. 1, a butcher's wife is called "dame *Keech*."

thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado[1], or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you eel-skin[2], you dried neat's-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four, and bind them[3], and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house.—And, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack: what trick hast thou now?

[1] No; were I at the STRAPPADO,] The punishment of the strappado (often alluded to by writers of the time) is thus described in a passage quoted by Steevens:—"The *strappado* is when the person is drawn up to his height, and then suddenly to let him fall half way with a jerk, which not only breaketh his arms to pieces, but also shaketh all his joints out of joint; which punishment is better to be hanged, than for a man to undergo." Randle Holme's "Academy of Arms and Blazon," B. iii. ch. vii. p. 310.

[2] Away, you starveling, you EEL-skin,] The old copies have "*elf*-skin," which Johnson would preserve, but "*eel*-skin" is much more probable, and Shakespeare himself mentions eel-skins in "King John" (see this Vol. p. 129). Hanmer and Warburton were both in favour of "*eel*-skin."

[3] — AND BIND them,] In the old copies "and *bound* them." Pope altered "and" to *you*, which the printer could hardly mistake, but he might easily read *bound* for "bind," and *vice versâ*.

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye[4], as well as he that made ye. —Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct: the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince.—But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu! My lord the prince,—

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess! what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man[5], and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

P. Hen. Now, sirs; by'r lady, you fought fair[6];—so did

[4] By the Lord, I knew ye,] The folio, 1623, omits "By the Lord:" it is found in all the 4tos. The same thing occurs again just afterwards; but these matters in the folio seem governed by no rule, as if the Master of the Revels had been merely arbitrary in his corrections.

[5] Give him as much as will make him a ROYAL man,] The hostess has previously called the messenger a *nobleman:* the joke lies in the difference between the coins, a *royal*, which was 10*s.*, and a *noble*, which was only 6*s.* 8*d.* Probably Prince Henry meant also that the Hostess was to make the messenger *royally* drunk, and then send him to the queen.

[6] Now, sirs; BY'R LADY, you fought fair;] The folio, 1623, omits "by'r lady." In the next speech of Prince Henry it omits "Faith," which is, nevertheless, retained just above. In a subsequent speech by Falstaff, "by'r lady" is preserved in the folio, as if it were unobjectionable.

you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince, no;—fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. 'Faith, tell me now in earnest: how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslubber our garments with it, and to swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before; I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain! thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack; here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast[7]! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his

[7] — my sweet creature of BOMBAST!] "Bombast" was cotton-wool; and according to Steevens, Gerard in his "Herbal" calls the cotton-tree the *bombast*-tree. It was used, as well as horse-hair, to stuff out the dress of both sexes.

true liegeman upon the cross of a Welch hook,—what, a plague, call you him?—

Poins. O! Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct.—Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more. Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news. You may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackarel.

P. Hen. Why then, it is like, if there come a hot June[8], and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i'faith: I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content.—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden

[8] — if there come a hot JUNE,] So both the earliest 4tos: the folio, following the corrupt reading of the later 4tos, has *Sun* for "June."

sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyses' vein [9].

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg [1].

Fal. And here is my speech.—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. O, Jesu! this is excellent sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father! how he holds his countenance.

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen [2],
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O, Jesu! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot! peace, good tickle-brain [3]!—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, so youth [4], the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If, then, thou be son to me, here lies the point—why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher [5], and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a

[9] — king Cambyses' vein.] The allusion is to a play called "A Lamentable Tragedy, mixed ful of Pleasant Mirth, conteyning the Life of *Cambises*, King of Persia," by Thomas Preston, printed by John Allde, n. d. In the "Revels Accounts," by P. Cunningham, Esq., printed by the Shakespeare Society, the curious fact (previously conjectured) has been ascertained, that Thomas Preston received an annuity of Twenty Pounds a year from Elizabeth for acting in the play of "Dido," represented before her in 1564. See Introd. p. xix.

[1] Well, here is my leg.] *i. e.* My obeisance to my father.

[2] — my TRISTFUL queen,] All the old copies, *trustful*. Corrected by Rowe, and it is altered to "tristful" in the corr. fo. 1632.

[3] — peace, good TICKLE-BRAIN!] "Tickle-brain," from several authorities of the time, appears to have been a species of liquor.

[4] — so youth,] The folio and the later 4tos. read "*yet* youth," and thus spoil in some degree the non-appropriateness of the simile, in which the joke may be said to consist.

[5] — prove a MICHER,] *i. e.* Truant; to *mich* is to *lurk out of sight*. "The allusion," says Johnson, "is to a truant boy, who, unwilling to go to school, and afraid to go home, lurks in the fields, and picks wild fruits." We refrain from quoting innumerable authorities.

question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile: so doth the company thou keepest; for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also. —And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man[6], i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me, now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me! if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker[7], or a poulter's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set. [*They change places.*

Fal. And here I stand.—Judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry! whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false[8].—Nay, I'll tickle thee for a young prince, i' faith.

P. Hen. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse

[6] A GOODLY portly man,] So the 4tos. and folios; but Malone and some modern editors have *good* for "goodly," as if Falstaff here referred to the virtues for which he had just before given himself credit, when he is only speaking of his personal appearance.

[7] — for a RABBIT-SUCKER,] *i. e.* A sucking-rabbit, as Steevens has shown by a variety of quotations which we avoid repeating.

[8] 'SBLOOD, my lord, they are false:] The folio softened this oath into *I' faith*, which made the Prince's subsequent reproof almost inapplicable, and rendered necessary the omission of "i' faith" at the end of the speech.

with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness [9], that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack [10], that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree-ox [1] with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you [2]: whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it: but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord: banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and, therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt Hostess and* BARDOLPH.

[9] — that BOLTING-HUTCH of beastliness,] A "bolting-hutch," according to Steevens, is the large wooden receptacle into which meal is *bolted* or sifted. For "trunk of humours" just before, the corr. fo. 1632 has "*hulk* of humours."

[10] — that huge BOMBARD of sack,] A "bombard" is used by Ben Jonson and others, as well as by Shakespeare, for a large barrel. Heywood, in his "Philocothonista," 1635, speaks of "the great black-jacks and *bombards* of the court," as large leathern vessels out of which people used to drink.

[1] — that roasted MANNINGTREE-OX] Probably an allusion to the roasting of an ox at Manningtree fair, which was held, as Nash, Heywood, Dekker, and others inform us, by exhibiting a species of stage-play called "morals," or "moralities," annually. This brings to the mind of the Prince the *Vice* and *Iniquity*, &c. characters in those plays.

[2] I would your grace would take me with you:] *i. e.* Let me understand you; or, as Johnson explains it, "go no faster than I can follow." The phrase is of perpetual occurrence.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *running.*

Bard. O! my lord, my lord! the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu! my lord, my lord!—

P. Hen. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick [3]. What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so [4].

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major. If you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras:—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me. [*Exeunt all but the Prince and* PETO [5].

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.

[3] — the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick.] Probably this proverbial expression had its origin in the dislike of the Puritans to music and dancing. In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Humorous Lieutenant," as quoted by Steevens, we meet with "the fiend rides upon a fiddlestick."

[4] — thou art essentially MAD, without seeming so.] Falstaff, instead of being alarmed by the arrival of the Sheriff and watch, maintains his self-possession, continues his self-vindication, asserts that he is "a true piece of gold" and no "counterfeit," and adds that Prince Henry is "essentially mad" not to esteem him at his real value. "Mad" is *made* in the old editions, two words not unfrequently confounded by old printers. See "Love's Labour's Lost," A. v. sc. 2. Vol. ii. p. 162, "The Winter's Tale," A. iii. sc. 3, this Vol. p. 61, &c.

[5] Exeunt all but the Prince and PETO.] There is no stage-direction here in the 4tos, and the folio has only "Exit." The modern editors have retained Poins on the stage with the Prince, and it is to be admitted that Poins has generally been his companion; but in this instance it is quite clear that Peto remains; for in the 4to. and folio editions, after the Sheriff and Carrier have retired, the conversation respecting the contents of Falstaff's pockets is entirely between the Prince and Peto, to whom the Prince afterwards wishes good morrow by name, nothing being said about Poins. We therefore without scruple restore the old reading.

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff, what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord;
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here,
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:
And so, let me entreat you, leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [PETO *searches.*] What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be: read them.

Peto. [*Reads.*] Item, A capon, ... 2*s.* 2*d.*
Item, Sauce, ... 4*d.*
Item, Sack, two gallons, ... 5*s.* 8*d.*
Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper, ... 2*s.* 6*d.*
Item, Bread, ... *ob*[6].

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep

[6] Item, Bread, ... *ob.*] So all the old copies; and *ob.* for *obolum*, was the universal mode, at that time, of writing a half-penny. In his note upon this point Mr. Singer quotes as from a letter to Cardinal Pole in 1566. There must be some mistake, for Pole had then been dead about eight years.

close: we'll read it at more advantage. There let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score[7]. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bangor. A Room in the Archdeacon's House.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, *and* GLENDOWER.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction[8] full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower, will you sit down?—And, uncle Worcester.—A plague upon it! I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur;
For by that name
As oft as Lancaster doth speak of you,
His cheek looks pale, and with a rising sigh
He wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell,
As oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets[9]; and at my birth,

[7] — a MARCH of twelve-score.] The folio, after the later 4tos, reads *match;* but the first and second 4tos. have it correctly, "march." The printer of the 4to, 1608, was possibly misled by the fact, that in archery matches, "twelve-score" yards was a very usual distance. The meaning (not understood by some editors) is that a march even of the distance at which archers ordinarily shot would be sufficient to kill Falstaff.

[8] And our induction] *i. e. Entrance, commencement,* or what we now commonly call *introduction.*

[9] Of burning CRESSETS;] Cressets and cresset-lights are often mentioned: they were used for beacons, and sometimes instead of torches to light processions, &c. They had their name from *croissette,* Fr., because the fire was often placed upon a little cross.

The frame and huge foundation [1] of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kitten'd, though yourself had never been born [2].

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire; the earth did tremble.

Hot. O! then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steeples, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields [3].
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do show,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think, there is no man speaks better Welsh.
I'll to dinner.

[1] — and HUGE foundation] "Huge" is only found in the 4to, 1598, and, possibly, from thence transferred to the corr. fo. 1632.

[2] — though yourself had never been born.] This and preceding speeches by Hotspur, are printed as prose in all the old copies, and it is not easy to make any thing like verse of them. The measure is elsewhere irregular.

[3] — clamorous TO the frighted fields.] It is "*in* the frighted fields" in the corr. fo. 1632, but the change is, at all events, needless.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy! you will make him mad.
Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come, when you do call for them?
Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command the devil.
Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,
By telling truth: tell truth, and shame the devil.—
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.
O! while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.
Mort. Come, come;
No more of this unprofitable chat.
Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.
Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'scaped he agues[4], in the devil's name?
Glend. Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right,
According to our three-fold order ta'en?
Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally.
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales, beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn,
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A business that this night may execute)
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.—
Within that space you may have drawn together

[4] How 'SCAPED he agues,] It is "*'scapes* he agues" in the old editions, but Glendower is referring to a by-gone event, and Hotspur's inquiry ought clearly to be in the past tense, to which we find *'scapes* amended in the corr. fo. 1632. It is to be wondered that this emendation was not made long ago.

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.
Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords;
And in my conduct shall your ladies come:
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave;
For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.
Hot. Methinks, my moiety[5], north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of your's.
See, how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out[6].
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up,
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run,
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.
Glend. Not wind? it shall; it must: you see, it doth.
Mort. Yea, but mark, how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent, as much
As on the other side it takes from you.
Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs all straight and evenly[7].
Hot. I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.
Glend. I will not have it alter'd.
Hot. Will not you?
Glend. No, nor you shall not.
Hot. Who shall say me nay?
Glend. Why, that will I.

[5] Methinks, my MOIETY,] In Shakespeare's age, "moiety" was often used to signify a share, and not merely a half part. See this Vol. p. 41.

[6] — a monstrous CANTLE out.] "This word, in its strict sense," says Douce, "signifies a small piece of any thing, but here a portion or parcel. The French have *chanteau* and *chantel*, from the Latin *quantulum*." The 4to. editions have *scantle*, the letter *s* having been carried on from the preceding word: the folio, 1623, reads *cantle*.

[7] And then he runs ALL straight and EVENLY.] This line is as it stands in the corr. fo. 1632, the lame text hitherto having been

"And then he runs straight and even."

Hotspur just above has said

"In a new channel, fair and *evenly*;"

and we may be confident that the line was in some way disfigured by misprinting or mistranscription. As it is amended nothing more can be wished.

Hot. Let me not understand you then:
Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you,
For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart.
I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers:
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd [8],
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry.
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care.
I'll give thrice so much land to any well-deserving friend;
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by night:
I'll haste the writer, and withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence [9].
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father.

Hot. I cannot choose: sometimes he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies;
And of a dragon, and a finless fish,

[8] I had rather hear a brazen CANSTICK turn'd,] *Candlestick* was often written and printed "canstick," as here for the sake of the metre, and so it stands in every 4to: the folio, 1623, first introduced *candlestick*.

[9] I'll haste the writer, and withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence.] The corr. fo. 1632 puts these irregular lines thus:—

"I'll haste the writer, and withal *I'll* break
With your *young* wives of your departure hence."

But as the second line, in the folios and 4tos, as far as versification is concerned, requires no change, and as the transference of "break" to the preceding line looks rather like an attempt to mend the measure experimentally, we leave the text unaltered, at the same time admitting that some improvement in this respect may be required—perhaps that in the corr. fo. 1632.

A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
He held me, last night, at the least nine hours[1],
In reckoning up the several devils' names,
That were his lackeys: I cried, "humph," and "well,"
"go to,"
But mark'd him not a word. O! he's as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live
With cheese and garlick in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.
Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman[2];
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof:
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.
Wor. In faith, my wilful lord, you are to blame[3],
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,
And that's the dearest grace it renders you,
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,

[1] — at THE least nine hours,] The corr. fo. 1632 furnishes "the," evidently necessary for the metre: it must have been so written.

[2] In faith, he IS a worthy gentleman;] The folio has *was* for "is," a corruption introduced from the later 4tos: those of 1598 and 1599 have "is." In the next line the folio has *Exceeding* for "Exceedingly," and *exceeding* is altered to "exceedingly" in the corr. fo. 1632.

[3] In faith, my wilful lord, you are to blame,] Here we meet with an emendation in the corr. fo. 1632 which we cannot refuse. The word "wilful" got shuffled out of its place, and in all editions the line has been thus presented:—

"In faith, my lord, you are too wilful blame."

Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd: good manners be your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, *with the Ladies.*

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me,
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps: she will not part with you,
She'll be a soldier too; she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her, that she, and my aunt Percy,
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[GLENDOWER *speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*

Glend. She's desperate here;
A peevish self-will'd harlotry[4], and one
That no persuasion can do good upon.

[*She speaks to* MORTIMER *in Welsh.*

Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pour'st down from these welling heavens[5],
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley would I answer thee. [*She speaks again.*
I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation[6]:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue

[4] A peevish self-will'd harlotry,] "Peevish" is *silly*. See "Twelfth Night," A. i. sc. 5. Vol. ii. p. 660. The same words are applied by Capulet to his daughter, "A peevish, self-will'd harlotry it is." "Romeo and Juliet," A. iv. sc. 2. We adopt here the regulation of the corr. fo. 1632, which, adding "and" before "one," shows that the verse has here been mistaken.

[5] — from these WELLING heavens,] On the preceding page Mr. Singer has been content to quote the corr. fo. 1632 and say nothing about it; but here he could not adopt "welling" (instead of *swelling* of the early impressions, a word that has occasioned some trouble) without admitting that he derived it "from Mr. Collier's folio." "Welling" of course means *flowing*, from the A. S. *wyllan*. The excellence, and the smallness of the change, which recovers the true text with the sacrifice of a single letter, require no enforcement.

[6] And that's a FEELING disputation:] It may deserve a note that the folio, 1632, misprints "feeling" *feeble*, and is followed in the blunder by the later folios: the old corrector of the folio, 1632, however, erases *feeble* and inserts "feeling" in the margin. It is "feeling" in the 4tos, and in the folio, 1623.

Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.
[*She speaks again.*

Mort. O! I am ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down [7],
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn [8].

Glend. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
And straight they shall be here. Sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down:
Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The music plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive, the devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.
By'r lady, he's a good musician.

Lady P. Then, should you [9] be nothing but musical,
For you are altogether governed by humours.
Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing
In Welsh.

[7] She bids you on the wanton RUSHES lay you down,] The floors of apartments at this period were usually strewed with rushes: this fact is over and over again mentioned in old writers. The familiarity of our ancestors with rushes, gave rise to various sayings and proverbs regarding them.

[8] By that time will our BOOK, I think, be drawn.] It was very common to call any paper writing at this period "a book." In "The Egerton Papers," published by the Camden Society, 4to, 1840, many instances may be found where persons sent patents, deeds, or drafts of deeds, to the Lord Chancellor, calling them "books." The "book" to which Mortimer refers was the agreement between himself, Glendower, and Percy, in the preparation of which Glendower had undertaken to "haste the writer."

[9] Then, SHOULD you] The folio adopts the corruption of the 4tos, 1608 and 1613, by having, "Then *would* you," &c.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish [1].
Lady P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?
Hot. No.
Lady P. Then be still.
Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault [2].
Lady P. Now, God help thee!
Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.
Lady P. What's that?
Hot. Peace! she sings.

[*A Welsh Song by Lady Mortimer.*

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.
Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.
Hot. Not your's, in good sooth! 'Heart! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife. Not your's, in good sooth [3]; and, as true as I live; and, as God shall mend me; and, as sure as day:
And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'dst farther than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good-mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth,
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards [4], and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.
Lady P. I will not sing.
Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. [*Exit.*
Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow,
As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.

[1] I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish.] Here the Rev. Mr. Dyce caught our first edition tripping again at a misplaced comma before "Lady," the name of Hotspur's brach, or hound: see "Remarks," p. 107. We may smile to see trifles swelled into such importance, and we hope it shows that really valuable matter requiring correction is scanty. We willingly remove this grave and just subject of complaint, and thank Mr. Dyce for anticipating us.

[2] Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.] He refuses either to listen or to be still, and he seems to mean that to refuse to hear, and to be constantly talking, is a usual fault in a woman.

[3] Not YOUR'S, in good sooth;] Hotspur repeats his wife's reply both here and just before: in the second instance it is misprinted "not *you*, in good sooth" in the old copies, and all modern editors have failed to detect an error which is set right by the corr. fo. 1632. There can be no doubt about it.

[4] To velvet-guards,] Stubbes, in his "Anatomy of Abuses," 1583 (a great authority in matters of ancient dress), says, that women's gowns in his day were "guarded with great *guards* of velvet."

By this our book is drawn: we'll seal, and part[5]
To horse immediately.
Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, *Prince of Wales, and Lords.*

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave. The Prince of Wales and I,
Must have some private conference: but be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you.— [*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate, and low desires,
Such poor, such bare[6], such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?
P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would, I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd, and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission[7].

[5] — we'll seal, and PART] So the corr. fo. 1632, preserving the measure and the rhyme, which must have been intended: the reading has hitherto been "we'll but seal, and *then*."

[6] Such poor, such BARE,] Perhaps *base*; for in the next line we have "such barren pleasures."

[7] Find pardon on my true submission.] The construction is, says Johnson, "Let me beg so much extenuation, that upon confutation of many false charges,

K. Hen. God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court, and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd: and the soul of every man
Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children, "This is he:"
Others would say,—"Where? which is Bolingbroke?"
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast;
And wan by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits[8],
Soon kindled, and soon burn'd: carded his state[9];

I may be pardoned some that are true." The whole speech is parenthetically involved: the sense of "reproof" is *disproof* in this passage; or, as Johnson explains it, *confutation*.

[8] — and rash BAVIN wits,] A "bavin" is a faggot made of brushwood; and the Rev. Mr. Dyce is surprised that editors have not produced examples of this use of "bavin." Surely the text is intelligible enough without illustration. It is not because the same word is found in an old tract or play, that it is at all times necessary to cite it: we may give readers credit for knowing that "bavin" is a substantive, here used adjectively.

[9] — CARDED his state;] We leave the text as in our first edition, where we

Mingled his royalty with capering fools [10];
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative:
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;
That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey; and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty,
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries [1],
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
With vile participation: not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,

expressed an opinion that Steevens was right in saying that "carded his state" meant mixed it with baser materials. The Rev. Mr. Dyce is very firm upon the point in a note to Fletcher's "Wŏman's Prize," A. iv. sc. 5, which Mr. Singer borrows. Warburton proposed "*discarded* state," and it is pretty certain that in the time of the old corrector of the folio, 1632, "carded" was not well understood, for he substituted *discarded*, as a very probable misprint. We do not alter the text, because we always refrain from doing so, where it can be made appear that Shakespeare may have written what is imputed to him in the old editions: all the 4tos. and folios read "carded his state."

[10] Mingled his royalty with CAPERING fools;] *i. e.* Dancing fools. It is *capring* in the earliest 4to, and *carping* in subsequent editions. In our note we formerly doubted whether "capering" was not the true reading, and we now adopt it, but still with hesitation. The Rev. Mr. Dyce, omitting to read the doubt we formerly expressed, treats it as if we had positively maintained *carping*. The German version is *Vermengte seinen Hof mit Possenreitzern.*

[1] As cloudy men use to their adversaries,] The folio, 1623, adopting the corruption of the two later 4tos, reads, "use *to do* to their adversaries. In the corr. fo. 1632, *to do* is properly erased.

Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.
P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.
K. Hen. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then,
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Than thou the shadow of succession:
For of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprizes
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us[2], and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,

[2] CAPITULATE against us,] This use of the verb in this sense is unusual, but warranted by its etymology: the confederates had drawn up *heads* of articles against Henry IV., which they despatched to different quarters, in vindication of their rebellion. Malone quotes Minsheu, who explains "capitulate," *per capita seu articulos pacisci.*

To show how much thou art degenerate [3].
P. Hen. Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
And God forgive them, that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me.
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask [4],
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes! and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which, if he be pleas'd, I shall perform [5],
I do beseech your majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:

[3] To show how much thou art degenerate.] So all the authorities, 4to. and folio. Malone thought fit to place the verb last,—"To show how much degenerate *thou art.*" In the next line but one he read, "have so much," instead of "so much have,"—unpardonable liberties.

[4] And stain my FAVOURS in a bloody mask,] All the old copies have "favours," but, as Warburton suggests, we ought perhaps to read "favour," *i. e. countenance.* On the other hand, Steevens and Monck Mason contended that "favours" is to be taken in the common acceptation; but the word "mask" seems to show that the Prince meant to allude to his *face.*

[5] The which, if he be pleas'd, I shall perform,] The folio, 1623, gives this line, "The which, if I perform and do survive;" the change being considered necessary in consequence of the substitution of *heaven* for "God" in the preceding line. The reading of the corr. fo. 1632 is "The which if I perform, and do survive;" but, of course, we prefer the representation of the text in the 4to, 1598, which implies that Prince Henry is to survive. In the next line but one the folio, 1623, inserts *intemperature* for "intemperance," and it is left *intemperature* in the corr. fo. 1632.

If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this!
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So is the business[6] that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,
That Douglas, and the English rebels met,
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury.
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to day,
With him my son, lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old.—
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
On Thursday we ourselves will march.
Our meeting is Bridgnorth; and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glostershire; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin

[6] So IS the business] It is "So *hath* the business," &c. in the old copies: Blunt means that the business he comes to speak of *is* like his looks, viz. "full of speed." The corr. fo. 1632 changes one auxiliary verb for the other, and Pope did the same in this place. As to "Lord Mortimer of Scotland" mentioned in the next line, we suppose most of our readers to be acquainted with common matters of history, and to know that no such peer then existed. Elsewhere we have pursued the same course, not thinking it necessary on every occasion to obtrude notes, to point out Shakespeare's real or supposed anachronisms: he was composing a play, not compiling a chronicle.

hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown: I am wither'd like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking[7]; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse. The inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it.—Come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed three or four times; lived well, and in good compass; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our admiral[8], thou bearest the lantern in the poop, —but 'tis in the nose of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No; I'll be sworn, I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori:* I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face: my oath should be, By this fire, that's God's angel[9]: but thou art altogether given over, and wert, indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did

[7] — while I am in some LIKING;] While I have some flesh, some substance. *Well-liking* has occurred in "Love's Labour's Lost," A. v. sc. 2. Vol. ii. p. 160:

"*Well-liking* wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat."

The phrase "in good liking" for *thriving*, occurs in Job xxxix. 4.

[8] Thou art our admiral, &c.] Dekker (says Steevens), in his "Wonderful Yeare," 1603, has the same thought. He is describing the host of a country inn: —"An antiquary might have pickt rare matter out of his *nose*.—The Hamburghers offered I know not how many dollars for his companie in an East-Indian voyage, to have stoode a nightes in the Poope of their Admirall, onely to save the charges of candles."

[9] By this fire, that's God's angel:] This is the reading of all the 4tos, and not of those of 1599 and 1608 merely, which Steevens only had the opportunity of consulting. The folio omits "that's God's angel."

not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O! thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light. Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of your's with fire any time this two and thirty years: God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood! I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen[1]? have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, sir John, what do you think, sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn, my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman; go.

Host. Who I? No. I defy thee: God's light! I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to; I know you well enough.

Host. No, sir John; you do not know me, sir John: I know you, sir John: you owe me money, sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them[2].

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell[3]. You owe money here besides, sir John, for

[1] — dame Partlet the hen?] We have had Paulina called dame Partlet by Leontes in "The Winter's Tale," A. ii. sc. 3, p. 44. It was the proverbial name for a hen, and it is at least as old in our language as the time of Chaucer, who speaks of "demoiselle Partelote."

[2] — and they have made BOLTERS of them.] "Bolters" are *sieves*, used for bolting or sifting meal.

[3] — eight shillings an ell.] Stubbes, in the second edition of his "Anatomy of Abuses," in 1583, states, that some shirts cost 5*l.* or 10*l.* each. This information, and much more, is not in the first edition of the same year.

your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it: let him pay.

Host. He? alas! he is poor: he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks. I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn[4], but I shall have my pocket picked. I have lost a seal ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup[5]; 'Sblood! an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINS[6], *marching.* FALSTAFF *meets the Prince, playing on his truncheon, like a fife.*

Fal. How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion?

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well: he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep, here, behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

[4] — shall I not take mine ease in mine INN,] This expression was proverbial, and it is found in John Heywood's "Epigrams," in Greene's "Farewell to Folly," &c. Of old, an inn, as Percy remarks, meant a dwelling, but it came afterwards to be employed chiefly for a house of entertainment. We still preserve the ancient use of it in our *Inns* of Court and Chancery.

[5] — a sneak-cup;] So spelt in the old copies; but it may be doubted whether it be not in fact the same word as "snick-up," a mere term of contempt. See "Twelfth-Night," A. ii. sc. 3. Vol. ii. p. 668. We may take this opportunity of correcting a misprint in that note, where "sneak-cup" is wrongly spelt *sneak-up*. Mr. Dyce, who makes so little allowance for the mistakes of others, is quite in error when he says ("Remarks," p. 107) that a sneak-cup "is plainly one who sneaks from his cup:" it is also one who sneaks a cup, and drinks slily, either out of his turn, or behind the backs of other people.

[6] Enter Prince Henry and Poins,] Poins is omitted in the old stage-direction.

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle; some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is, and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian[7] may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go[8].

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it: I am an honest man's wife; and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, sir John: why an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah! do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million: thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

[7] — maid Marian] Maid Marian was the female companion of Robin Hood, and she was subsequently introduced into morris-dances. "Shakespeare (says Steevens) speaks of her in her degraded state, when she was represented by a strumpet or a clown" in these exhibitions.

[8] Go, you THING, go.] The folio, 1623, poorly reads, "you *nothing*."

Bard. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say, 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not, as the lion.

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion. Dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God, my girdle break[9].

P. Hen. O! if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is fill'd up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong. Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you picked my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee. Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacified.—Still?—Nay, pr'ythee, begone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—how is that answered?

P. Hen. O, my sweet beef! I must still be good angel to thee.—The money is paid back again.

Fal. O! I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

[9] — I pray God, my girdle break.] A proverbial expression, of uncertain origin, but of very clear application whenever any strong denial was to be given, either by men or women.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost; and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would, it had been of horse.—Where shall I find one that can steal well? O! for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels; they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph!

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster,
To my brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland.—
Go, Poins, to horse, to horse! for thou, and I[1],
Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time.—
Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall
At two o'clock in the afternoon:
There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive
Money, and order for their furniture.
The land is burning, Percy stands on high,
And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt Prince,* Poins, *and* Bardolph.

Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my breakfast; come.—
O! I could wish this tavern were my drum. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, *and* Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth,
In this fine age were not thought flattery,

[1] Go, Poins, to horse, to horse! for thou, and I,] The old copies have *Peto* for "Poins;" but Poins suits the measure, and as Johnson remarks, Peto is afterwards introduced as lieutenant to Falstaff. The printer of the folio, 1623, omitted the repetition of "to horse;" but if we substitute Poins for Peto, those words are necessary to the completion of the line. In the next line "yet" seems surplusage in all the old copies, but we have no right to correct versification that may have been Shakespeare's.

Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By God, I cannot flatter: I defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord[2].

Doug. Thou art the king of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well.—

Enter a Messenger, with letters.

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord: he's grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick[3],
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord[4].

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me; doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited:
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprize:
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here,—that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,

[2] Nay, task me to MY word; approve me, lord.] So all the old copies: Malone reads, "Nay, task me to *the* word." "Approve me" is, of course, *prove* me, *try* me, or put me to the proof.

[3] 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick,] The first folio tamely and lamely reads, "How? has he the leisure to be sick now," for the sake, no doubt, of avoiding "'Zounds!" so characteristic of Hotspur.

[4] His letters bear his mind, not I, my LORD.] "Not I my *mind*" is the reading of the two earliest 4tos: the rest, and the folio, "not I his mind." The compositor, as Capel points out, repeated "mind" instead of "lord," and such precisely is the emendation in the corr. fo. 1632.

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:—
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it.—Were it good,
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom, and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. 'Faith, and so we should,
Where now remains a sweet reversion:
We may boldly spend upon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division[5]: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike

[5] The quality and HAIR of our attempt
Brooks no division:] The word "hair" in this passage has caused some dispute, and it seems very clear that the printers of the old editions did not understand the use of it. In the 4to, 1598, it stands *haire:* in the 4to, 1599, *haire* also: in the 4to, 1608, *heaire*, and in the later 4tos. and the folios *heire*. Johnson thought that "hair" was to be taken for *complexion*, *character*, and Steevens and Malone agreed with him. Boswell recommended the substitution of *air;* but no change seems necessary. Worcester might mean that there ought to be no splitting or "division" of their power, already small enough for the attempt: "the hair of our attempt brooks no division." The word "division" seems to support this conjecture; but the Rev. Mr. Dyce mistakes when he states ("Remarks," p. 108) that I gave it as my explanation of the passage: I offered it then, as now, merely as a conjecture. Mr. Singer was misled by Mr. Dyce.

Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence.
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause:
For, well you know, we of the offering side [6]
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us.
This absence of your father's draws a curtain [7],
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.
Hot. You strain too far.
I, rather, of his absence make this use:—
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprize [8],
Than if the earl were here: for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom, with his help,
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—
Yet all goes well; yet all our joints are whole.
Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear [9].

Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.
Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him, prince John.
Hot. No harm: what more?
Ver. And farther, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.
Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,

[6] — we of the OFFERING side] *i. e.* Of the *challenging* side.
[7] — draws a curtain,] *i. e.* *Withdraws* a curtain, as on the stage.
[8] — to OUR great enterprize,] The folio, 1623, reads *your*.
[9] — as this TERM of fear.] So the 4tos. previous to that of 1613, which, like the folio, 1623, has "this dream of fear;" but "term" is restored to its place in the corr. fo. 1632. In Vernon's first speech the folio omits "him," and in his second speech substitutes *hath* for "is" in the line, "The King himself in person is set forth."

And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind [10],
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more: worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not our's.—Come, let me taste my horse [1],
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse [2],
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.—
O, that Glendower were come!

[10] — that WING the wind,] It is "*with* the wind" in the old copies, but changed to "wing the wind" in the corr. fo. 1632. To "bate" was a term of falconry, and meant to *beat* the air as eagles would do, after bathing, in order to dry their plumage—"bated" means *bating*.

[1] —Come, let me TASTE my horse,] *i. e. Try* my horse; which was the phraseology of the time, from the old Fr. *taster*, to try. In Chapman's translation of the Odyssey, book 21, the expression occurs:—

——————— "he now began
To *taste* the bow."

And in "Twelfth Night," A. iii. sc. 1. Vol. ii. p. 685, Sir Toby tells Viola to "*taste* her legs." The two earliest 4tos. of "Henry IV. Part I.," have "*taste* my horse;" but *take* was introduced into the 4to, 1608, and from thence transferred to the 4to, 1613, and so to the folio, 1623.

[2] — HOT horse to horse,] So the two earliest 4tos: the others, and the folio, 1623, substitute *not* for "hot;" but the old text of "hot" is carefully restored in the corr. fo. 1632.

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw [3] his power this fourteen days.
Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.
Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.
Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?
Ver. To thirty thousand.
Hot. Forty let it be:
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.
Doug. Talk not of dying: I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A public Road near Coventry.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry: fill me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably: I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders [4], yeomen's sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a

[3] He CANNOT draw] The 4to. copies (excepting that of 1639) have "He *can* draw." The folio, 1623, has "cannot."

[4] I press me none but good householders,] So the old copies, which there is no sufficient ground for altering; but the corr. fo. 1632 puts it in the past tense *pressed*, and in the next line *inquired*: afterwards the past tense is used.

drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl[5], or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient[6]: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies: no eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's not a shirt and a half in all my company[7]: and the half-shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at St. Albans, or the red-nosed innkeeper[8] of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

[5] — worse than a struck FOWL,] So the two oldest 4tos. The folio, 1623, has *fool* for "fowl," an error, Malone says, adopted from the 4to, 1613. He probably had not seen the 4to. of 1608, in which the blunder is also committed: the 4to. of 1613 was printed from that of 1608. The emendation is from *fool* to "fowl" in the corr. fo. 1632.

[6] — an old faced ANCIENT:] Shakespeare here uses the word "ancient" to signify a standard: just before he has employed it to designate officers who carried the colours. The corr. fo. 1632 substitutes *pieced* for "faced" with plausibility, but we leave the old word unchanged.

[7] There's NOT a shirt and a half in all my company:] The words in the old copies are "There's not a shirt and a half in all my company. "Not" and *but* were frequently confounded by printers, and, although "not" gives a very clear sense, the corr. fo. 1632 instructs to read *but* in this place. Consistently, however, with our usual course in such cases, we adhere to the early printed editions, because Falstaff may mean to say, that there's not so much as a shirt and a half in his whole company.

[8] — or the red-NOSED inn-keeper] Red-*nosed* for "red-nose" is the small emendation in the corr. fo. 1632, and we adopt it as the proper compound epithet: the *d* was no doubt lost in the process of printing.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

Fal. What, Hal! How now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut! good enough to toss[9]; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that: and for their bareness, I am sure, they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

[*Exeunt P.* HEN. *and* WEST.

Fal. Well,
To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [*Exit*[10].

[9] — good enough to TOSS;] *i. e.* To toss upon pikes; a military phrase of the time. It occurs again in "Henry VI. Part III." A. i. sc. 1.

[10] Exit.] In all editions the Prince, Westmoreland, and Falstaff are represented as making their *exit* together. This is clearly wrong; for Falstaff would never have quoted his proverb in the presence of the others. They first go out in haste, he makes his observation, and then follows them immediately.

SCENE III.

The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, *and* VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.
Wor. It may not be.
Doug. You give him, then, advantage.
Ver. Not a whit.
Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?
Ver. So do we.
Hot. His is certain, our's is doubtful.
Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd: stir not to-night.
Ver. Do not, my lord.
Doug. You do not counsel well.
You speak it out of fear, and a cold heart[11].
Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives[1]:
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.
Doug. Yea, or to-night.
Ver. Content.
Hot. To-night, say I.
Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,

[11] — and A cold heart.] So the corr. fo. 1632: *a* had probably dropped out.

[1] As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives:] The line appears thus in the 4tos. and folios:—

"As you, my lord, or any Scot that *this day* lives."

This day is clearly surplusage, both as regards sense and metre: it weakens the expression, and lengthens the line to twelve syllables: those two words are therefore struck out with a pen by the old corrector of the folio, 1632.

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.
Hot. So are the horses of the enemy,
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;
The better part of our's are full of rest.
Wor. The number of the king exceedeth our's:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.
[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.
Hot. Welcome, sir Walter Blunt; and would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings, and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.
Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty.
But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs; and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty? If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs, and with all speed,
You shall have your desires with interest,
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
Herein misled by your suggestion.
Hot. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father, and my uncle, and myself[2],
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And when he was not six-and-twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,

[2] My father, AND my uncle, and myself,] The folio, 1623, spoils the line, as it stands in the earliest 4tos, by omitting the conjunction before "my uncle." The corr. fo. 1632, perhaps, gives it better, but hardly so authentically, "My father, *with* my uncle, and myself."

A poor unminded outlaw, sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore:
And, when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery, and beg his peace
With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs as pages, follow'd him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth;
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded farther; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut! I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then, to the point.
In short time after he depos'd the king;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state[3];
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd[4],

[3] — TASK'D the whole state;] *i. e. Tax'd* the whole state. In the time of Shakespeare, to *task* seems to have been as commonly used as to *tax*.

[4] — if every owner were WELL plac'd,] The folio, 1623, following the 4to, 1613, omits "well," and of course it is wanting in the later folios: the correction in manuscript in the folio, 1632, is not the insertion of "well" from the earlier

Indeed his king) to be engag'd in Wales [5],
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated my uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and, withal, to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, sir Walter: we'll withdraw awhile.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall mine uncle
Bring him our purposes; and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt. 'Pray God you do!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

York. A Room in the Archbishop's House.

Enter the Archbishop of York, *and Sir* Michael [6].

Arch. Hie, good sir Michael; bear this sealed brief,
With winged haste to the lord marshal:
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

4tos, but of *due*—"if every owner were *due* plac'd." We take the representation of the text as contained in the 4to, 1598.

[5] — to be engag'd in Wales,] Theobald altered "engag'd" to *incag'd*, but without sufficient ground: "engag'd" signifies delivered as a *gage* or *hostage*. A line in A. v. sc. 2 of this play, directly supports the old reading:—

"And Westmoreland, that was *engag'd*, did bear it."

Here Malone properly printed "engag'd," though in the instance of the text above he strangely preferred *incag'd*.

[6] — and Sir Michael.] So called here, so addressed by the Archbishop, and so printed in the prefixes: why his name should be omitted in the modern editions, and only called "a gentleman," is not explained. He was probably a priest, then often spoken to and of as a knight.

Sir M. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.
Arch. Like enough, you do.
To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with lord Harry: and, I fear, sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew too[7],
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies,
I fear, the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.
Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear;
There is Douglas, and lord Mortimer.
Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.
Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry Percy,
And there's my lord of Worcester; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.
Arch. And so there is; but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together:
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt,
And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.
Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.
Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear,
And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed;
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:
Therefore, make haste. I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, sir Michael. [*Exeunt.*

[7] Who with them was a rated SINEW too,] In our first edit. we were mistaken in imputing to the folio, 1623, the introduction of "rated *firmly*" for "rated sinew." Mr. Singer, (taking our word for it,) commits the same error; but if he, as we have since done, had consulted the 4to, 1613, he would have found that "rated *firmly*" originated there. The old corrector of the fo. 1632, makes no change in this place.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter King HENRY, *Prince* HENRY, *Prince* JOHN *of Lancaster*, *Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and Sir* JOHN FALSTAFF.

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yond' busky hill[8]: the day looks pale
At his distemperature.
P. Hen. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretels a tempest, and a blustering day.
K. Hen. Then, with the losers let it sympathise,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—
[*Trumpet sounds.*

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

How now, my lord of Worcester! 'tis not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord; this is not well.
What say you to it? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war,
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?
Wor. Hear me, my liege.
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life

[8] Above yond' BUSKY hill:] *i. e. Woody* hill; from the middle Latin *boscus*, or from the French *bosque*; therefore more properly spelt *bosky*, as it stands in "The Tempest," A. iv. sc. 1. Milton also writes it *bosky*. Peele, in his "Edward I." 1593, speaks of "a busky wood," which is tautologous, unless we understand it *bushy* wood. See Dodsley's Old Plays, last edit. Vol. xi. p. 78.

With quiet hours; for, I do protest[9],
I have not sought the day of this dislike.
K. Hen. You have not sought it! say, how comes it then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
P. Hen. Peace, chewet, peace[1]!
Wor. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks
Of favour, from myself, and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were, in place and in account,
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state,
Nor claim no farther than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster.
To this we swore our aid; but, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head,
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead:
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand;

[9] With quiet hours; for, I DO protest,] "Do" was first inserted in the folio, 1623, for the purpose of completing the metre, "hours" being here, as in various other places, a dissyllable: "do" also adds to the emphasis. In the next line but one we may feel assured that "say" (from the corr. fo. 1632) was accidentally omitted, and without it the line consists of only nine syllables.

[1] Peace, CHEWET, peace!] Steevens quotes a book of cookery, printed in 1596, and Bacon's "Natural History," to prove that "chewet" was a species of fat dish, made of minced meat. On the other hand, Theobald asserts that "chewet" is "a noisy chattering bird—a pie." He quotes no authority, and seems to have mistaken the species of *pie* intended. After all, "chewet" may be only a form of printing *suet*, a word very applicable to Falstaff.

Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster,
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow, did oppress our nest,
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself,
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprize [2].

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulate [3],
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,
This present enterprize set off his head,
I do not think, a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,

[2] Sworn to us in YOUR younger enterprize.] "Your" is in all the 4tos, but not in the folio, 1623, though afterwards introduced into that of 1664. The folio, 1632, being also without it, the annotator of that impression added it in his margin, as, at all events, required by the measure.

[3] These things, indeed, you have ARTICULATE,] So every 4to: "articulate" is to be taken for the participle *articulated*, as printed in the folio. The meaning is, that the rebels have set these things down in *articles*; and Shakespeare often expresses the passive participle in this way.

I have a truant been to chivalry,
And so, I hear, he doth account me too;
Yet this before my father's majesty:
I am content, that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it.—No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love,
That are misled upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do; but if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone.
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life.
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge,
For, on their answer, will we set on them;
And God befriend us as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt* KING, BLUNT, *and Prince* JOHN.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honour? A word. What is in

that word, honour? What is that honour? Air[4]. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore, I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Rebel Camp.

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

Wor. O, no! my nephew must not know, sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.
Ver. 'Twere best, he did.
Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion all our lives[5] shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,

[4] What is IN that word, honour? What is that honour? Air.] Our reading is that of the two earliest editions. The 4to. of 1608 reads, "What is that word honour? What is that honour? Air;" and the 4to, 1613, only "What is that word, honour? Air." This last is the text adopted by the folio, 1623. Farther on, in the question, "But will it not live with the living?" the earliest 4to. omits "it," which is necessary, and is found in the 4to, 1599, and in all subsequent impressions. See our Introduction, p. 316, respecting this whole passage.

[5] SUSPICION all our lives, &c.] All the old copies have *supposition* for "suspicion." Pope made the correction. Lower down, "Look how we can" is misprinted "Look how *he* can" in the folio, 1623, but amended in the corr. fo. 1632.

A hair-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen.
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's: we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know
In any case the offer of the king.
Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR *and* DOUGLAS; *Officers and Soldiers, behind.*

Hot. My uncle is return'd:—Deliver up
My lord of Westmoreland[6].—Uncle, what news?
Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.
Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.
Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.
Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [*Exit.*
Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.
Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!
Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen! to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in king Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it,
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.
Wor. The prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.
Hot. O! would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking[7]? seem'd it in contempt?

[6] My lord of Westmoreland.] He had been "impawned, as a surety for the safe return" of Worcester. See A. iv. sc. 3, p. 400.

[7] How show'd his TASKING?] The folio, 1623, and indeed all editions but the first 4to, have *talking*: but for the fact that "tasking" is the word in the 4to, 1598, how many pens would not have been drawn in favour of *talking*, if an alteration to "tasking" had been suggested.

Ver. No, by my soul: I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valued with you;
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself[8];
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd then a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly[9].
There did he pause: but let me tell the world,
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
On his follies[10]: never did I hear
Of any prince so wild o' liberty[1].
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—
Arm, arm, with speed!—And, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I[2], that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

[8] — made a blushing CITAL of himself;] *i. e. Recital* of his past life.

[9] Of teaching, and of learning, INSTANTLY.] *i. e.* At the same instant. In the preceding line the adverb *there* is fitly altered to "then" in the corr. fo. 1632: Vernon is speaking of the particular time when Henry mastered this double spirit of teaching and of learning.

[10] On his follies] "*Upon* his follies" in the corr. fo. 1632, for the verse.

[1] Of any prince so wild o' liberty.] The three oldest 4tos. have this reading; but the 4to, 1613, having "*at* liberty," the error was introduced into the folio. The phrase "so wild of liberty" is perfectly intelligible; whereas Malone and Steevens were obliged to produce authorities for "*at* liberty," which they adopted. Johnson thought it meant, that the Prince ought to have been "confined as a madman," and not left "*at* liberty." The corr. fo. 1632 is judiciously amended to "wild *of* liberty."

[2] THAN I,] The 4to, 1608, introduced *That* for "Than," and was followed by the later editions, till the folio, 1664, which has *Then*.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—
O gentlemen! the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us.
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.
Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking. Only this—
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper[3] I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now,—*Esperance!*—Percy!—and set on!—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, heaven to earth[4], some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.
[*The Trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*

[3] A sword, whose temper] The folio, 1623, inserts *worthy* before "temper," and the reason, after the following brief explanation, will be evident: in the 4to, 1613, the words "whose temper I intend to stain," are made a line by themselves, "a sword" being placed at the end of the preceding line: the editors of the folio, 1623, therefore thought "whose temper I intend to stain" an imperfect line, and added the poor epithet *worthy* in order to complete it.

[4] For, heaven to earth,] We do not alter the old text here, for we think the Rev. Mr. Dyce's objection to "'Fore heaven and earth" of the corr. fo. 1632, ought to have weight: it is an unusual, though by no means unprecedented, form of attestation on a serious occasion; and although Hotspur tells us, just before, that he has "not well the gift of tongue," he would rather, on that account, have adopted a common mode of speaking. Mr. Dyce does not say what he prefers; but "here on earth," adopted by Mr. Singer, would not be amiss, if we could suppose the old printer to have misread "heaven" *here*, and "to" *on*. We leave the words "For heaven to earth" to Warburton's explanation, that the odds were so great that heaven might be wagered against earth that many present would never again embrace. This is the sense in which the passage has been taken in German, *Dann Himmel gegen Erde.*

SCENE III.[5]

Plain near Shrewsbury.

Excursions, and Parties fighting. Alarum to the Battle. Then enter DOUGLAS *and* BLUNT, *meeting.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?
Doug. Know, then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner[6].
Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot[7];
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death. [*They fight, and* BLUNT *is slain.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas! hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot[8].
Doug. All's done, all's won: here breathless lies the king.
Hot. Where?
Doug. Here.

[5] Scene iii.] According to the old copies, the place of action was only imagined to be changed; for in the stage-direction it is said that, after Hotspur, &c. have embraced without any *exit* being marked for them, "the king entereth with his power," &c. It is made a distinct scene in modern editions.

[6] — as MY prisoner.] The 4to, 1613, having substituted *a* for "my," it was adopted into the text by the folio.

[7] I was not born A YIELDER, thou PROUD Scot;] So the 4tos. of 1598, 1599, and 1608: that of 1613 corrupted the line thus:—

"I was not born *to yield*, thou proud Scot;"

and the editor of the folio, 1623, finding this line defective, substituted a dissyllable for a monosyllable, and printed it,

"I was not born to yield, thou *haughty* Scot."

There can be little doubt that the words of Shakespeare are those found in the earliest authorities.

[8] I never had triumph'd UPON a Scot.] Here again we have the authentic reading of the two earliest 4tos: the others read "*over* a Scot," and the folio, 1623, "*o'er* a Scot."

Hot. This, Douglas? no; I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, where'er it goes[9]!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear:
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many masking in his coats[1].

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt:—there's honour for you; here's no vanity.—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they are peppered: there's but three of my hundred and fifty left alive[2], and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. What! stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:

[9] A fool go with thy soul, WHERE'ER it goes!] A proverbial exclamation: the old lection is "*Ah* fool, go with thy soul *whither* it goes;" but the interjection was an error, and *whither* was also misprinted for "where'er," as the corr. fo. 1632, and the use of the expression in other places testify.

[1] The king hath many MASKING in his coats.] It is "*marching* in his coats" in all the old copies, but beyond dispute, even with the Rev. Mr. Dyce, it ought to be "masking," and Mr. Singer admits the emendation of the corr. fo. 1632, to be "very plausible," though he still persuades himself to exclude it from the text. Mr. Dyce (Few Notes, p. 96) quotes an emendation of his own in Marlowe's "Tamburlaine," Pt. I., A. v. sc. 2, which is in conformity with that in the corr. fo. 1632, viz.

"And *mask* in cottages of strowed reeds:"

in the early 4tos, "mask" is misprinted *march*. We may take this opportunity of stating that in the three lines introducing the one he has cited, there are more than as many other blunders of the press. In Bishop Hall's *Virgidemiarum*, Lib. iv. sat. 3, the opposite error of "masking" instead of *marching* is committed, where it is said that blind horses "mask the Miller's maze," instead of "*march* the Miller's maze."

[2] — there's BUT three of my hundred and fifty left alive,] We have before frequently had *not* misprinted for "but," and *vice versâ*, and this is another instance of the same mistake in the old copies.

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unreveng'd[3]. I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal! I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms[4], as I have done this day: I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee.
I pr'ythee lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me. What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot: there's that will sack a city. [*The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.*

P. Hen. What! is't a time to jest and dally now?

[*Throws it at him, and exit.*

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him.—If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me[5]. I like not such grinning honour as sir Walter hath: give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the KING, *Prince* HENRY, *Prince* JOHN, *and* WESTMORELAND.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.—
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

[3] Whose deaths are YET unreveng'd.] The folio, 1623, omits "yet," found in all the 4to. editions.

[4] TURK GREGORY never did such deeds in arms,] "Meaning (says Warburton) Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand. This furious friar surmounted almost invincible obstacles to deprive the emperor of his right of investiture of bishops, which his predecessors had long attempted in vain. Fox, in his History, hath made Gregory so odious, that I don't doubt but the good Protestants of that time were well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and Pope, in one."

[5] — let him make a CARBONADO of me.] A "carbonado" is a piece of meat cut and hacked for broiling.

P. John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.
P. Hen. I do beseech your majesty, make up[6],
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.
K. Hen. I will do so.—My lord of Westmoreland,
Lead him to his tent.
West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.
P. Hen. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
The prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!
P. John. We breathe too long.—Come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies: for God's sake, come.
[*Exeunt Prince* JOHN *and* WESTMORELAND.
P. Hen. By God thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster,
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John,
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.
K. Hen. I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.
P. Hen. O! this boy
Lends mettle to us all. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads.—
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them:—what art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?
K. Hen. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,
So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; and defend thyself.
Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit,
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:

[6] I DO beseech your majesty, make up,] "Do" is from the corr. fo. 1632, and as it makes the line complete, with additional force to the Prince's entreaty, we insert it. "Your" in the next line is *you* in the folio, 1623, but set right by the old annotator: it is "your" also in the folio, 1664.

But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight: the* KING *being in danger, enter* P. HENRY.

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.—

[*They fight:* DOUGLAS *flies.*

Cheerly, my lord: how fares your grace?—
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe a while.
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Hen. O God! they did me too much injury,
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton: I'll to sir Nicholas Gawsey.

[*Exit King* HENRY.

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry[7], for the hour is come

[7] NOR shall it, Harry,] So the folio, 1623: all the 4to. editions read, no doubt corruptly, "*Now* shall it, Harry." By a collation of this play, made by the late J. P. Kemble, now before me, it should appear that he had seen a copy of

To end the one of us; and would to God,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!
P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*They fight.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal[8]! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter DOUGLAS; *he fights with* FALSTAFF, *who falls down as if he were dead, and exit* DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR *is wounded, and falls.*

Hot. O, Harry! thou hast robb'd me of my youth.
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh[9]:—
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O! I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue.—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [*Dies.*
P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well[1], great heart!—
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:—this earth that bears thee dead[2],

the 4to, 1598, in which the passage ran "*Nor* shall it, Harry." If so, it must have been a correction made as the first edition of the drama went through the press. We have seen no copy with this peculiarity.

[8] Well SAID, Hal!] *i. e.* "Well *done*, Hal!" See "As You Like It," Vol. ii. p. 330. It was a very common perversion.

[9] — worse than THY sword my flesh:] So every 4to, excepting that of 1613, which has *the* for "thy," and is followed by the folio, 1623: not so the corr. fo. 1632, where *the* is changed to "thy." Lower down it amends *earth*, of the 4to, 1613, and of the folio, 1623, to "earthy" of the earlier 4tos.

[1] Fare thee well,] The folio, 1623, contrary to all authority, omits "thee."

[2] — this earth that bears THEE dead,] This is doubtless the true reading, by which the antithesis is preserved. All the copies, 4to. and folio, anterior to the

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal[3]:—
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven:
Thy ignomy[4] sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—
[*Seeing* FALSTAFF *on the ground.*
What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell:
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O! I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.—
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

Fal. [*Rising.*] Embowelled! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me[5], and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood! 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie; I am no counterfeit[6]: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion, in the which better part I have saved my life.—'Zounds! I am afraid of this

4to. of 1639, read, "bears *the* dead," but in old MSS. "thee" was often written *the*, and hence the original and long existing error.

[3] I should not make so DEAR a show of zeal:] So the 4to, 1598: other editions poorly substitute *great* for "dear."

[4] Thy IGNOMY] The word "ignomy" (of course abridged from *ignominy* for the sake of the verse) has occurred in "Measure for Measure," A. ii. sc. 4. It is also found in "Troilus and Cressida," A. v. sc. 11. The 4tos. of 1598, 1599, and 1639 here have *ignominy*, and those of 1608 and 1613, as well as the folio, "ignomy." Mr. Singer says, incautiously, that "the 4tos read *ignominy*," when, in fact, two of them have "ignomy."

[5] — I'll give you leave to POWDER me,] To "powder" was the old word for to *salt*, and is not yet entirely out of use in some parts of the kingdom. The country people in the lower part of Surrey still speak of "powdered beef," as well as of "corned beef."

[6] I LIE; I am no counterfeit:] The 4to, 1613, and the folio, 1623, omit "I lie." It is found in all the previous editions of 1598, 1599, 1604, and 1608, but the folio took its text from that of 1613.

gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? By my faith[7], I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me: therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh come you along with me. [*He takes* HOTSPUR *on his back.*

Re-enter Prince HENRY *and Prince* JOHN.

P. Hen. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead, breathless, and bleeding
On the ground.—
Art thou alive? or is it phantasy
That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak;
We will not trust our eyes without our ears.
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain: I am not a double man[8]; but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [*Throwing down the body*[9]]. If your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them

[7] By my faith,] These expletives, as well as "'Sblood!" and "'Zounds!" above, are omitted in the folio; and Malone, who introduced the others, rejected "by my faith," without notice, from his text.

[8] — a double man;] "That is," says Johnson, "I am not Falstaff and Percy together, though having Percy on my back, I seem double." In Falstaff's next speech, the 4to, 1613, and the folio, 1623, read "Lord, lord, how *the* world."

[9] Throwing down the body.] This stage-direction is found no where but in my corr. fo. 1632, and Mr. Singer (perhaps not thinking the point worth notice, although it alters the whole business of the scene) has copied it without observation. It shows what was the practice of our old stage, and what certainly ought to have been the practice on our modern stage, viz. that Falstaff, instead of keeping the corpse of Percy on his back till the end of the scene, should relieve himself from the burden by *throwing it down.* When his dialogue with the two princes is at an end, he did not again take up the body and bear it off, but *dragged it out*, as was not unnatural. We have made these alterations accordingly.

that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, 'zounds! I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.
[*A Retreat is sounded.*
The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is our's.
Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.
[*Exeunt Prince* HENRY *and Prince* JOHN.

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great[1], I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do. [*Exit, dragging out the Body.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field.

The Trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, *Prince* HENRY, *Prince* JOHN, WESTMORELAND, *and Others, with* WORCESTER, *and* VERNON, *prisoners.*

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,

[1] If I do grow great,] The folio alone inserts *again* after "great," to the injury of the antithesis, and of the poet's meaning.

Which not to be avoided falls on me [2].
K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon.—
[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON, *guarded.*
How goes the field?
P. Hen. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill he was so bruis'd,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is, and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.
K. Hen. With all my heart.
P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong.
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds [3],
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.
P. John. I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately [4].

[2] WHICH not to be avoided falls on me.] There can hardly be a doubt that this is the line Shakespeare wrote, and not, as it lamely stands in the old copies (lamely as regards both metre and meaning),

"*Since* not to be avoided *it* falls on me."

The emendation is from the corr. fo. 1632; and in the next line "the" is omitted in the folio, 1623, but found in the corr. fo. 1632, and in all the other early impressions: the line is evidently imperfect without "the."

[3] Hath TAUGHT us how to cherish such high deeds,] Malone prints "*shown* us" for "taught us," though "shown" occurs in the line immediately preceding. His avowed reason was, that the 4to, 1598, has "*shown* us;" but this is a mistake (into which Steevens also fell, taking Malone's representation of the fact), for not only has the 4to, 1598, "*taught* us," but every subsequent copy, 4to. and folio: we have seen no old impression with "*shown* us."

[4] I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.] This reply of Prince John of Lancaster is found in the 4tos. of 1598, 1599, 1604, and 1608, but not in those of 1613, 1639, nor in the folio, 1623. The old corrector of the folio, 1632, inserted the two lines, as, perhaps, he had heard them delivered in his time, and they may possibly be as Shakespeare wrote them; but we only subjoin them in a note, without venturing to displace what well answers the purpose, and has come down to us on the authority of the four earliest editions: the lines in the corr. fo. 1632 thus stand:—

"I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall *put in act without delay.*"

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our power.—
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself, and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway [5],
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

Nothing can be more natural than that Prince John should make some acknowledgment to his brother, and whether it was that we have above quoted, or that placed in our text, we do not pretend to decide. Mr. Singer tells us that "this speech of Lancaster is omitted in the folio:" this is true, but he seems not to have known that it is wanting also in the 4to. from which the folio was printed.

[5] Rebellion in this land shall lose HIS SWAY,] Nobody seems to have remarked upon a singular variation in the old copies in this line: it is "lose his sway" in the earlier 4tos, and "lose his *way*" in the 4to, 1613, and in the folios. The error is the opposite of that pointed out, and corrected, in the second part of this play, A. iv. sc. 1, where "Let's away on" has been corrupted to "Let *us sway* on," from mishearing. In the case before us, "lose his sway" has been corrupted to "lose his *way*," no doubt from a similar cause. In neither instance can we hesitate as to the true language of Shakespeare. The same remark will apply to the line in "Henry VIII.," A. i. sc. 3, where Lord Sands ought to say of Wolsey,

"Men of his *sway* should be most liberal;"

but where it is misprinted, and has always been reprinted,

"Men of his way should be most liberal."

The scribe, or the compositor, misheard "his sway," and wrote, or printed, *his way*. Shakespeare, of course, meant men of Wolsey's power and influence.

SECOND PART

OF

KING HENRY IV.

"The Second part of Henrie the fourth, continuing to his death, and coronation of Henrie the fift. With the humours of Sir John Falstaffe, and swaggering Pistoll. As it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. London Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise, and William Aspley. 1600." 4to. 43 leaves.

Other copies of the same edition, in 4to, not containing Sign. E 5 and E 6, have only 41 leaves.

In the folio, 1623, "The Second Part of Henry the Fourth, containing his Death: and the Coronation of King Henry the Fift," occupies twenty-nine pages in the division of "Histories," viz. from p. 74 to p. 102 inclusive, the last two not being numbered. Pages 89 and 90, by an error of the press, are numbered 91 and 92. In the reprint of the folio, 1632, this mistake is repeated. In the two later folios the pagination is continued from the beginning to the end of what may be called the authentic plays.

INTRODUCTION.

We may state, with more certainty than usual, that "Henry IV." Part ii. was written before the 25th Feb. 1598. In the preliminary notice of "Henry IV." Part i. it is mentioned, that A. ii. sc. 2, of the "history" before us contains a piece of evidence that Falstaff was still called Oldcastle when it was written; viz. that the prefix of *Old.* is retained in the 4to, 1600, before a speech which belongs to Falstaff, and which is assigned to him in the folio of 1623. Now, we know that the name of Oldcastle was changed to that of Falstaff anterior to the entry of "Henry IV." Part i. in the books of the Stationers' Company on the 25th Feb. 1597-8. This little circumstance overturns Malone's theory, that "Henry IV." Part ii. was not written until 1599. It requires no proof that it was produced after "Richard II.," because that play is quoted in it.

The memorandum in the Stationers' Registers, prior to the publication of the following play, is inserted literatim in Vol. ii. p. 3: it bears date on 23d Aug. 1600, and it was made by Andrew Wise and William Aspley, who brought out "The Seconde Parte of the History of Kinge Henry the iiiith," 4to, in that year.

There was only one edition of "Henry IV." Part ii. in 1600, 4to, but some copies vary importantly. The play was evidently produced from the press in haste; and besides other large omissions, a whole scene, forming the commencement of Act iii. was left out. Most of the copies are without these pages, but they are found in those of the Duke of Devonshire and Malone. The stationer must have discovered the error after the publication, and sheet E was accordingly reprinted, in order to supply the defect.

The folio, 1623, was taken from a complete copy of the edition of 1600; and, moreover, the actor-editors, perhaps from a playhouse manuscript in their hands, furnished many other lines wanting in the 4to. On the other hand, the 4to, 1600, contains several passages not found in the folio, 1623. Our text includes both, (properly distinguished in the notes) in order that no syllable which came from the pen of Shakespeare may be lost. Even if we suppose our great dramatist to have himself rejected certain portions, preserved in the 4to, the exclusion of them by a modern editor would be unpardonable, as they form part of the history of the poet's mind.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

HENRY, Prince of Wales;
THOMAS, Duke of Clarence;
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER;
PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLOSTER;
} His Sons.

EARL OF WARWICK;
EARL OF WESTMORELAND;
GOWER; HARCOURT;
} Of the King's Party.

Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

A Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND;
SCROOP, Archbishop of York;
LORD MOWBRAY;
LORD HASTINGS;
LORD BARDOLPH;
SIR JOHN COLEVILE;
} Opposites to the King.

TRAVERS and MORTON, Retainers of Northumberland.

FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and a Page.

POINS and PETO.

SHALLOW and SILENCE, Country Justices.

DAVY, Servant to Shallow.

MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULCALF, Recruits.

FANG and SNARE, Sheriff's Officers.

RUMOUR, the Presenter. A Warder. A Dancer, Speaker of the Epilogue.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND. LADY PERCY.

Hostess QUICKLY.

DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Lords, and Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, Messenger, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

SCENE, England.

[1] A list of "the Actors' names" fills the last leaf of the play in the folio, 1623.

INDUCTION[1].

Warkworth. Before Northumberland's Castle.

Enter RUMOUR, *painted full of tongues* [2].

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men [3] with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence;
Whilst the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,

[1] Induction.] So called in the folio, 1623, where it is treated as the first scene of the play. The 4to. is not divided into Acts and Scenes, and Rumour there enters as if to deliver a Prologue.

[2] Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.] This is the descriptive stage-direction of the 4to, 1600: the folio, 1623, has only "Enter Rumour."

[3] Stuffing the ears of MEN] The folios all have *them* for "men" of the 4to: there can be no question as to the true word, and in the corr. fo. 1632 it is restored. The same course was taken with "surmises," below.

Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before king Harry's victory;
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns[4]
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury[5]
And this worm-eaten hold[6] of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father[7], old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick. The posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.
[*Exit.*

[4] — through the PEASANT towns] So all the old editions, but the emendation in the corr. fo. 1632 is "*pleasant* towns"—very likely the true word, but as "peasant towns" is quite intelligible we make no change, and in the German translation it is *durch die Landstädt'*.

[5] Between THAT royal field of Shrewsbury] The folio, 1623, has *the* for "that;" but "that" of the 4to, 1600, is probably right, as the reference is to the "bloody field by Shrewsbury," before mentioned. Besides, "*that* royal field," and "*this* worm-eaten hold," in the next line, seem put in opposition.

[6] And this worm-eaten HOLD] Misprinted *hole* in the old copies, 4to. and folio: the compositor perhaps printed by his ear. It is altered to "hold" in the corr. fo. 1632, and Mr. Singer adopts the emendation without acknowledgment, perhaps because Theobald had guessed at it.

[7] WHERE Hotspur's father,] The 4to, 1600, has *When* for "Where" of the folio, 1623. The latter is of course right, and the misprint was easy, therefore common.

SECOND PART

OF

KING HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Same.

Enter Lord BARDOLPH.

Bard. Who keeps the gate here? ho!—Where is the earl?

Enter Warder, above[1].

Ward. What shall I say you are?
Bard. Tell thou the earl,
That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.
Ward. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard:
Please it your honour knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Bard. Here comes the earl.
[*Exit Warder.*
North. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem.

[1] Enter Warder, above.] The usual mode has been to represent the Warder (called Porter) "before the Gate," and then for Lord Bardolph to enter. Our arrangement is from the corr. fo. 1632, where Lord Bardolph is stated to enter first, and after his question "Who keeps the gate here? ho!" for the Warder to make his appearance above the gate. In the old copies the Warder never goes out, as if he remained at his post all the time Lord Bardolph was talking with Northumberland. How objectionable this course must be need not be stated, and the old annotator tells us that in his time the Warder used to make his *exit* just as Northumberland arrived. The whole of this part of the stage-business, so regulated, must be correct. Mr. Singer puts the Warder "above the gate," for the first time in any edition, but, by accident, does not state that this change was derived from the corr. fo. 1632.

The times are wild: contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.
Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.
North. Good, an God will!
Bard. As good as heart can wish.
The king is almost wounded to the death,
And in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young prince John,
And Westmoreland and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,
Is prisoner to your son. O! such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes.
North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?
Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence;
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.
North. Here comes my servant, Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.
Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way,
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you[2]?
Tra. My lord, sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury:
He told me that rebellion had ill luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that he gave his able horse the head,

[2] — come WITH you?] The folio, *from*: eight lines lower, the folio, 1623, reads "*ill* luck" for "bad luck" of the 4to; and most likely rightly, for Northumberland, just afterwards, repeats the words of Travers—"that rebellion had met *ill* luck."

And, bending forward, struck his armed heels[3]
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head; and, starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way[4],
Staying no longer question.
North. Ha!—Again.
Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck!
Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what:
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.
North. Why should that gentleman, that rode by Travers,
Give, then, such instances of loss?
Bard. Who, he?
He was some hilding fellow[5], that had stolen
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretels the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strond, whereon th' imperious flood[6]
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.—
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?
Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.
North. How doth my son and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.

[3] — struck his ARMED heels] We can have no difficulty in preferring this reading of the 4to. to that of the folio, which has "*able* heels:" the compositor caught the word *able* from the preceding line; and it is amended to "armed heels" in the corr. fo. 1632.

[4] He seem'd in running to devour the way,] So, observes Steevens, in the book of Job, chap. xxxix. 24: "He *swalloweth* the ground in fierceness and rage." The same expression occurs in other poets.

[5] He was some *hilding* fellow,] *i. e.* Some low fellow, a word applied by Shakespeare and others to both sexes.

[6] — WHEREON th' imperious flood] The folio substitutes *when* for "whereon," the authentic word in the 4to, 1600. "Whereon" is written in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632, and *when* erased.

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say,—Your son did thus, and thus;
Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds,
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.
Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But for my lord your son,—
North. Why, he is dead.—
See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton:
Tell thou thy earl[7] his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.
Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:
Your spirit is too true; your fears too certain.
North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.—
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it fear, or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so[8]:
The tongue offends not, that reports his death;
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling[9] a departing friend.

[7] Tell thou THY earl] "Tell thou *an* earl" is the reading of the 4to; and it may be right, though that of the first folio seems preferable, because Morton was one of the retainers of the Earl of Northumberland.

[8] To speak a truth. If he be slain, SAY SO:] "Say so" are words from the folio: though necessary, they are wanting in the 4tos.

[9] Remember'd KNOLLING] The folio has "knolling," the 4to. "tolling:" either may be right; but in "As You Like It," A. ii. sc. 7. Vol. ii. p. 384, Shakespeare uses the word "knoll'd:"

"If ever been where bells have *knoll'd* to church."

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.
Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to heaven I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance [1], wearied and outbreath'd,
To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops:
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain th' appearance of the king,
'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs; and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is, that the king hath won, and hath sent out
A speedy power, to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.
North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life [2],
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire

[1] Rendering faint QUITTANCE,] Steevens truly explains "faint *quittance*" to be faint *return* of blows.

[2] — BUCKLE under life,] "Buckle" here means *bend*, and has been derived from the A. S. *bugan*, flectere.

Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch[3]!
A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif!
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The ragged'st hour[4] that time and spite dare bring,
To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland.
Let heaven kiss earth: now, let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd: let order die;
And let this world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a lingering act,
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord[5].

Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord[6],
And summ'd the account of chance, before you said,—
Let us make head. It was your presurmise,
That, in the dole of blows[7] your son might drop:
You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:

[3] Hence, therefore, thou NICE crutch!] "Nice" is often used by Shakespeare in the sense of *insignificant, trifling*. In "Romeo and Juliet," A. iii. sc. 1, we have "Bid him bethink how *nice* the quarrel was;" and in A. v. sc. 2, of the same tragedy, "The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge." Other instances from other authors are needless.

[4] The ragged'st hour] So the old copies, and we retain it, as probably Shakespeare's superlative, in preference to *rugged'st*, the alteration in the corr. fo. 1632. We have had "ragged stone" for "*rugged* stone" in the Induction.

[5] This strained-passion doth you wrong, my lord.] This line is omitted in the folio: in the 4to. it is mistakenly assigned to *Umfr.*, meaning, possibly, an actor of the name of *Umfrey* Jeffes, who may have had the part of Travers. This mistake perhaps led the editors of the folio to exclude the line, as of little importance. Sir John Umfreville has been mentioned on p. 428, but he was not on the stage.

[6] You cast the event of war, my noble lord,] This and the thirteen lines following are not in the 4to, but were first printed in the folio, 1623.

[7] That, in the DOLE of blows] The "dole" of blows is the *dealing* of blows, the distribution of them.

You were advis'd, his flesh was capable
Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd;
Yet did you say,—Go forth; and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action: what hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss,
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one;
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd,
And, since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth; body, and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time: and, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and dare speak the truth [8],
The gentle archbishop of York is up,
With well-appointed powers: he is a man,
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corps,
But shadows, and the shows of men, to fight;
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls,
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side; but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now th' archbishop [9]
Turns insurrection to religion:
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind,
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones;
Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause;
Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,

[8] I hear for certain, and DARE speak the truth,] So the 4to; meaning, that Morton *ventures* to say that what he speaks is true. The folio poorly reads, "and *do* speak the truth." The twenty-one lines following the above are only in the folio, and it will be observed that the sense requires the addition.

[9] But now th' ARCHbishop] In the early editions it stands merely *bishop*, but Morton has called him "archbishop" at the beginning of his speech, and now to speak of him as *bishop* must be a mistake. The corrector of the fo. 1632 so considered it, and altered the text accordingly.

Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke,
And more, and less, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.—
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety, and revenge.
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed:
Never so few, and never yet more need[1]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

London. A Street.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, *with his Page bearing his Sword and Buckler.*

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter[2], more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter, but one: if the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now: but I will in-set you neither in gold nor silver[3], but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel; the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my

[1] — AND never yet more need.] The folio, 1623, has *nor* for "and."

[2] — any thing that TENDS to laughter,] The 4to. has *intends*.

[3] — but I will IN-SET you neither in gold nor silver,] The folio alters "in-set" of the 4to. to *set*. When Falstaff just above calls his page "mandrake" and "agate," he uses the words in reference to the small size of the boy. A mandrake was a vegetable production, which, being forked in the root, was said to resemble a human creature, and to utter a cry when it was extracted from the earth. Agates were often cut in figures, and worn in rings, and were of old supposed to possess the virtue of preventing the wearer from suffering misfortune.

hand, than he shall get one on his cheek[4]; and yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal. God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal[5], for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him.—What said master Dumbleton about the satin for my short cloak, and my slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and your's; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned like the glutton: may his tongue be hotter!—A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave, to bear a gentleman in hand[6], and then stand upon security!—The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up[7], then must they stand upon security. I had as lief they would put rats-bane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him.—Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield, to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's[8], and he'll buy me a horse in

[4] — get one ON his cheek;] The 4to. less intelligibly reads "get one *off* his cheek." Perhaps, we ought to read "get one *of* his cheek."

[5] — he may keep it still AS a face-royal,] The 4to, 1600, and the folio, 1623, have it "*at* a face-royal:" it was corrected in the folio, 1632. The allusion seems to be to the coin called a *royal*, having a face upon it which produced no beard profitable to a barber.

[6] — a RASCALLY yea-forsooth knave, to bear a gentleman IN HAND,] The 4to. has *rascal* for "rascally" of the folio: "to bear a gentleman in hand," meant to be *in treaty* with a gentleman, and to lead him to expect compliance with his wishes.

[7] — honest taking up,] *i. e.* Honest dealing for purchasing goods: "to take up a commodity" is a phrase of frequent occurrence.

[8] I bought him in PAUL'S,] The allusions in old authors to St. Paul's church, as the resort, or lounge, of the idle, dissolute, poor, and fraudulent are interminable. Reed quotes the following very appositely from a tract he calls "The Choice of Change," 1598: it was reprinted in 1606 under the title of "Choice,

Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice[9], *and an Attendant.*

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close; I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Atten. Falstaff, an't please your worship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Atten. He, my lord; but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. —Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Atten. Sir John,—

Fal. What! a young knave, and begging[1]? Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Atten. I pray you, sir, then set you knighthood and your soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Chance, and Change," and it is (as Reed did not know) by Nicholas Breton:— "A man must not make choyce of three things in three places—of a wife in Westminster, of a servaunt in Paules, or of a horse in Smithfield, least he choose a queane, a knave, and a jade." Steevens found nearly the same warning in an old collection of proverbs, to which he assigns no date.

[9] Lord Chief Justice,] "This judge," says Steevens, "was Sir Wm. Gascoigne, Chief Justice of the King's Bench. He died December 17, 1413, and was buried in Harwood church, in Yorkshire. His effigy, in judicial robes, is on his monument."

[1] What! a young knave, and BEGGING?] The 4to. reads "begging," and the folio *beg*. Just below, the 4to. has "need," and the folio *want*.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so? I lay aside that which grows to me? If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me: if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt-counter[2], hence! avaunt!

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord!—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad; I heard say, your lordship was sick: I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time, and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you[3] before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty. You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven mend him.—I pray you, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood[4], a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease, for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord[5], very well: rather, an't please

[2] You HUNT-COUNTER,] In "The Comedy of Errors," A. iv. sc. 2, we meet with the expression "a hound that runs counter," (meaning a dog that runs the wrong way in the chase,) applied to the officer who has arrested Antipholus of Ephesus. The allusion by Falstaff, when he calls the attendant "hunt-counter," Johnson supposes to be the same: he terms him "hunt-counter," partly because he is upon a wrong scent, and has made a mistake.

[3] Sir John, I sent FOR you] The folio, 1623, accidentally omits "for."

[4] — a kind of lethargy, AN'T PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP; a KIND OF sleeping in the blood,] The folio omits "an't please your lordship," and "kind of," to the evident injury of the speech, as Falstaff is putting on a constrained civility towards the Chief Justice.

[5] Very well, my lord,] The prefix to this speech in the 4to. is *Old.*, in all pro-

you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your physician [6].

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog [7].

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound. Your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord—

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

bability for *Oldcastle*, the name by which Falstaff was first called by Shakespeare. This is a relic of the original MS., an instance in which the change of name was accidentally not marked, and the printer thereby misled. In the folio, 1623, *Old.* is changed to *Fal.* See the Introduction to "Henry IV., Pt. I.," p. 317, and to "Henry IV., Pt. II," p. 423.

[6] — if I DO BECOME your physician.] The folio merely "if I *be* your physician." Our text is from the 4to, 1600.

[7] — I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.] Alluding, doubtless, to some fat blind beggar, well known in that day, who was led about by a dog. We have no other notice of him.

Fal. A wassel candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel [8].

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light, but, I hope, he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger times [9], that true valour is turned bearherd. Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them [1], are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us, that are young: you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls; and we, that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single [2], and every part about you blasted with antiquity, and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon [3], with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of

[8] — like his ILL angel.] So the 4to, 1600, both here and in Falstaff's reply. The folio has "*evil* angel" in the first place, and "*ill* angel" in the second. The mistake seems obvious, and "*ill* angel" answers the purpose both of Falstaff and the Chief Justice.

[9] — in these coster-monger TIMES,] The folio, 1623, omits "times," and in the corr. fo. 1632 it is *days:* perhaps "days" was inserted there from recitation.

[1] — as the malice of this age shapes THEM,] The 4to. reads, "shapes *the one*," which obvious error the folio corrects.

[2] — YOUR CHIN DOUBLE, your wit single,] The folio loses the antithesis by omitting "your chin double."

[3] — about three of the clock in the afternoon,] These words the folio, 1623, excludes arbitrarily: the corrector of the folio, 1632, supplies the deficiency by putting in the margin "about three of the afternoon." Throughout this part of the play, the printer of the folio seems, for some reason, to have compressed the text into as small a compass as possible, and a few omissions may have arisen from that circumstance.

anthems. To approve my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o' the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes, and sackcloth, but in new silk, and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, God send the prince a better companion!

Fal. God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and prince Harry [4]. I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts [5] out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, and I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again [6]. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: well, I cannot last ever. But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion [7].

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition.

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny: you are too impatient

[4] — and prince Harry.] These words are only in the folio, 1623.

[5] — I take but two shirts] The folio inserts *if* before "I take."

[6] — I would I might never SPIT WHITE again.] Steevens thus explains this expression:—"May I never have my stomach inflamed again with liquor; for, to *spit white* is the consequence of inward heat." It may however be doubted, whether Falstaff would wish to "spit white," that being the result of disease; and the expression may merely have reference to his exertions and wounds in the expected conflict, which might compel him to spit blood.

[7] — than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.] The passage beginning "But it was always," &c. and ending with "perpetual motion," is not in the folio, 1623, and, of course, in none of the later folios.

to bear crosses [8]. Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland. [*Exeunt Chief Justice and Attendant.*

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle [9]. A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery; but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other, and so both the diseases prevent my curses [1].—Boy!

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go, bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair of my chin [2]. About it: you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*

[8] — you are too impatient to bear CROSSES.] We have had the same pun in "Love's Labour's Lost," A. i. sc. 2, Vol. ii. p. 103. Crosses were pieces of money, as well as afflictions.

[9] If I do, fillip me with a THREE-MAN BEETLE.] A beetle is a large wooden mallet, and "a three-man beetle" is a beetle with three handles, so heavy that it required three men to use it.

[1] — both the DISEASES prevent my curses.] It is in the old copies "both the *degrees*,"—degrees of what? There can be no doubt that "diseases" (the word in the corr. fo. 1632) was misheard *degrees*, and so printed. Falstaff refers to the two "diseases" he had just mentioned, the gout and the pox, which *anticipated* the curses he was about to vent, and rendered them needless. This is a fortunate restoration of Shakespeare's language, for *degrees* has hitherto always been taken as the true text. Mr. Singer observes that "it has been proposed to change *degrees* to *diseases*." Where has it been proposed? In the corr. fo. 1632, but he has again forgotten to name the source of his information, and adds that "there is wit in speaking of a diseased sinner graduating in honours:" there might indeed be wit in it, if Shakespeare had said any thing of the sort. The words in Professor Mommsen's German translation are, naturally enough, *und so kommen beide Krankheiten meinen Flüchen zuvor.*

[2] — since I perceived the first white hair OF my chin.] "Of," as we have seen, was frequently used for *on* in the time of Shakespeare. The 4to, 1600, has "of," and the folio, 1623, *on*. See p. 435, and the expression there, "get one on (or *of*) his cheek."

SCENE III.

York. A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, *the Lords* Hastings, Mowbray, *Earl Marshal, and* Bardolph.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause, and known our means;
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes.—
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bard. The question then, lord Hastings, standeth thus:—
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland?

Hast. With him, we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far,
Till we had his assistance by the hand;
For in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids incertain should not be admitted[3].

Arch. 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph; for, indeed,
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

Bard. It was, my lord; who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply[4],

[3] Of aids incertain should not be admitted.] This and the three preceding lines first appeared in the folio, 1623.

[4] Eating the air ON promise of supply,] The 4to, 1600, reads *and* for "on," which last, from the folio, seems preferable. In the next line, the 4to. has *in*, and the folio "with."

Flattering himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts;
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And winking leap'd into destruction.
Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.
Bard. Yes, in this present quality of war [5]:
Indeed the instant act and cause on foot [6]
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see th' appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model,
And, when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or, at last, desist [7]
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up) should we survey
The plot, the situation, and the model;
Consent upon a sure foundation;
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo.
A careful leader sums what force he brings [8]

[5] Yes, IN this present quality of war,] This and the nineteen lines following are only to be found in the folio.

[6] Indeed the instant ACT AND cause on foot] So the line is given in the corr. fo. 1632, and no doubt rightly, instead of the old lame reading,

"Indeed the instant action, a cause on foot,"

which is neither measure nor meaning. In the preceding line *if* is amended to "in," on the same authority.

[7] — or, at LAST, desist] It is "at *least* desist" in the folio, 1623, and amended to "at *last* desist" in the corr. fo. 1632. Lower down the latter reads "The plot, the situation, and the model," instead of "The plot *of* situation."

[8] A CAREFUL LEADER SUMS WHAT FORCE HE BRINGS] If ever circumstances proved that a line has been lost, and that that lost line has been recovered from the corr. fo. 1632, it is in this instance. The old editions have no trace of any such line, yet every indication that it is needed. We have already seen that in various places, even in this scene, passages have been omitted, and supplied from the 4tos. and folios, so that if the meaning of the poet did not absolutely require it, we could readily believe that part of what was originally written had escaped. Here nothing can be clearer than that something is wanted, and nothing clearer than

To weigh against his opposite; or else,
We fortify in paper, and in figures,
Using the names of men, instead of men:
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant, that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation,
I think we are a body strong enough [9],
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

Bard. What! is the king but five and twenty thousand?

Hast. To us, no more; nay, not so much, lord Bardolph.
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads [1]: one power against the French,
And one against Glendower; perforce, a third
Must take up us. So is the unfirm king
In three divided, and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths together,

that that something is the very passage we have restored. The whole simile used by Lord Bardolph has been adopted by Shakespeare from St. Luke's Gospel, as was shown in "Notes and Queries" for 22nd Oct. 1853: in Chap. xiv. verses 28, 29, 30, 31, we read as follows, "For which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it? Lest haply, after he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him, saying, This man began to build, and was not able to finish. Or what king, *going to make war* against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth *whether he be able* with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?" The parallel is exact; only, instead of a king weighing what force his "opposite" or adversary (for Shakespeare constantly uses "opposite" in the sense of enemy) brings against him, Lord Bardolph speaks of a general who musters his force, and calculates their power, in comparison with his foe. What, too, could he mean by the word "fortify," if he had not had a military enterprise in his mind?

"We fortify in paper, and in figures,
Using the names of men, instead of men."

The corr. fo. 1632 also tells us to substitute *consult* for "consent,"—"*consult* upon a sure foundation;" but although "consulteth" is here used by the Evangelist, we refrain from displacing a word which, in the sense of *agree upon*, may be said to be, on most accounts, unobjectionable. The necessity for the new line, for the completion of the poet's figure, we hold to be indisputable.

[9] I think we are A body strong enough,] The 4to. has *so* for "a," an error of the press, set right in the folio, 1623.

[1] ARE in three heads:] The 4to, 1600, "*And* in three heads."

And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.
Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that [2].
Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?
Hast. The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland:
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth;
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,—
I have no certain notice.
Arch. . . Let us on [3],
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.—
O thou fond many! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be;
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard,
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it.—What trust is in these times?
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on
After th' admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'st now, "O earth! yield us that king again,
And take thou this." O, thoughts of men accurst!
Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst [4].

[2] — never fear that.] This speech is given in the folio, 1623, as we have printed it. As Capel observed, there is a want of a preposition in the 4to, *to* having probably dropped out: the folio steers clear of the difficulty.

[3] Let us on,] This speech is only in the folio editions.

[4] Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.] What can Mr. Singer mean by saying that the line given to the Archbishop (called *Bishop*) in the 4to, and to Mowbray in the folio, 1623,

"Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?"

is "printed in Italics with inverted commas in the folio?" These are our words in our first edition, but they apply, not to the commonplace question above quoted,

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?
Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

London. A Street.

Enter Hostess; FANG, *and his Boy, with her;* SNARE *following.*

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?
Fang. It is entered.
Host. Where's your yeoman[5]? Is't a lusty yeoman? will he stand to't?
Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?
Host. O lord! ay: good master Snare.
Snare. Here, here.
Fang. Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.
Host. Yea, good master Snare; I have entered him and all.
Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.
Host. Alas the day! take heed of him: he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly. In good faith, he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.
Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.
Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.
Fang. An I but fist him once; an he come but within my vice[6];—

but to the last line of the Archbishop's speech, as if it were an axiom or quotation, and therefore marked by Italic type. Mr. Singer cannot surely have looked at the folio, 1623, but must have here taken our word for the fact, and mistaken the line to which our remark applied. Then again, why is a bracket placed at the beginning of Lord Bardolph's inquiry,

"Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?"

Mr. Singer generally uses brackets to denote omissions, but the line in question is printed in every old impression, 4to. and folio. We only notice these matters, in order that readers may not be puzzled or misled, for we have no doubt that Mr. Singer meant to be accurate.

[5] Where's your YEOMAN?] The follower of a serjeant or bailiff was called his "yeoman." Proofs, as they are abundant, are needless.

[6] — an HE come but within my VICE;] The 4to. has *view* for "vice" of the

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score.—Good master Fang, hold him sure:—good master Snare, let him not 'scape. He comes continuantly to Pie-corner, (saving your manhoods) to buy a saddle; and he's indited to dinner to the lubbar's head in Lumbert-street, to master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered[7], and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long score[8] for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.—

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, *Page, and* BARDOLPH.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang and master Snare: do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now! whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee in the channel[9]. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue!—Murder, murder!—O, thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O, thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hempseed!

folio, which is probably the true reading. It may be worth noting that the 4to. and folio sometimes differ in reading *a'* for "he:" this is an instance of the kind.

[7] — since my EXION is entered,] *i. e. Action*, which she before called it, though the word is here printed "exion" in all the early copies.

[8] A hundred mark is a long SCORE] In the old editions it is "a long *one*" which Theobald altered to *loan*, but the true word is doubtless "score," which is found in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632: the old printer blundered between "score," *one*, and "lone," and composed the wrong word.

[9] I'll throw thee IN THE CHANNEL.] The folio has, "I'll throw thee *there*." Above, it omits "knave" after "malmsey-nose."

Fal. Away, you scullion [1]! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe [2].

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.

Ch. Just. What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, sir John! what, are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and business?
You should have been well on your way to York.—
Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st on him?

Host. O! my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home: he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his;—but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare [3], if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, sir John?—Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation?—Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet [4], sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table,

[1] Away, you scullion!] This speech is given to the page attending Falstaff in all the old editions prior to that of 1664, where it is, no doubt rightly, and for the first time, assigned to Falstaff.

[2] I'll TICKLE your catastrophe.] The folio has *tuck* for "tickle," and four lines above it omits "or two." Both these variations from the 4to. are to the evident injury of the text.

[3] — I am as like to RIDE THE MARE,] The gallows was anciently and jocosely called the *two-legged*, and sometimes the *three-legged* "mare," according to the number of its supports. It is to this that Falstaff alludes, in answer to the Hostess, who threatens to ride him like a night-mare.

[4] — parcel-gilt goblet,] "Parcel-gilt," says Malone, "means what is now called by artists *party-gilt*; that is, where part of the work is gilt, and part left plain or ungilded."

by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whitsun week, when the prince broke thy head for likening his father [5] to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns, whereby thou didst desire to eat some, whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity [6] with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath: deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration: you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person [7].

Host. Yes, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace.—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done with her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap [8] without reply.

[5] — for likening HIS FATHER] The folio, 1623, has only "likening *him*:" "his father," instead of *him*, is the reading of the 4to. 1600. It affords, in the original edition, a fine trait of the character of Prince Henry, who, as Johnson remarks, would not allow his father to be ridiculed.

[6] — to be no more so familiarity, &c.] The folio corrects the intended blunder, and prints, "to be no more *familiar*."

[7] — and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.] These words are from the 4to. 1600. They seem necessary to the pertinence of the next speech of the Chief Justice.

[8] — I will not undergo this SNEAP] In "Love's Labour's Lost," A. i. sc. 1, Vol. ii. p. 96, and in "The Winter's Tale," A. i. sc. 2, this Vol. p. 15, we have had "sneaping," for *snipping* or *nipping*. Here the substantive would rather signify what we now call a *snub*, which may be only a corruption of "sneap."

You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness: if a man will make court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd [9], I will not be your suitor; I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [*Taking her aside.*

Enter Gower.

Ch. Just. Now, master Gower! what news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Henry prince of Wales
Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells [1]. [*C. J. reads.*

Fal. As I am a gentleman.

Host. Faith, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work [2], is worth a thousand of these bed hangings, and these fly bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; dost not know me [3]? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pray thee, sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; i' faith, I am loath to pawn my plate [4], in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

[9] No, my lord, MY humble duty remember'd,] The folio substitutes *your* for "my" of the 4to. Two lines earlier, the folio rejects "make," and has other trifling variations.

[1] — the rest THE paper tells.] "*This* paper tells," in the corr. fo. 1632, but the change, if right, is scarcely worth making. The stage-direction "C. J. reads" is from the same authority: it might be inferred, but we insert it for greater perspicuousness.

[2] — German hunting in WATER-WORK,] Probably the representation of a German boar-hunt in water colours, or distemper.

[3] — dost not know me?] These words are only in the 4to, 1600.

[4] — I' FAITH I am loath to pawn my plate,] The folio reads merely, "I loath to pawn my plate."

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to supper. You'll pay me altogether?

Fal. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words: let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess,* BARDOLPH, *Officers, and Page.*

Ch. Just. I have heard better news[5].

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: what is the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,
Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland, and the archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently: come, go along with me, good master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go[6].

Fal. Will you sup with me, master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now, the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*

[5] I have heard BETTER news.] So the 4to, 1600: the folio, 1623, "*bitter* news." In the next speech of the Chief Justice, the 4to. by mistake has "to-night" for "last night," and the messenger's answer, instead of being "at Basingstoke," by a singular misprint, is "at *Billingsgate.*"

[6] — in COUNTIES as you go.] The folio, 1623, reads *countries*, and so, almost of course, the later editions in the same form.

SCENE II.

The Same. Another Street.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINS.

P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

P. Hen. 'Faith, it does me, though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Hen. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name; or to know thy face to-morrow; or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; *viz.* these[7], and those that were thy peach colour'd ones; or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use;—but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen, shall inherit his kingdom; but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault, whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened[8].

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as your's at this time is[9]?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

[7] — viz. these,] The 4to. reads "*with* these." The folio puts the enumeration in parenthesis.

[8] — and kindreds are mightily strengthened.] This and four preceding lines are not in the folio; and Malone supposed that they had been struck out by the Master of the Revels.

[9] — being so sick as your's at this time is?] The folio has merely "*lying* so sick as your's is."

Poins. Yes, faith; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Hen. Marry, I tell thee:—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick; albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company, as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

P. Hen. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine. Every man would think me an hypocrite indeed: and what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engraffed to Falstaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoken on[1]; I can hear it with mine own ears. The worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands, and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH *and Page.*

Bard. God save your grace.

P. Hen. And your's, most noble Bardolph.

[1] BY THIS LIGHT, I am well spoken on;] The folio omits "By this light," at the beginning of this speech, and "By the mass," near the end of it. In previous speeches of the Prince, the folio rejects "Marry" and "By this hand."

Bard. Come, you virtuous ass[2], [*To the Page.*] you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it such a matter to get a pottlepot's maidenhead?

Page. He called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice[3], and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spied his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat[4], and peeped through.

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

P. Hen. Instruct us, boy: what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed[5] she was delivered of a fire-brand, and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpretation.—There it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

P. Hen. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town: there's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me

[2] Come, you VIRTUOUS ass,] The folio has it, "*pernicious* ass;" and all the old editions assign the speech to Poins instead of Bardolph, to whom it evidently belongs. Theobald made the change.

[3] — through a RED LATTICE,] Nothing is more common in our old writers than the mention of "red lattice," or as it is sometimes printed "red *lettice*," at the doors and windows of ale-houses. It was through one of these lattices that Bardolph was looking, when the Page thought he was peeping through two holes in the new red petticoat of the ale-wife.

[4] — the ale-wife's new petticoat,] It is "new *red* petticoat" in the corr. fo. 1632; but perhaps it was left by the poet to be presumed that the ale-wife's petticoat was of the colour of Bardolph's face.

[5] — Althea dreamed, &c.] "Shakespeare," says Johnson, "is here mistaken in his mythology, and has confounded Althea's fire-brand with Hecuba's. The fire-brand of Althea was real: but Hecuba, when she was big with Paris, dreamed that she was delivered of a fire-brand that consumed the kingdom."

as my dog; and he holds his place, for look you how he writes [6].

Poins. [*Reads.*] "John Falstaff, knight,"—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself; even like those that are kin to the king, for they never prick their finger, but they say, "There is some of the King's blood spilt;" "How comes that?" says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap [7]; "I am the king's poor cousin, sir,"

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter [8]:—

Poins. "Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting,"—Why, this is a certificate.

P. Hen. Peace!

Poins. "I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity?" —he sure means brevity in breath, short-winded.—"I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayst, and so farewell.

> "Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John, with my brothers and sisters; and sir John with all Europe."

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty of his words [9]. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. God send the wench no worse fortune; but I never said so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

[6] — for look you HOW he writes.] So the 4to: the folio, 1623, omits "how," which is inserted in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632.

[7] — as a BORROWER'S cap;] In all the old editions, folio and 4to, it is "*borrowed* cap," but altered to "borrower's cap" in the corr. fo. 1632.

[8] But TO the letter:] The 4to. accidentally drops "to." In all the old impressions the dialogue is confused here, and what ought to belong to Poins is given to the Prince, and *vice versâ*: Poins ought to read the letter and its superscription.

[9] That's to make him eat twenty of his words.] "That's *but* to make him," &c., says the corr. fo. 1632, but it seems a needless insertion.

P. Hen. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank[1]?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Hen. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Hen. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there's for your silence. [*Giving them money.*

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH *and Page.*] —This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road[2].

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leathern jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy descension[3]! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt.*

[1] — in the old frank?] *i. e.* In the old *sty*, where hogs are *freely* fed, in order to fatten them. Cotgrave has it "a frank or sty to feed and fatten hogs in." To frank is also used as a verb in "Richard III.," A. ii. sc. 1.

[2] This Doll Tear-sheet should be some ROAD.] We do not recollect any instance of this metaphorical use of the word "road," but it is very intelligible. When the Prince previously asks "What *Pagan* may that be?" he uses a term for a prostitute which was not very unusual, and Steevens refers to a passage in Massinger's "City Madam," where it is employed in the same way.

[3] — a heavy DESCENSION!] So the 4to: the folio needlessly substitutes *declension*. The earliest was, probably, Shakespeare's word.

SCENE III.

Warkworth. Before the Castle.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *Lady* NORTHUMBERLAND, *and* *Lady* PERCY.

North. I pray thee, loving wife and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be like them to Percy troublesome.
Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more.
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.
North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn,
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.
Lady P. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart-dear Harry[4],
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost, your's, and your son's:
For your's,—may heavenly glory brighten it!
For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven; and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts: he was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
He had no legs, that practised not his gait[5];
And speaking thick[6], which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,

[4] — when my HEART-DEAR Harry,] This compound epithet is from the folio, and is certainly finer than "my heart's dear Harry" of the 4to.

[5] He had no legs, that practised not his gait;] This and the twenty-one lines following are only in the folio editions.

[6] And speaking THICK,] Steevens truly observes, that "speaking thick" here means speaking rapidly (as contradistinguished from "tardily"), a circumstance strongly characteristic of Hotspur. The instances that might be cited of the use of "thick" for *quick* are numerous, but hardly required.

To seem like him: so that, in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him!
O miracle of men!—him did you leave,
(Second to none, unseconded by you)
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible:—so you left him.
Never, O! never, do his ghost the wrong,
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others, than with him. Let them alone;
The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there,
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O! fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son;
He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow,
And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind,
As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way:
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back.—
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.

Enter Two Drawers.

1 *Draw.* What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-Johns[7]? thou know'st sir John cannot endure an apple-John.

2 *Draw.* Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him, there were five more sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said, "I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights." It angered him to the heart, but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why then, cover, and set them down; and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise[8]; mistress Tear-sheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch[9]:—the room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince, and master Poins anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons, and sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* By the mass, here will be old utis[10]: it will be an excellent stratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll see, if I can find out Sneak. [*Exit.*

[7] — apple-Johns?] The apple-John was a species of apple remarkable for keeping, and presenting a shrivelled withered appearance. They seem to be the same as those the French call *deux-ans*, known in England by the corrupted name of *deusants* in the time of Shakespeare.

[8] — Sneak's NOISE;] "Sneak" was the nick-name of some street-musician of the time: "a *noise* of musicians" meant formerly a band of musicians: innumerable quotations might be adduced to establish the point. Mr. Singer, borrowing, without acknowledgment, a passage cited by Steevens, gives as his authority for it a play that never had any existence: his printer was probably in fault.

[9] Dispatch:] From this word to the end of the sentence is only in the 4to. It is there mistakenly assigned to the attendant "drawer," and not to *Francis*, as the principal drawer is called in the oldest edition.

[10] BY THE MASS, here will be OLD UTIS:] The folio omits "By the mass:" "old" (misprinted *oll* in one of the 4tos. of 1600, and corrected in another) is a frequent augmentative in writers of the time: "utis," derived by Skinner from the Fr. *huit*, meant properly the octave of a saint's day, and was also used to express a time of rejoicing and festivity in general. It is sometimes spelt *utas*, as in the following quotation from "The Contention between Liberality and Prodigality," 1602. Sign. D 1:—

> ——— "with some roysting harmony
> Let us begin the *utas* of our jollitie."

Enter Hostess and Doll Tear-sheet.

Host. I'faith, sweet heart, methinks now, you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire, and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose; but, i'faith, you have drunk too much canaries, and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say,—What's this? How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Lo! here comes sir John [1].

Enter Falstaff, *singing.*

Fal. "When Arthur first in court [2]"—Empty the jordan. —"And was a worthy king." [*Exit Drawer.*
How now, mistress Doll?

Host. Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect [3]; and they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals [4], mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them [5]; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my pure virtue [6], grant that.

Dol. Yea, joy [7]; our chains, and our jewels.

[1] Lo! here comes sir John.] The folio, 1623, for "Lo!" has *Look.*

[2] "When Arthur first in court"] For this ballad, see Percy's "Reliques," Vol. i. p. 217, edit. 1812, under the title of "Sir Lancelot du Lake."

[3] So is all her SECT;] *Sex* and "sect," in the time of Shakespeare, were used almost indifferently: they were not so much synonymous as the same word, and from the same root. We may doubt whether the Hostess ought not to use the word *qualm*, which Falstaff, for his joke, miscalls "calm."

[4] You make fat RASCALS,] We have already had "rascals" for lean poor deer in "As You Like It," A. iii. sc. 3. Vol. ii. p. 400.

[5] — gluttony and diseases make THEM;] The 4to. omits "them," which is supplied by the folio. In the next speech the folio omits "help to."

[6] — grant that, my PURE virtue,] It is "*poor* virtue" in all the old impressions, and amended to "pure virtue," used ironically, in the corr. fo. 1632. Here Mr. Singer's amended copy of the same edition comes to his aid, for he finds the change (never proposed before) irresistible.

[7] Yea, joy;] *Ay, marry,* is the substitution of the folio. Doll means that men "catch" or take their chains and jewels from women of her class.

Fal. "Your brooches, pearls, and owches[8]:"—for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers[9] bravely:——

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself[10]!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion: you two never meet, but you fall to some discord. You are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities.—What the good year[1]! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel; as they say, the emptier vessel.

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogs-head? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him: you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold. —Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, —there is nobody cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient Pistol's below[2], and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul mouth'dst rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers. I am in good name and fame with the very best.—Shut the door;—there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while to have swaggering now.—Shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?—

[8] "Your brooches, pearls, and owches:"] This is a quotation, with the alteration of a word, "pearls" for *rings*, of a line in the more modern version of the ballad of "The Boy and the Mantle." See Percy's "Reliques," Vol. iii. p. 401, edit. 1812. "Owches (says Pope correctly) were bosses of gold;" and he adds "set with diamonds," which was not necessarily the case.

[9] — to venture upon the charged CHAMBERS] There is an obvious pun here, as "chamber" also meant a piece of artillery.

[10] Hang yourself, &c.] This abuse of Falstaff is omitted in the folio.

[1] What the good year!] This exclamation is used by Conrad, in "Much Ado about Nothing." See Vol. ii. p. 19. Shakespeare elsewhere in this play (p. 465) uses the same exclamation, to which Steevens, with misplaced ingenuity, would give a very different meaning.

[2] Sir, ANCIENT Pistol's below,] "Ancient Pistol" is the same as *ensign* Pistol. The word "ancient" was used of old either for a standard or a standard-bearer, and *ensign* has the same double signification at present: see this Vol. p. 395.

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-valley, sir John[3], never tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tisick, the deputy, t'other day; and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—"Neighbour Quickly," says he;—master Dumb, our minister, was by then;—"Neighbour Quickly," says he, "receive those that are civil; for," said he, "you are in an ill name:"—now, he said so, I can tell whereupon; "for," says he, "you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive," says he, "no swaggering companions." —There comes none here:—you would bless you to hear what he said.—No, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i'faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater[4]; but I do not love swaggering: by my troth, I am the worse, when one says—swagger. Feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf. I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and Page.*

Pist. God save you, sir John!

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir: you shall hardly offend her.

[3] Tilly-valley, sir John,] We have had the same exclamation put into the mouth of sir Toby, in "Twelfth-Night," A. ii. sc. 3. Vol. ii. p. 667. Nobody has succeeded in explaining it or giving it any probable etymology. It is always used slightingly, and we may guess that it has some possible connexion with the French *telle valeur*.

[4] I will bar no honest man my house, nor no CHEATER;] "The humour of this consists," says Warburton, "in the woman's mistaking the title of *cheater*, (which our ancestors gave to him whom we now, with better manners, call a *gamester*) for that officer of the exchequer called an *escheator*, well known to the common people of that time; and named, either corruptly or satirically, a *cheater*."

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets. I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy: I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal? you filthy bung [5], away! By this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—God's light! with two points on your shoulder? much!

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol [6]: I would not have you go off here. Discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes, and dried cakes.—A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupy [7], which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted [8]: therefore captains had need look to 't.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

[5] — you filthy BUNG,] She means to call him a *cut-purse*, "bung" being cant for a purse, and "cuttle," a word she uses just afterwards, the name of the instrument with which purses were formerly severed from their owners.

[6] No more, Pistol:] This speech is omitted in the folio, 1623.

[7] — as odious as the word OCCUPY,] This word is used with its different senses in the following jest, from "Wits, Fits, and Fancies," 1595, quoted by Ritson from the edit. of 1614:—"One threw stones at an yll-fauor'd old womans Owle, and the olde woman said: Faith (sir knaue) you were well *occupy'd*, to throw stones at my poore Owle, that doth you no harme. Yea marie (answered the wag) so would you be better *occupy'd* too (I wisse) if you were young againe, and had a better face."

[8] — before it was ILL SORTED:] *i. e. Ill accompanied*, or coupled with other words which perverted it from its innocent meaning. The folio omits the whole of the latter part of this sentence, after the word "odious," making the sense complete there by also excluding "as." The Master of the Revels seems to have been unusually scrupulous in this part of the play, for "by this hand," of the 4to. edition, is again excluded in the folio.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph; I could tear her.—I'll be revenged of her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damned first;—to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down! down, dogs! down faitours! Have we not Hiren here[9]?

Host. Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late, i' faith. I beseek you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses,
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia[1],
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus, and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Begone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins. Have we not Hiren here?

Host. On my word, captain, there's none such here. What

[9] — down FAITOURS! Have we not HIREN here?] The 4to. has *faters;* the folio *fates*. We are generally disposed to follow the earlier text, and in this instance it is supported with some warmth by the Rev. Mr. Dyce, in opposition to *fates*. We were formerly rather in favour of the word in the folio, on the ground that Pistol, when referring to "Pluto's damned lake" and Erebus, might violently drag the *fates* also into his speech. However, we have no predilection on the subject, and are as well satisfied with "faitours" on general grounds, independently of the fact that it is *faters* in the oldest authority. The etymology of "faitour" is disputed, but it means vagabond or rascal. There was an old play by Peele, now lost, called "The Turkish Mahomet and Hiren the fair Greek," to which Pistol may allude; but it is difficult to understand what he means by it. The phrase, "Have we not Hiren here?" occurs in other plays of the time, as in "Eastward Ho!" 1605, and "Law Tricks," 1608, which Malone quoted. Douce was of opinion, that Pistol intended by "Hiren" to call attention to his sword, or *iron*, and that he afterwards repeated the Italian motto on the blade of it. The Hostess takes "Hiren" for a lady's name, as is very evident from her answer to the same question, when Pistol subsequently repeats it.

[1] And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,] A perverted quotation from the second part of Marlowe's "Tamberlane the Great," 1590, a play which enjoyed great popularity. The lines in the original run as follows:—

"Holla! you pamper'd jades of Asia,
What, can you draw but twenty miles a day?" Sign. G. 3.

and they are put into the mouth of the hero, when he enters in his triumphant chariot, drawn by the kings of Trebizond and Syria. The same lines are quoted in a song in Sharpham's comedy, "The Fleire," 1615, sign. C. 4.

the goodyear! do you think I would deny her? for God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis[2].
Come, give's some sack.
Se fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta[3].—
Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me some sack; and, sweetheart, lie thou there.
[*Laying down his sword.*
Come we to full points here, and are *et cetera's* nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif[4]. What! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs: I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags[5]?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling[6]: nay, an he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?—
[*Snatching up his sword.*
Then, death, rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!
Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say[7]!

[2] Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.] In "The Battle of Alcazar," 1594, a play attributed to Peele, we meet with the following line:—

"Feed then, and faint not, my fair Calipolis."

See Peele's Works, by Dyce, Vol. ii. p. 110, edit. 1829. Elsewhere, the words "Feed and be fat" are addressed to the heroine; and fatness in ladies seems still considered in the East an essential to beauty.

[3] Se fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta.] Printed in the old copies thus corruptly, *si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento*, which Sir T. Hanmer corrected as in the text. Douce, as already remarked, supposes this to have been the motto on Pistol's sword, which he placed upon the table with the words, "and, sweetheart, lie thou there." There is no old stage-direction to this effect, but it seems necessary.

[4] Sweet knight, I kiss thy NEIF.] "Neif" is *fist* or hand. It occurs in "Midsummer-Night's Dream," Vol. ii. p. 233, and is met with in other plays of the time, besides those of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. May not the derivation of "thy neif" possibly be *thine hoof*, taking *hoof* in the sense of hand? *hoof* has been derived from the A. S. *heavan*, meaning any thing heaved up.

[5] — know we not GALLOWAY NAGS?] *i. e.* "Common hackneys," as Johnson explains it—but not so applied, we believe, elsewhere.

[6] — like a SHOVE-GROAT shilling:] "Shove-groat" was a game prohibited (as Blackstone informs us) by stat. 33 Henry VIII. c. 9.

[7] Come, Atropos, I say!] This speech is made up of scraps of ballads, then

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs. [*Drawing.*

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these territs and frights. So; murder, I warrant now.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons; put up your naked weapons. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH *and* PISTOL.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet: the rascal is gone. Ah! you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turned him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, sir: the rascal's drunk. You have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal, to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whoreson chops.—Ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies. Ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou darest for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play.—Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee, Doll. —A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter behind, Prince HENRY *and* POINS, *disguised like Drawers.*

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head: do not bid me remember mine end.

well known, one of them said to be by Anne Bullen, and another in the "Gorgeous Gallery of gallant Inventions," 1578, quoted by Steevens. The Rev. Mr. Dyce also refers to "Buckingham's Complaint" in "The Mirror for Magistrates."

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

Dol. They say, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard: there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why does the prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons [8]; and rides the wild mare with the boys [9]; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties he has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

P. Hen. [*To* Poins.] Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, whether [1] the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange, that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanack to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon [2], his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper [3].

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

[8] — and drinks off candles' ends for FLAP-DRAGONS;] *i. e.* Swallows blazing candles' ends. See "Love's Labour's Lost," A. v. sc. 1. Vol. ii. p. 148.

[9] — and rides the wild mare with the boys;] The game of see-saw, Douce informs us, was formerly called "riding the wild mare."

[1] Look, whether] Folio, 1623, "Look *if*:" the 4to, *where* for "whether." Below, both editions have "Look, whether."

[2] — the FIERY TRIGON, &c.] "*Trigonum igneum* (says Steevens) is the astronomical term when the upper planets meet in a fiery sign." For "fiery Trigon" we might otherwise have been disposed to read "fiery *dragon*."

[3] — his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.] Meaning Hostess Quickly, to whom Bardolph was whispering. The corr. fo. 1632 has "*clasping* to" for "lisping to" of the old copies: perhaps "*clipping* to" may have been the true word, but we have no sufficient reason to alter the text.

Dol. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of[4]? I shall receive money on Thursday; thou shalt have a cap to-morrow.—A merry song! come: it grows late; we'll to bed.—Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou'lt set me a weeping, and thou say'st so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return. —Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis!

P. Hen. Poins. Anon, anon, sir. [*Advancing.*

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's.—And art not thou Poins, his brother?

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, sir, and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu! are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Placing his hand upon* DOLL.

Dol. How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Host. God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

[4] What stuff wilt have a KIRTLE of?] It does not seem at all settled what was a "kirtle:" our lexicographers say that it means "a gown, a jacket, a petticoat, a mantle, a cloak," and passages in our old authors may be produced to show that it was each of these; but most commonly a petticoat. Some authors, including Shakespeare, also mention *half-kirtles*. The word is very old in our language, and at one time was applied also to a sort of gown worn by men. It has been derived, with every appearance of correctness, from the Saxon *cyrtel*, because it girded the figure.

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did, when you ran away by Gad's-hill: you knew, I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive you, then, to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

P. Hen. Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse?

Fal. No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him [5];—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, 'faith boys, none.

P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us [6]? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is thy boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him, but the devil outbids him too [7].

P. Hen. For the women?

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already [8], and burns poor souls. For the other, I owe her money, and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

[5] — that the wicked might not fall in love with HIM;] So the folio, 1623: the 4to, 1600, has *thee* for "him."

[6] — to CLOSE with us?] It may be doubted whether here the true reading is not "to *gloze* with us," *i. e.* to *delude* or *cajole* us.

[7] — but the devil OUT-BIDS him too.] The 4to. has "but the devil *blinds* him too," which, as Malone remarks, may be right, but hardly so intelligible or so forcible as "out-bids," the reading of the folio.

[8] — she is IN hell already,] We ought probably to read *a* for "in;" Falstaff's meaning being that Doll is herself *a* hell already, and "burns poor souls" by inflicting her diseases upon them. The Rev. Mr. Dyce has not understood the passage, and pins his faith upon Sir T. Hanmer, who varies from the old text, and prints "poor soul," as if those words applied to Doll.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman,—

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

[*Knocking heard.*

Host. Who knocks so loud at door[9]? look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

P. Hen. Peto, how now! what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster,
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the north; and as I came along
I met, and overtook, a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for sir John Falstaff.

P. Hen. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame
So idly to profane the precious time,
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword, and cloak.—Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt Prince* HENRY, POINS, PETO, *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpicked. [*Knocking heard.*] More knocking at the door?

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently;
A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, sirrah. [*To the Page.*]—Farewell, hostess;—farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how

[9] Who knocks so loud at door?] The old stage-direction in the 4to. here is "Peto knocks at door;" but when he comes upon the stage, his entrance is not marked: in the folio, 1623, we have only "Enter Peto."

men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches. If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak;—if my heart be not ready to burst. —Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honester, and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*Within.*] Mistress Tear-sheet!

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [*Within.*] Bid mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

Host. O! run, Doll, run; run, good Doll. Come.—She comes blubbered.—Yea—will you come, Doll[1]? [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.[2]

A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY *in his nightgown, with a Page.*

K. Hen. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them. Make good speed.— [*Exit Page.*
How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep! O gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,

[1] Come.—She comes blubbered.—Yea—will you come, Doll?] These words, partly addressed to Doll, and partly to Bardolph *within*, are only found in the 4to. There can be no sufficient reason for omitting them, as has been done by modern editors. "She comes blubbered" is to be understood as she comes *blubbering*, the passive for the active participle: they are addressed to Bardolph outside, as a reason why Doll does not instantly comply.

[2] Act iii. scene i.] The early 4tos. of this play, in 1600, here differ materially. The printer, as stated in our Introduction, omitted the whole of this scene, and only two known copies contain it—one in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire, and the other among Malone's books at Oxford. How the mistake happened must be matter of mere conjecture; but it was discovered before the 4to. impressions were all struck off, and to remedy the defect a sheet was reprinted, making sign. E consist of six, instead of four, leaves. The folio, 1623, was reprinted from one of the complete copies, and contains the whole of the text.

That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under high canopies of costly state [3],
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?
O, thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds [4],
That with the hurly death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy [5] in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down [6]!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

[3] Under HIGH canopies of costly state,] "High" is an emendation in the corr. fo. 1632: the poor text in the early impressions is,

"Under *the* canopies of costly state,"

and it may at first appear strange how "high" became misprinted *the*. The difficulty vanishes when it is recollected that "high," of old, was usually spelt *hie*, which the compositor read *the*. We have no hesitation in introducing this change —so small yet so much for the better. The same blunder is committed in "The Merry Devil of Edmonton" (Dodsley's Old Plays, v. 271, last edit.), where Sir Arthur Clare remarks,

"Well, 'tis in vain to cross the Providence."

Here *the* ought to be "high," as indisputably as in Shakespeare.

[4] — in the slippery CLOUDS,] Although the corr. fo. 1632 here alters "clouds" to *shrowds* we are willing, under the difficulty of the case, to leave the old word of the 4to. and folios unchanged. It is at the reader's option to prefer one word or the other; but we were formerly disposed to think that the substitution of *shrowds* for "clouds" in the corr. fo. 1632 ought to be decisive. Prof. Mommsen renders "in the slippery clouds" *ins glatte Tauwerk*, preferring therefore the new reading.

[5] ———— give THY repose
To the wet SEA-BOY] So the folio: the 4to. has *them* for "thy," and *season* for "sea-boy."

[6] Then, happy low, lie down!] There is no pretext here for Warburton's proposed emendation, "Then, happy *lowly clown*," which the Rev. Mr. Dyce weakly

Enter WARWICK *and* SURREY[7].

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!
K. Hen. Is it good morrow, lords?
War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.
K. Hen. Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords.
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?
War. We have, my liege.
K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
War. It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd,
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice, and little medicine.
My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.
K. Hen. O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea: and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die[8].
'Tis not ten years gone,
Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars: it is but eight years, since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,

and, we must say, somewhat timidly advocates. We should not now notice it (as indeed we did not in our former edition) but that he seems to bring it forward rather for the sake of making a quotation from one of Gilbert Wakefield's Notes on Lucretius, than because he himself feels any great confidence in it. (See "Remarks," p. 113.) There is no hint of any thing of the kind in the corr. fo. 1632, and the King has just been speaking of a "sea-boy," not of a *clown*.

[7] Enter Warwick and Surrey.] The 4to. adds, "and Sir John Blunt;" but if he came on the stage he said nothing, and there is no reason for his appearance. Besides, the King had sent the Page to Warwick and Surrey, and did not mention Blunt.

[8] Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.] This and the preceding lines, from "O, if this were seen," were not reprinted in the folio, 1623.

And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,
(You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember) [*To* WARWICK.
When Richard, with his eye brimfull of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
"Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne[9];"—
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:
"The time shall come," thus did he follow it,
"The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption[10]:"—so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings, lie intreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And, by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness,
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

K. Hen. Are these things, then, necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities;
And that same word even now cries out on us.
They say, the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord.

[9] — ascends my throne;] Shakespeare did not mean to quote his own lines exactly: they occur in "Richard II." A. v. sc. 1, this Vol. p. 293:—

"Northumberland, thou ladder, wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne," &c.

The earl of Warwick was not then present, nor was the King himself there.

[10] Shall break into CORRUPTION:] In a note on p. 293, it is hinted that "corruption" ought possibly to be *convulsion*; but *eruption* seems a still more likely word, though we are not at all authorised to adopt it.

Rumour doth double like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd.—Please it your grace,
To go to bed: upon my soul, my lord[1],
The powers that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add
Unto your sickness.
K. Hen. I will take your counsel:
And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Court before Justice SHALLOW's House in Gloucestershire.

Enter SHALLOW *and* SILENCE, *meeting;* MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULL-CALF, *and Servants, behind.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the rood. And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas! a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my cousin William is become a good scholar. He is at Oxford, still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court shortly. I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called lusty Shallow then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotswold man; you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court

[1] — upon my SOUL, my lord,] The scrupulous folio, 1623, has *life* for "soul."

again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk[2].

Sil. This sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head[3] at the court gate, when he was a crack[4], not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. Jesu! Jesu! the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Jesu! Jesu! Dead!—he drew a good bow;—and dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have

[2] — page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.] This is a passage on which Mr. Halliwell justly relies, to show that sir John Falstaff was originally called sir John Oldcastle. Sir John Oldcastle was "page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk," not sir John Falstaff. See an essay "On the Character of Falstaff," 12mo, 1841, p. 36.

[3] I saw him break SKOGAN's head] John Skogan, Scogin, or Skoggin, is stated to have taken the degree of master of arts at Oxford, and "being (says Warton, Hist. Engl. Poet. ii. 446) an excellent mimick, and of great pleasantry in conversation, became the favourite buffoon of the court of King Edward IV." From this anachronism it has been conjectured, that Shakespeare referred to *Henry* Skogan; but he took Skogan as the name of a well-known jester. Malone tells us that Skogan's jests were published by Andrew Borde, a physician of the reign of Henry VIII., and that they were entered in the Stationers' books in 1565 by Thomas Colwell; but we have not been able to find any such entry, and think that Malone must have confounded Skogan with Skelton, and misquoted the year: the "merry tales of Skelton" were entered by Thomas Colwell in 1566-7, see Extr. from the Stat. Reg. i. 160. When Skogan's Jests were first printed has not been ascertained, but they were often republished, and there was an edition of them in 1626: they were reprinted in 1796. Skelton's "Merry Tales" were printed by Colwell, 12mo. n. d.: see Dyce's Skelton's Works, I. lv.

[4] — when he was a crack,] This is an old Icelandic word, says Tyrwhitt, signifying a *boy* or *child*. One of the fabulous kings and heroes of Denmark, called *Hrolf*, was surnamed *Krake*. "Crack" occurs again in "Coriolanus," A. i. sc. 3, and it is met with in Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Massinger, &c. Middleton has "crackship" for *boyship* in his "Blurt Master Constable."

clapped in the clout at twelve score [5]; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be; a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead!

Enter BARDOLPH, *and one with him.*

Sil. Here come two of sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Shal. Good morrow, honest gentlemen [6].

Bard. I beseech you, which is justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace. What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir: I knew him a good backsword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were [7], very commendable. Accommodated:—it comes of *accommodo:* very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this good day [8], I know not the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven.

[5] — he would have clapped in the CLOUT at twelve score;] *i. e.* He would have hit the centre of the target at twelve score yards. Twelve score was a usual distance in archery matches.

[6] Good morrow, honest gentlemen.] In one 4to, 1600, these words are given to Silence: in the other to Bardolph, who is made to speak again with a distinct prefix at the words, "I beseech you, which is justice Shallow?" We follow the distribution of the folio, which seems natural and proper.

[7] —and EVER WERE,] The folio absurdly reads, "and *every where.*"

[8] By this GOOD day,] The folio omits "good." It is not easy to explain how *me* came to be usually interpolated after "Pardon" in the beginning of this speech: it is not in the old impressions, and Bardolph before says, "Sir, pardon," not pardon *me.* Mr. Singer has "Pardon *me*, sir," falling into the error of our former edition.

accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Shal. It is very just.—Look, here comes good sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand. By my troth, you like well[9], and bear your years very well: welcome, good sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow.—Master Sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so. Yea, marry, sir:—Ralph Mouldy!—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see; where is Mouldy?

Mal. Here, an it please you.

Shl. What think you, sir John? a good limbed fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Fa. Is thy name Mouldy?

Mul. Yea, an it please you.

Fa. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shl. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good!—In faith, well said, sir John; very well said.

Fl. Prick him. [*To* SHALLOW.

Mul. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one

[9] By my troth, you LIKE well,] "Like" is the reading of the two 4to. impressions, for in this part of the play they are to be considered as distinct editions. The folio substitutes *look* for "like." "To *like* well" was the phraseology of the time, as may be seen by reference to p. 384 of this volume, where other passages in point are cited and referred to. Possibly the expression had gone somewhat out of use in 1623, when the first folio was printed, or *looke* may have been a misprint for "like," the compositor's eye having caught *looke* from two lines above.

to do her husbandry, and her drudgery. You need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy! you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace! stand aside: know you where you are?—For the other, sir John:—let me see.—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow.

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male. It is often so, indeed; but not much of the father's substance [1].

Shal. Do you like him, sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer, prick him; for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may; but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

[1] — but NOT MUCH of the father's substance.] The folio has "but *not* of the father's substance," and the 4to. "but *much* of the father's substance." Malone printed "but not much of the father's substance," and we think he was right.

Fee. I will do my good will, sir: you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow[2], deep; master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

Bull. O lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull. O Lord! sir, I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown. We will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir:—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, master Shallow.

Shal. O, sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's fields[3]?

Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow; no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

[2] Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow,] We entirely agree with the Rev. A. Dyce in his comments upon the punctuation of this passage, although we may think them rather hyper-emphatic. See "Remarks," p. 114.

[3] — the windmill in Saint George's fields?] The windmill here alluded to, or a successor of it, was standing in St. George's Fields less than fifty years ago: it was to the left of what was called the New Cut, leading from Westminster Bridge Road to Blackfriars Bridge Road.

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me [4].

Fal. Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old, and had Robin Night-work, by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's-inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that, that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, sir John, we have. Our watch-word was, "Hem, boys!" —Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner.—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, *and* SILENCE.

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends: else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself. You shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once;—we owe God a death. I'll ne'er bear a base mind:—an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so. No man's too good to serve his prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou art a good fellow.

Fee. 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

[4] She never could away with me.] This expression of dislike, meaning, as Falstaff says just afterwards, "she never could *abide*," is of very frequent occurrence in writers before and after the time of Shakespeare.

Re-enter FALSTAFF, *and Justices.*

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four, of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you.—I have three pound[5] to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf.—For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service:—and, for your part, Bull-calf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong. They are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes[6], the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man? Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off? O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver[7] into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart: traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a

[5] I have three pound] He had received four pounds, two from Bull-calf and two from Mouldy: Bardolph, probably, meant to pocket the difference.

[6] — the limb, the THEWES,] "Thew" is properly any endowment, mental or muscular, A. S. *theoh* or *theaw*. Mr. Singer says that he has found *tight*, i. e. "compacted or knit," no where but in Phillips' "New World of Words:" he may meet with it in almost every dictionary, only not misspelt *thight*, as he gives it. Shakespeare has "tight and yare," "tight galleys," &c. It is also in Beaumont and Fletcher, though the Rev. Mr. Dyce chooses to print it *tith*, as if it were a different word from "tight." See Vol. vi. p. 65, Vol. vii. p. 170.

[7] — caliver] *i. e.* A hand-gun. The caliver was lighter than the musket, and was fired without a rest.

little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot.—Well said, i'faith, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold! there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green, (when I lay at Clement's inn,) I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur's show[8], there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus: and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: "rah, tah, tah," would he say; "bounce," would he say; and away again would he go, and again would he come. I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—God keep you, master Silence: I will not use many words with you.—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you, and God prosper your affairs, and send us peace! At your return, visit our house[9]. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. 'Fore God, I would you would.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW *and* SILENCE.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away[1]. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH, *Recruits, &c.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street[2]; and every third word a lie,

[8] — I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,] "Arthur's show" seems to have been an exhibition of archery at Mile-end green, where the archers assumed various characters, connected with King Arthur and his round table. Shallow represented sir Dragonet, the fool or buffoon of Arthur's court, on one of these occasions. This association was called (as appears by a tract by Richard Mulcaster, master of the Children of Paul's) "The friendly and frank Fellowship of Prince Arthur's Knights, in and about the City of London." "A little quiver fellow" is a little active clever fellow.

[9] AT YOUR return, visit OUR house.] So the 4to: the folio reads, "As *you* return, visit *my* house." Falstaff's next speech is tamed down in the folio to "I would you would, master Shallow." This was not as Shakespeare wrote, but as the Master of the Revels corrected.

[1] On, Bardolph; lead the men away.] By a printer's error, the prefix of *Shallow* is given to these words and to all that follows them in the old 4tos. The folio, 1623, put the matter right.

[2] — TURNBULL-street;] Properly, *Turnmill*-street, near Clerkenwell; a place often mentioned in our old dramatists as the residence of prostitutes. Falstaff

duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible[3]: he was the very genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him—mandrake. He came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the over-scutched huswives[4] that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware—they were his fancies, or his good-nights[5]. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire[6]; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burst his head[7], for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name[8]; for you might have thrust him[9], and all his apparel, into an eel-skin: the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court; and now has he land and beeves! Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [*Exit.*

must refer to what has passed while he was in Shallow's house, for "Turnbull-street" was not spoken of on the stage, until it was here introduced by Falstaff.

[3] — to any thick sight were INVISIBLE:] There can be little doubt that *invincible* of the old copies is a misprint for "invisible," and so we have treated it, although we were formerly so anxious to retain the old reading that we were unwilling to consider it a misprint. Gifford, in his Ben Jonson, i. p. 30, clings to *invincible*, but can really say nothing in its favour. Just afterwards, the 4to, for "the very genius of famine," misprints "the very *gemies* of famine."

[4] — the OVER-SCUTCHED huswives] The meaning of this epithet is not clear; but Steevens understands it *cut* and *slashed* by the beadle's whip. This seems the proper interpretation.

[5] — his FANCIES, or his GOOD-NIGHTS.] The names given by our old poets to small lyrical pieces for the voice. This passage, and one above respecting Shallow's lecherousness, are only in the 4tos.

[6] And now is this VICE'S DAGGER become a squire;] The Vice was a character in our early dramatic performances, who was armed with a wooden dagger. The notices of it in old writers are innumerable.

[7] — and then he BURST his head,] The commentators cite various passages to show that "burst" was of old used for *break*, but they omit the most apposite from Shakespeare himself, where, in the opening of "The Taming of the Shrew," the Hostess calls upon Sly to "pay for the glasses he had *burst*."

[8] — he beat his own name;] *i. e. Gaunt;* alluding to Shallow's figure.

[9] — you might have THRUST him,] So the 4to, 1600: the folio, *trussed*.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop of YORK, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, *and others* [1].

Arch. What is this forest call'd?
Hast. 'Tis Gaultree forest, an't shall please your grace.
Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.
Hast. We have sent forth already.
Arch. 'Tis well done.—
My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus:—
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may overlive the hazard,
And fearful meeting of their opposite [2].
Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?
Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.
Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let's away on, and face them in the field [3].

[1] — Hastings, and others.] "Within the forest of Gaultree," adds the old stage-direction in the 4to, with unusual particularity. Shakespeare took Holinshed as his authority.

[2] — their OPPOSITE.] *i. e. Adversary* or *enemy.* See this play, p. 444.

[3] LET'S AWAY on, and face them in the field.] This emendation of an evident mishearing is from the corr. fo. 1632, the old reading being,

"*Let us sway* on, and face them in the field."

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?
Mowb. I think it is my lord of Westmoreland.
West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, lord John and duke of Lancaster.
Arch. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace,
What doth concern your coming?
West. Then, my lord[4],
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags[5],
And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd[6],
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace;
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,

Johnson truly states that he never met with *sway* used in this sense; but Steevens adduced two instances of the employment of *sway* in its ordinary sense, and they have been retailed in our day, as if they proved something against the proposed change: they only establish what nobody disputes, that to *sway* means to move in a mass to and fro. *Let us pass on* has been the modern attempt at a paraphrase; but it is certainly the first time *sway* has been attempted to be so applied. The copyist or the compositor heard "Let's away on," and fancied it was *Let us sway on*, Mowbray is eager to lose no time in meeting the enemy. See also p. 420.

[4] Then, my lord,] These words are not in the 4to: they complete the previous hemistich, and were added in the folio, 1623.

[5] Led on by bloody youth, guarded with RAGS,] The old text is "guarded with *rage*," but nobody will dispute that "rags" is the true word, and it is from the corr. fo. 1632, singularly enough confirmed again by Mr. Singer's annotated copy of the same edition. There can therefore be no doubt about it. Warburton proposed *heady* for "bloody," but if "bloody" had been wrong, should we not have found that word also corrected? Two lines from the end of this speech we do there find "graves," of the early impressions, altered to "glaives," which must also be right, the error again probably having arisen from mishearing.

[6] — SO APPEAR'D,] Old copies, so *appear*. Corrected by Pope.

Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war?
Turning your books to glaives, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war[7]?
Arch. Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands:
Briefly to this end.—We are all diseas'd;
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours[8],
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it: of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician,
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men;
But, rather, show a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness,
And purge th' obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet chair[9]
By the rough torrent of occasion;
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles,
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience.
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person,
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
Whose memory is written on the earth

[7] — and a POINT of war?] "And *report* of war" in the corr. fo. 1632, and probably rightly, but we forbear to alter "a point of war," because it may be Shakespeare's expression. Nevertheless, in "Richard III.," A. iv. sc. 4, we meet with the phrase, "the clamorous *report* of war."

[8] And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,] This and the twenty-four following lines are not in the 4to. editions of this play.

[9] And are enforc'd from our most quiet CHAIR] The folio, 1623, has "most quiet *there*," another evident mishearing, *there* for "chair," to which it is changed in the corr. fo. 1632. The Archbishop refers to his own tranquil seat in his diocese, from which he has been driven by "the rough torrent of occasion." Five lines lower for "our audience" the corr. fo. 1632 has "*an* audience;" but as this alteration is not at all required, we do not displace the old reading.

With yet appearing blood, and the examples
Of every minute's instance, present now,
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms;
Not to break peace, or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied?
Wherein have you been galled by the king?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge[1]?

Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular[2].

West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part, and to us all,
That feel the bruises of the days before,
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

West. O! my good lord Mowbray[3],
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed, it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the king, or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on. Were you not restor'd
To all the duke of Norfolk's signiories,

[1] And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?] This line is not in the folio.

[2] I make my quarrel in particular.] The second line of this speech is omitted in the folio, and is restored from the 4to. The whole is obscure, but Malone, following Monck Mason, thus explains the probable intention of the author:—"My brother-general, *who is joined here with me in command, makes* the commonwealth *his quarrel, i. e.* has taken up arms on account of public grievances; a particular injury done to my own brother, is my ground of quarrel." Malone supposed a line to have been lost, which possibly may have been the case; and the second line of the Archbishop's speech is said to be wanting in some copies of the 4to. impressions, as well as in the folio. It is found in both the 4tos. belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, and in two others that we have had the opportunity of examining. The corr. fo. 1632 unluckily affords us no assistance.

[3] O! my good lord Mowbray,] This and the thirty-six (Mr. Singer says thirty-seven) lines following it are not in the 4to. edition.

Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?
Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?
The king that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him:
And when that Harry Bolingbroke, and he[4],
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O! when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw:
Then threw he down himself, and all their lives,
That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.
West. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know not what.
The earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman:
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have smil'd?
But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry;
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers, and love,
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And bless'd, and grac'd, indeed, more than the king[5].
But this is mere digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.
Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer,

[4] And WHEN THAT Harry Bolingbroke, and he,] It is "And *then* that" in the folio, 1623, which Pope altered to "And *when then*," but the emendation "And when that," in the corr. fo. 1632, is clearly what is required: it is merely "when" for *then*.

[5] And bless'd, and grac'd, INDEED, more than the king.] The folio, 1623, followed by the three other folio impressions, corruptly reads *and did* for "indeed." Thirlby proposed the present emendation of what was in fact another mishearing, so frequent in this part of the play.

And it proceeds from policy, not love.
West. Mowbray, you overween, to take it so.
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear;
For, lo! within a ken our army lies,
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than your's,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best:
Then, reason will our hearts should be as good;
Say you not, then, our offer is compell'd.
Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.
West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten case abides no handling.
Hast. Hath the prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?
West. That is intended in the general's name.
I muse you make so slight a question.
Arch. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,
For this contains our general grievances: [*Giving a paper.*
Each several article herein redress'd;
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form;
And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our purposes, confin'd[6];
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.
West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet:
And either end in peace[7], which God so frame,
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.
Arch. My lord, we will do so. [*Exit* WEST.

[6] To us, and TO our purposes, CONFIN'D;] So both the 4to. and folio editions; and there is no need of alteration, though Johnson proposed *consign'd*, and it has found its way into modern editions: the meaning is, "the execution of what we wish being confined, limited, or restricted, to us and to our purposes." The word "confin'd" is not altered in the corr. fo. 1632, nor was it to be expected. The 4to. omits "to" to the injury of the metre.

[7] AND either end in peace,] The old copies read, "*At* either," &c. The change was made by Thirlby, and is confirmed by the corr. fo. 1632.

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.
Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.
Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall to the king taste of this action:
That, were our royal faiths [8] martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.
Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this,—the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances;
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance. For full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd her man to offer strokes [9],
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.
Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement;

[8] — our ROYAL faiths] Perhaps we ought to read *loyal* faiths.

[9] That hath enrag'd HER MAN to offer strokes,] So the corr, fo. 1632, the usual reading being "that hath enrag'd *him on* to offer strokes." There can be no doubt that "her man" is the genuine language of Shakespeare, and that the objection that "her man," for her husband, was not the phraseology of the poet's time, is merely futile; for what can be said of the passage in "Hamlet," to quote no other, where (A. iv. sc. 3) it is said "man and wife is one flesh?" Does not "man" there mean husband, as much as "wife" means wife? "Her man," then pronounced broadly, was misheard *him on*.

So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.
Arch. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement [10] well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.
Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand. Pleaseth your lordship,
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies?
Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name then, set forward.
Arch. Before, and greet his grace, my lord: we come.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, *the Archbishop,* HASTINGS, *and others: from the other side, Prince* JOHN *of* LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, *Officers and Attendants.*

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray.—
Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;
And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.—
My lord of York, it better show'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
Than now to see you here an iron man [11],
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,

[10] — make our atonement] *i. e.* Our *at-one*-ment, or *reconciliation.*
[11] Than now to see you here an iron man,] After "man" the 4to. edition adds quite unnecessarily, and to the injury of the line, *talking.*

Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack! what mischiefs might he set abroach,
In shadow of such greatness. With you, lord bishop,
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us, the speaker in his parliament;
To us, th' imagin'd voice of God himself;
The very opener and intelligencer,
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings: O! who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,
Under the counterfeited seal of God [1],
The subjects of his substitute, my father;
And, both against the peace of heaven and him,
Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace;
But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us, and crush us to this monstrous form
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief;
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,
Whereon this Hydra-son of war is born;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,
With grant of our most just and right desires,
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt:
If they miscarry, their's shall second them;
And so success of mischief [2] shall be born,

[1] Under the counterfeited SEAL of God,] It is "*zeal* of God" in the 4to. and folios, but necessarily amended to "seal of God" in the corr. fo. 1632. Mr. Singer is reduced to the necessity of admitting the change, but in this instance with due acknowledgment. The "seal divine" which the Archbishop is charged with counterfeiting, has before been mentioned by Westmoreland on p. 488.

[2] — success of mischief] Perhaps *successive* mischief, another mishearing.

And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation.

P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles.

P. John. I like them all, and do allow them well:
And swear, here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning, and authority.—
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will our's; and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
Of our restored love, and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

[*Wine brought.*

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your grace. [*Drinks.*

Hast. Go, captain, [*To an Officer.*] and deliver to the army
This news of peace: let them have pay, and part.
I know, it will well please them: hie thee, captain.

[*Exit Officer.*

Arch. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland. [*Drinks.*

West. I pledge your grace: [*Drinks.*] and, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely; but my love to you
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.—
Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray. [*Drinks*[3].

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances men are ever merry,
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

[3] Drinks.] This and the preceding stage-directions of the same kind are from the corr. fo. 1632, and are evidently necessary. It is not stated in any of the old copies even when the wine is brought.

West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus,—some good thing comes to-morrow.
Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.
Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.
[*Shouts within.*
P. John. The word of peace is render'd.—Hark, how they shout!
Mowb. This had been cheerful, after victory.
Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest,
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.
P. John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.—
[*Exit* WESTMORELAND.
And, good my lord, so please you, let your trains[4]
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.
Arch. Go, good lord Hastings;
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.
[*Exit* HASTINGS.
P. John. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.—

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?
West. The leaders having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.
P. John. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already[5].
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home, and sporting-place.
West. Good tidings, my lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:—

[4] — let YOUR trains] It is "*our* trains" in the 4to. and folio copies, but Prince John could not wish to see his own trains, but those with whom his troops were to have "coped." *Our* is amended to "your" in the corr. fo. 1632. In accordance with this request by Prince John, the Archbishop tells Hastings to let the troops that had come with them "march by."

[5] My lord, our army is dispers'd already.] The folio has only, "Our army is dispers'd:" "already" is from the 4to.

And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Mowbray;
Of capital treason I attach you both.
Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?
West. Is your assembly so?
Arch. Will you thus break your faith?
P. John. I pawn'd thee none.
I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most christian care.
But, for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion, and such acts as your's [6].
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence [7].—
Strike up our drums! pursue the scatter'd stray;
Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Forest.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF *and* COLEVILE, *meeting.*

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you; and of what place, I pray [8]?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the dale.

Fal. Well then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place, the dale: Colevile shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your dale,—a dale deep enough [9]; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

Cole. Are not you sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield,

[6] — and such acts as your's.] These words are only in the folio: in the 4to. the line is left imperfect.

[7] Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.] This line shows the way in which "fondly" and "foolishly" were of old used as synonymous terms.

[8] — and of what place, I PRAY?] The 4to. has not the words "I pray."

[9] — a DALE deep enough;] The joke, such as it is, is lost as the words have been always misprinted "and the dungeon your *place*,—a *place* deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale." The corr. fo. 1632 properly alters *place* in both instances, as it stands in our text.

sir, or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers [9], and they weep for thy death: therefore, rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think, you are sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

Enter Prince JOHN *of* LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, *and others.*

P. John. The heat is past, follow no farther now.—
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—
[*Exit* WEST.
Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come:
These tardy tricks of your's will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility: I have foundered nine-score and odd posts; and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome [1], I came, saw, and over-came.

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not: here he is, and here I yield him, and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's

[9] — they are the drops of thy LOVERS,] *i. e.* Of persons who love thee: this use of the word "lover" was constant in Shakespeare's day, and is frequent in Shakespeare's text. See two instances in the same scene in "The Merchant of Venice," A. iii. sc. 4. In A. iv. sc. 1 of the same play (Vol. ii. p. 330) "lover" is misprinted *love* in the old copies.

[1] — the hook-nosed fellow of Rome,] The 4to. adds unintelligibly "their cousin" after "Rome." Possibly Falstaff meant to claim relationship, in point of valour, with Julius Cæsar, and called him "*my* cousin." Some have supposed that "their cousin" ought to be read *there, Cæsar*, and such a misprint might easily have been introduced.

deeds; or, by the lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kissing my foot. To the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me, and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is, my lord,

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves, but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis[2]; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. John. Send Colevile, with his confederates,
To York, to present execution.—
Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure.
[*Exit* COLEVILE *guarded.*
And now despatch we toward the court, my lords.
I hear, the king my father is sore sick:
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—
Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Glostershire; and, when you come to court, stand my good lord, pray, in your good report[3].

[2] — gavest thyself away GRATIS;] So the 4to: the folio omits "gratis."

[3] — stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.] The meaning clearly is, that Falstaff asks Prince John to stand his good lord, or his good friend, in the report he makes to the King. The folio inserts "pray," not found in the 4to, as

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve. [*Exit.*

Fal. I would, you had but the wit: 'twere better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof, for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards, which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it[4]: it ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and cruddy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which, delivered o'er to the voice, (the tongue) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use[5]. Hereof comes it, that prince

if to complete the measure, and as if a couplet might have been intended, though not so printed:—

"Through Glostershire; and when you come to court,
Stand my good lord, *pray*, in your good report."

The jingle may, however, have been purely accidental.

[4] A good SHERRIS-SACK hath a two-fold operation in it:] *i. e.* Sack from Xeres, in Spain, commonly called sherry: "sherris" is nearer the right pronunciation of the word than our sherry. Minsheu in his Spanish Dictionary, 1617, thus describes Xeres "oppidum Bæticæ, *i. e.* Andalusiæ, prope Cadiz, unde nomen vini de Xeres, Anglice Xeres sack."

[5] — till sack COMMENCES it, and sets it in ACT and use.] "It seems probable to me," says Tyrwhitt, "that Shakespeare in these words alludes to the Cambridge *Commencement;* and in what follows to the Oxford *Act:* for by those different names our two universities have long distinguished the season, at which each of them gives to her respective students a complete authority to *use* those *hoards of*

Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle[6] I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go.—I'll through Glostershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him[7].—Come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Westminster. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, *Prince* HUMPHREY, WARWICK, *and others.*

K. Hen. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd[8], our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength,
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

learning which have entitled them to their several degrees in arts, law, physic, and divinity."

[6] — the first HUMAN principle] The folio, 1623, omits "human."

[7] — and shortly will I seal with him.] He alludes of course to the practice of "tempering" or softening wax, before it was applied to the purpose of sealing. A soft kind of wax was formerly used; and one of the offices connected with the Great Seal was that of wax-chaffer, a person whose duty it was to rub and temper the wax, until it was fit to receive the impression.

[8] Our navy is ADDRESS'D,] *i. e. Ready, prepared.* See Vol. ii. p. 245 and 300.

War. Both which, we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.
K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother?
P. Humph. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.
K. Hen. And how accompanied?
P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.
K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?
P. Humph. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.
Cla. What would my lord and father?
K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas.
Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices thou mayst effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:
Therefore omit him not: blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold, or careless of his will,
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd.
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity;
Yet, notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint,
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day[9].
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently

[9] — congealed in the spring of day.] "Alluding," says Warburton, "to the opinion of some philosophers, that the vapours being congealed in the air by cold (which is most intense towards the morning), and being afterwards rarified and let loose by the warmth of the sun, occasion those sudden and impetuous gusts of wind which are called *flaws*." Malone quoted the following beautiful parallel from Shakespeare's "Lover's Complaint," which we repeat, because Mr. Singer, no doubt, extracting it second-hand, commits a blunder, much to the detriment of the passage as it stands in the original:—

"His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men mov'd him, he was such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be."

For this poem see our Sixth Volume. Malone first introduced the error.

When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth,
But, being moody, give him line and scope [1],
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion [2],
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in [3])
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Cla. He is not there to-day: he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied? canst thou tell that [4]?

Cla. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds,
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: therefore, my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, th' unguided days,
And rotten times, that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril, and oppos'd decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite.
The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the most immodest word

[1] — give him LINE and scope,] The 4to, to the injury of the metaphor, reads, "give him *time* and scope."

[2] Mingled with venom of SUGGESTION,] "Suggestion" here, as in many other places, means *temptation*.

[3] (As, FORCE PERFORCE, the age will pour it in)] We have had the expression "force perforce" near the commencement of this Act, p. 489, and previously in "King John," A. iii. sc. 1. "Of force," as we have seen in "Midsummer-Night's Dream," A. iii. sc. 1 and 2, means *of necessity*; and "force perforce" is equivalent to in spite of every thing, in defiance of all opposition.

[4] — canst thou tell that?] These words are only in the folio.

Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which, once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no farther use,
But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers, and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others,
Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion[5]. [*Enter* WESTMORELAND.] Who's here?
Westmoreland?

West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law.
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here at more leisure may your highness read,
With every course in his particular. [*Presenting a paper.*

K. Hen. O Westmoreland! thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day. [*Enter* HARCOURT.] Look! here's more news.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of.
The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown.
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.
[*Giving a packet.*

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
Will fortune never come with both hands full,

[5] In the dead carrion.] "As the bee," says Johnson, "having once placed her comb in a carcase, stays by her honey, so he, that has once taken pleasure in bad company, will continue to associate with those that have the art of pleasing him." This explanation is, perhaps, a little more than was meant by the poet, who only says, that it is rare for the bee to abandon her comb, when she has placed it in dead carrion. The rest may be inferred.

But write her fair words still in foulest letters[6]?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news,
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy.—
O me! come near me; now I am much ill. [*Falls back*[7].

P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty!

Cla. O my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself: look up.

War. Be patient, princes: you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

Cla. No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs.
Th' incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out[8].

P. Humph. The people fear me[9]! for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say, it did so, a little time before
That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

[6] But WRITE her fair words still in foulest LETTERS?] So the folio: the 4to. gives the line as follows:—

"But *wet* her fair words still in foulest *terms?*"

[7] Falls back.] There are here no stage-directions in the old editions, and they are all supplied from the corr. fo. 1632. It has been usual to place here in the margin *Swoons*, but in the corr. fo. 1632 it is *Falls back*, (not *swouns*, or *swounds*, as the Rev. Mr. Dyce usually prints it,) as we may suppose, into the arms of his sons Humphrey and Clarence, thus leaving us in doubt as to the precise effect of the King's illness, until it is afterwards stated.

[8] So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.] Malone and others have pointed out the following parallel passage in Daniel's "Civil Wars," 1595, Book iii. st. 116, where that poet is speaking of the illness of Henry IV.

"Wearing the wall so thin, that now the mind
Might well look thorough, and his frailty find."

Steevens, referring to this couplet, quotes from some later edition, in which the lines were considerably altered: Daniel seldom reprinted a work without making changes in it. The words in the text, "and will break out," are from the folio.

[9] The people FEAR me!] *i. e.* Alarm me, or make me fear. By "unfather'd heirs," in the next line, Johnson rightly understands "animals that had no animal progenitors."

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.
P. Humph. This apoplexy will, certain, be his end.
K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, pray[1].
[*They place the* KING *on a Bed in an inner part of the room*[2].
Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.
War. Call for the music in the other room.
K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.
Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. Who saw the duke of Clarence?
Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.
P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!
How doth the king?
P. Humph. Exceeding ill.
P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.
P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing it[3].
P. Hen. If he be sick with joy, he will recover
Without physic.
War. Not so much noise, my lords.—Sweet prince, speak low;
The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.
Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.
War. Will't please your grace to go along with us?
P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.—
[*Exeunt all but Prince* HENRY.
Why doth the crown lie there, upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?—
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide

[1] — softly, pray.] These words were added in the folio, 1623. They complete the line.

[2] — in an inner part of the room.] There is here no stage-direction of any kind in any old copy of this play, and all that is found in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632 is *Put the K. a-bed.* Of course, Henry must remain in the same apartment until after the interview with his son, and then he retires to the Jerusalem Chamber.

[3] He ALTER'D much upon the hearing it.] The 4to. erroneously has *utter'd* for "alter'd," of the folio.

To many a watchful night, sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow with homely biggin bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety.—By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father!—
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigol[4] hath divorc'd
So many English kings.—Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father! pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me.—Lo! here it sits[5],
[*Putting it on his head.*
Which heaven shall guard; and put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me.—This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, *and the rest.*

Cla. Doth the king call?

[4] — this golden RIGOL] "Rigol" means *a circle*. I know not (observes Steevens) that it is used by any author but Shakespeare, who introduces it likewise in his "Lucrece:"

"About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood a watery *rigol* goes."

For "golden rigol" of the 4to. and folios the old annotator on the folio, 1632, instructs us to read *ringol*, as if the letter *n* had been accidentally omitted; but recollecting that it is "rigol" also in "Lucrece," we make no change. We also find in Middleton (Works by Dyce, v. 536) the expression "*wriggle*-eyed damosel" as the editor spells it, (it is *rigle*-eyde in the original,) and as if he meant that the girl's eyes wandered, or wriggled, to and fro, when all that is intended is to call her *round*-eyed. The Rev. Mr. Dyce must have entirely forgotten the "golden rigol" of "Henry IV., Pt. II.," as well as the "watery rigol" of our poet's "Lucrece." We are confident that he has too much taste and judgment ever to repeat the error.

[5] Lo! HERE it sits,] The 4to. has *where* for "here." The reading of the folio seems preferable.

War. What would your majesty? How fares your grace[6]?
K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?
Cla. We left the prince, my brother, here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.
K. Hen. The prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him:
He is not here.
War. This door is open; he is gone this way.
P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.
K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?
War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.
K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go, seek him out.—
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?—
Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.
[*Exit* WARWICK.
This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are;
How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object.
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleeps with thoughts,
Their brains with care, their bones with industry:
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts, and martial exercises;
When, like the bee, tolling from every flower
The virtuous sweets[7],
Our thighs packed with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.—

[6] How fares your grace?] These words are added in the folio, 1623: four lines lower it omits "He is not here," found in the 4to.

[7] ——— TOLLING from every flower
The virtuous sweets,] The folio has *culling* for "tolling" by which the image of the bee taking *toll* from each flower is lost. The words "The virtuous sweets" are from the folio, 1623, for the old editions, especially in this part of the play, vary considerably.

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long,
Till his friend sickness' hands determin'd me[8]?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince HENRY.

Lo, where he comes!—Come hither to me, Harry.—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, *Prince* HUMPHREY, *Lords, &c.*

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence, and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.

[8] Till his friend sickness' HANDS determin'd me?] *i. e.* "Until the hands of his friend, sickness, have ended me." The folio poorly substitutes *hath* for "hands," and injures the personification of the prince's "friend, sickness." All the modern editors follow the misreading of the folio, and Mr. Singer perseveres in the blunder, in spite of our caution.

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten dust:
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form.
Harry the fifth is crown'd!—Up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence;
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall double gild his treble guilt,
England shall give him office, honour, might;
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O! thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege! But for my tears,
[*Kneeling.*
The moist impediments[9] unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it your's! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in, [*Rising.*
And found no course of breath within your majesty,

[9] The moist impediments] As nobody has remarked it, it may be worth noting that all the folios have "the *most* impediments" for "moist" of the 4to. The old annotator on the folio, 1632, alters *most* to "moist" by inserting the wanting letter in the margin. "Moist" is also misprinted *most* in Vol. ii. p. 118.

How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign,
O! let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to show th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: "The care on thee depending,
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable:
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up." Thus, my most royal liege[1],
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it, as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor;
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it[2],
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Hen. O my son!
God put it in thy mind[3] to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love[4],

[1] Thus, my MOST royal liege,] The folio, 1623, omits "most," as if for the sake of the verse; but still it prints "Thus, my royal liege" in a separate line, though the words complete the preceding line.

[2] Give entertainment to the MIGHT of it,] "To the *weight* of it" says the corr. fo. 1632 with some plausibility, and the printer may easily have mistaken *m* for *w*, and composed "might" instead of *weight*; but we leave the text undisturbed, since "might" may appear to be, on the whole, preferable.

[3] O MY SON!
God put IT in thy mind] "O my son!" is from the folio; and the 4to, in the following line, omits "it."

[4] That thou might'st WIN the more thy father's love,] The folio, 1623, misprints "win" *ioyne*, and in this blunder it is followed by the other folios. The original mistake may be readily explained, by recollecting that the spelling of "win" in the MS. used by the printer was probably *wynne*. A similar error is committed in the Induction to Beaumont and Fletcher's "Four Plays in One," and, strange to say, it has never been detected. It is where Rinaldo speaks of the "joining dove-like behaviour" of Isabella. This is nonsense, and it has arisen out

Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry; sit thou by my bed,
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears,
Thou seest, with peril I have answered;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument, and now my death
Changes the mode: for what in me was purchas'd [5],
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So, thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough; since griefs are green,

of the spelling of "wynning," which was misread *ioyning*. The Rev. Mr. Dyce (ii. 481), and all preceding editors, must have forgotten this blunder of *join* for "win" of the folio, 1623, in the line in "Henry IV., Pt. II." Perhaps they never observed it; but there can be no doubt that Rinaldo ought to praise the "external lineaments, mixture of colours, and *winning* dove-like behaviour" (not "*joining* dove-like behaviour") of Isabella. We may add that a nearly opposite mistake has always been made in Marlowe's "Edward II." (Edit. Dyce, ii. 211), where, instead of telling Kent to "*join* with Mortimer" the reading is, "*whine* with Mortimer:" in the MS. *join* was doubtless written *ioyne*, misread *wyne*, and subsequently printed "whine." Kent was not a *whiner*, nor was Mortimer, and the King merely tells Kent to go and *join* with the enemy.

[5] — for what in me was PURCHAS'D,] We have already seen (p. 345) that the word "purchase" was used of old for booty obtained by plunder. The King here employs the verb in a kindred sense, meaning that he had obtained the crown by undue means—by robbing the right owner. The corr. fo. 1632 would change "purchas'd" to *purchase*—the noun for the verb, and it has not been common for our old writers to use the verb in the same sense as the noun; but there is an example of the contrary in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Faithful Friends," A. i. sc. 2 (Edit. Dyce, iv. 211), where Snipsnap says,

"It is well known we *purchase* now-a-days
As well as they."

Meaning that tailors are on a par with lawyers for obtaining money, goods, &c. unfairly. For this reason mainly we leave "purchas'd" in the text.

And all my friends[6], which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd. Which to avoid,
I cut some off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive,
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege[7],
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain, and right, must my possession be:
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Prince JOHN *of* LANCASTER, WARWICK, *Lords, and others.*

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

P. John. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace, son John;
But health, alack! with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.
Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. Hen. My lord of Warwick!

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Hen. Laud be to God!—even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years,

[6] And all MY friends,] It is "*thy* friends" in the old copies, but altered to "my friends" in the corr. fo. 1632. Five lines lower "I cut *them* off" is amended to "I cut some off" on the same authority, and it is most likely what the poet wrote, for Monck Mason, by mere guess, hit upon the very same emendations; they remove all difficulty.

[7] My gracious liege,] This courteous hemistich is only found in the folio, 1623.

I should not die but in Jerusalem [8],
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land.—
But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie:
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Glostershire. A Hall in SHALLOW's House.

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, *and Page.*

Shal. By cock and pie [9], sir, you shall not away to-night.—What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see:—yea, marry, William cook [1], bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts cannot be served [2]: and, again, sir,—shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook:—are there no young pigeons?

[8] I should not die but in Jerusalem,] We add the following passage from Holinshed, to show the verbal accuracy with which Shakespeare sometimes followed the old chronicler. "At length, he recovered his speech, and understanding; and perceiving himselfe in a strange place, which he knew not, he willed to know if the chamber had anie particular name, whereunto answer was made, that it was called Jerusalem. Then said the king; Lauds be given to the Father of heaven, for now I know that I shall die here in this chamber, according to the prophesie of me declared, that I should depart this life in Jerusalem."

[9] By cock and pie,] An exclamation of frequent occurrence in our old dramatists, but of disputed origin. It requires no illustration.

[1] — William cook,] *i. e.* William, the cook. It was very common for our ancestors to distinguish their servants by the departments they filled: hence many surnames.

[2] — those PRECEPTS cannot be served:] Shallow, as a justice of the peace of Glostershire, would have to issue "precepts" or warrants.

Davy. Yes, sir.—Here is, now, the smith's note, for shoeing and plough irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had:—and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day [3] at Hinckley fair?

Shal. He shall answer it.—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yea, Davy. I will use him well. A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy, for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten [4], sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot [5] against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship, truly sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship [6], let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit* DAVY.] Where are you, sir John? Come, come, come; off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph.

[3] — the other day] These words were added in the folio.

[4] — than they are BACK-BITTEN,] The folio injures the joke by reading only *bitten*. It is altered to "*back*-bitten" in the corr. fo. 1632.

[5] — William Visor of WINCOT] Woncote and Woncot in the 4to. and folio, 1623, but the proper name appears to be Wilnecot, in Warwickshire.

[6] — therefore, I beseech YOUR WORSHIP,] So the folio: the 4to. only has "I beseech *you*."

—And welcome, my tall fellow. [*To the Page.*]—Come, sir John. [*Exit* SHALLOW.

Fal. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow.—Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH *and Page.*] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his; they, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving man. Their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or two actions) and he shall laugh without *intervallums*[7]. O! it is much, that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders. O! you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [*Within.*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, master Shallow: I come, master Shallow. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

SCENE II.

Westminster. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter WARWICK, *and the Lord Chief Justice.*

War. How now, my lord chief justice! whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well: his cares are now all ended.

[7] — WITHOUT *intervallums.*] The folio, 1623, has "*with* intervallums,"—obviously an error: the meaning is of course the same as the "sans intermission" of Jaques, in "As You Like It," Vol. ii. p. 381. *With* is amended to "without" in the corr. fo. 1632.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.
War. He's walk'd the way of nature,
And to our purposes he lives no more.
Ch. Just. I would, his majesty had call'd me with him:
The service that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.
War. Indeed, I think the young king loves you not.
Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm myself
To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter Prince JOHN, *Prince* HUMPHREY, CLARENCE, WESTMORELAND, *and others.*

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:
O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort.
Ch. Just. O God! I fear, all will be overturn'd.
P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.
P. Humph. Cla. Good morrow, cousin.
P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.
War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.
P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!
Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!
P. Humph. O! good my lord, you have lost a friend, indeed;
And I dare swear, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow: it is, sure, your own.
P. John. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation:
I am the sorrier; 'would, 'twere otherwise!
Cla. Well, you must now speak sir John Falstaff fair,
Which swims against your stream of quality.
Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by th' impartial conduct[8] of my soul;
And never shall you see, that I will beg

[8] — IMPARTIAL conduct] Thus the 4tos, rightly, beyond dispute. The folio reads *imperial.*

A ragged and forestall'd remission[9].
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the king, my master, that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.
War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King HENRY V.

Ch. Just. Good morrow, and heaven save your majesty!
King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.—
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:
This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow so royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:
Yet weep, that Harry's dead, and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
By number, into hours of happiness.
P. John, &c. We hope no other from your majesty[1].
King. You all look strangely on me;—and you most.
[*To the Chief Justice.*
You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.
Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.
King. No!
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?

[9] A RAGGED and FORESTALL'D remission.] Both "ragged" and "forestall'd" are rather puzzling epithets as applied to "remission," which of course is *pardon*. By "ragged," Johnson understands *poor* and *base;* and "forestall'd" perhaps means *anticipated* by the King before it is asked.

[1] We hope no other from your majesty.] This line has the prefix of *Bro.* for *Brothers*, in the 4to; and *John, &c.* in the folio.

May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?
Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in th' administration of his law
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment:
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you [2]. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person:
Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case your's,
Be now the father, and propose a son [3];
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd,
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power soft silencing your son [4].

[2] And did commit you.] This incident has been doubted as a historical fact: we are glad that Shakespeare entertained no doubt upon the subject, or we should perhaps have lost this noble scene between Henry and Gascoigne. It has been ascertained, that Gascoigne did not continue Chief Justice after Henry V. came to the throne. Shakespeare did not follow Sir Thomas Elyot (who tells the story in his "Governor," in 1531) nor Holinshed, whose Chronicle, repeating it, made its appearance in 1577; but the old play of "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth," where the King tells Gascoigne, "You sent me to the Fleet; and in revengement, I have chosen you to be the protector over my realm." The matter was thus fixed in popular belief, and that fortunately was enough for Shakespeare.

[3] Be now the father, and propose a son;] *i. e.* Propose a son to yourself—*suppose* that you have a son.

[4] And in your power SOFT silencing your son.] We may suspect corruption here, and in the word "soft:" our belief is that the two last letters of the word crept in by accident, and that the whole passage should be read thus:—

"Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd,
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power *so* silencing your son."

The last line is a sort of antithesis to the first, and therefore repeats the word *so*.

After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right justice, and you weigh this well.
Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword;
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words:—
"Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son;
And not less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice."—You did commit me,
For which, I do commit into your hand
Th' unstain'd sword that you have used to bear;
With this remembrance,—that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practis'd, wise directions.—
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you:
My father is gone wild into his grave[5],
For in his tomb lie my affections,
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.

The corr. fo. 1632 can give us no assistance here, as the leaf has been lost. It could hardly be said to be "*soft* silencing" of the son, when the Chief Justice committed him to prison.

[5] My father is gone WILD into his grave,] The meaning (remarks Malone) is, My *wild* dispositions having ceased on my father's death, and being now as it were buried in his tomb, he and wildness are interred in the same grave. Pope, not perceiving the true intention of the poet, substituted *wail'd* for "wild;" but no subsequent editor followed his example.

Now, call we our high court of parliament,
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us,
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.—
[*To the Lord Chief Justice.*
Our coronation done, we will accite[6],
As I before remember'd, all our state:
And (God consigning to my good intents,)
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Glostershire. The Garden of SHALLOW's House.

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, *the Page, and* DAVY.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard; where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of carraways, and so forth;—come, cousin Silence;—and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, sir John:—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy; spread, Davy; well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses: he is your serving man, and your husband[7].

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, sir

[6] — we will ACCITE,] To "accite" is to summon or call together. In an earlier part of this play (A. ii. sc. 2) Prince Henry uses the word in the sense of excite or induce, when he asks Poins "And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so." Shakespeare again uses it, as here, in "Titus Andronicus," A. i. sc. 1, where "the senate is accited." The word was employed by various of our poets.

[7] — your serving man, and your HUSBAND.] *i. e.* Your husbandman. Rowe printed "your husband*man*," but quite needlessly, the last part of the word being understood, or rather having been already introduced after "serving." Such was the language of the time.

John.—By the mass [8], I have drunk too much sack at supper: —A good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down.—Come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a,—we shall

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, [Singing.
And praise heaven for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there,
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily [9].

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon:—most sweet sir, sit.—Master page, good master page, sit: proface [1]! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear: the heart's all [2]. [*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;* [Singing.
For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

[8] By the mass,] This exclamation, having reference to a ceremony exploded in our reformed Church, was expunged in the folio, probably at the instance of the Master of the Revels.

[9] And EVER AMONG so merrily.] "Ever among" is an idiomatic expression, used by Chaucer and many later writers. No originals of this and other musical outbreaks by Silence have been discovered: they are printed merely as prose in the old copies, possibly to save room.

[1] — proface!] A word or expression of frequent occurrence in English, French, and Italian: probably we derived it from the latter, and *buon pro vi faccia* occurs in the *Orlando Innam.* of Boiardo, c. 47, st. 35. The meaning is the same in all languages—"much good may it do you." It is needless to multiply instances of its employment in English; but it may be mentioned that it was so little understood by Reed, in 1780, that when he published his edition of Dodsley's Old Plays, he altered it to "profess" in the reprint of Chapman's "All Fools." We must suppose that Davy sets Bardolph and the Page down by themselves.

[2] But you must bear: the heart's all.] Meaning, you must put up with your ill fare, the intention being all that is important. The folio omits "must."

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats[3] for you.
[*Setting them before* BARDOLPH.

Shal. Davy!

Davy. Your worship.—I'll be with you straight.—A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. *A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,* [Singing.
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, master Silence.

Sil. *Fill the cup, and let it come;*
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief; and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the cavalieros about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. By God's liggins I thank thee[4].—The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking heard.*] Look, who's at door there. Ho! who knocks? [*Exit* DAVY.

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.
[*To* SILENCE, *who drinks a bumper.*

[3] — leather-coats] The apple (says Henley) commonly denominated russetine, in Devonshire is called the *buff-coat.*

[4] By God's LIGGINS I thank thee.] Whatever may be meant by "God's liggins" the words are omitted in the folio, 1623: they are only in the 4to. which was not corrected by the Master of the Revels.

Sil. *Do me right,* [Singing.
And dub me knight:
Samingo[5].

Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in.—

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. Sir John, God save you, sir.

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good[6].
Sweet knight, th' art now one of the greatest men
In the realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think he be, but goodman Puff of Barson[7].

Pist. Puff?
Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—
Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

Fal. O, base Assyrian knight! what is thy news?
Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

[5] Samingo.] *i. e.* San Domingo, as it has been explained; but nobody has been able to show why Domingo, or San Domingo, was thus introduced in a drinking song. The portion Silence gives, with two preceding lines, is found in Nash's "Summer's Last Will and Testament," 1600, reprinted in the last edition of Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. xi. p. 47. "To do a man right" was to pledge him; and the words "dub me knight" had reference to a supposed knighthood, conferred when parties drank healths on their knees.

[6] — that blows NO MAN to good.] The folio, "that blows *none* to good."

[7] — goodman Puff of BARSON.] *i. e.* Barston, a village lying between Coventry and Solyhull.

Sil. *And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.* [Sings.

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled?
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir:—if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian [8]? speak, or die.

Shal. Under king Harry.

Pist. Harry the fourth? or fifth?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office!—
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth:
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard [9].

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!—I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What! I do bring good news.

Fal. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots: we'll ride all night.—O, sweet Pistol!—Away Bardolph! [*Exit* BARD.]—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something, to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, master Shallow: I know, the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are

[8] Under which king, BEZONIAN?] This term of reproach is derived from the Italian *bisogno*, and signifies, according to Florio, "a fresh needy soldier," as well as *need*. Bezonian occurs in other writers of the time, and sometimes in its original form of *bisogno*. Nash, in his "Pierce Pennilesse," 1592, (not 1595, as Steevens quotes it,) uses Bezonian in precisely the same sense as Shakespeare.

[9] ——— FIG me, like
The bragging Spaniard.] To *fig* is to *insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger:* from this custom, perhaps, we yet say in contempt, "a fig for you." Allusions to the "fig," and *fico*, or *figo*, are perpetual in our old writers. Douce tells us, that the phrase is of Italian origin.

at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends, and woe unto my lord chief justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!
"Where is the life that late I led," say they[1];
Why, here it is: welcome this pleasant day[2]! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. A Street.

Enter Beadle and Officers[3], *dragging in Hostess* QUICKLY, *and* DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. No, thou arrant knave: I would to God I might die, that I might have thee hanged; thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

Bead. The constables have delivered her over to me, and she shall have whipping-cheer enough[4], I warrant her. There hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie[5]. Come on: I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal, an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord, that sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me, for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

[1] "Where is the life that late I led," say they;] This line from some old song, not now known, is also quoted by Petruchio in "The Taming of the Shrew," A. iv. sc. 1, Vol. ii. p. 497.

[2] Why here it is: welcome THIS pleasant DAY!] "Welcome *these* pleasant *days*" in the old copies, 4to. and folio; but, according to the corr. fo. 1632, Pistol ends the scene, naturally enough, with a couplet, which he had probably compounded from some line in the same ballad which he had just quoted.

[3] Enter BEADLE, &c.] This stage-direction, in the 4to. of 1600, stands thus: "Enter *Sincklo*, and three or four Officers:" and the name of *Sincklo*, the actor, is prefixed to those speeches, which in the folio are given to the *Beadle*, who is called *Officer* in the prefixes.

[4] — whipping-cheer ENOUGH,] "Enough" is from the folio, 1623.

[5] Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie.] How "Nut-hook" came to be a term of abuse applied to constables, &c. has never been explained; perhaps it was derived from their taking and holding qualities. We have already had it in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," A. i. sc. 1.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer [6], I will have you as soundly swinged for this,—you blue-bottle rogue! you filthy famished correctioner! if you be not swinged, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come: bring me to a justice.

Host. Ay; come, you starved blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death! goodman bones!

Host. Thou atomy thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!

Bead. Very well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A public Place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter Two Grooms, strewing rushes.

1 *Groom.* More rushes, more rushes!

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 *Groom.* It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation. Despatch, despatch. [*Exeunt Grooms.*

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, *and the Page* [7].

Fal. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow, I will make the king do you grace. I will leer upon him, as he comes by, and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

[6] — thou thin man in a censer,] Hence we learn that Sincklo was a spare man, unlike our usual modern personifications of parish beadles: as now, they then commonly wore blue coats, but in what way this beadle was like a figure "in a censer," (*i. e.* an *insencer*) used for perfuming and fumigating apartments, is not very evident.

[7] Enter Falstaff, &c.] The old stage-direction in the 4to, 1600, would show that the King and his train had passed over the stage before the entrance of Falstaff: it is, "Trumpets sound, and the King and his train pass over the stage; after them enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, and the Boy." The King, &c. return again soon afterwards, introduced by the words, "Enter the King and his train." Probably, for the sake of the show, the king was originally made first to walk in procession, and then to return to take part in the dialogue. The stage-directions in the folio correspond with those in our text.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good night.

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me.—[*To* SHALLOW.] O! if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection.

Pist. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Pist. It doth, it doth, it doth [8].

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est.* 'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.
Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance, and contagious prison;
Haul'd thither
By most mechanical and dirty hand:—
Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,
For Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her. [*Shouts within, and trumpets sound.*

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter KING *and his Train, with the Chief Justice.*

Fal. God save thy grace, king Hal! my royal Hal!

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

[8] It doth, it doth, it doth.] We have distributed these and some other speeches as in the folio. In the 4to. they are confusedly given, and some modern editors seem to have felt themselves at liberty to dispose of them as they thought best. The 4to. and folio vary in other more minute particulars, such as "earnestness *in* affection," &c.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:
Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I banish thee on pain of death,
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil;
And as we hear you do reform yourselves [9],
We will, according to your strength and qualities,
Give you advancement [1].—Be it your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenor of our word [2].

[9] And as we hear you do REFORM yourselves,] Boswell states that the folio, 1623, has *redeem* for "reform" of the 4to. No copy of that edition that I have ever met with has *redeem*. Boswell confounded the two first folios, for it is the second, that of 1632, in which "reform" is altered to *redeem*.

[1] Give you advancement.] So in the old play "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth:" the young king speaks, and we give the speech also as a specimen of the sort of verse into which the prose is there cut up: the lines are of all lengths:—

"Ah, Tom, your former life grieves me,
And makes me abandon and abolish your company for ever;
And therefore not upon pain of death to approach my presence
By ten miles space: then, if I hear well of you,
It may be I will do somewhat for you.
Otherwise look for no more favour at my hands,
Than at any other man's: and therefore be gone;
We have other matters to talk on."

[2] — the tenor of OUR word.] So the folio: the 4to. has, less royally, "the tenor of *my* word."

Set on. [*Exeunt* KING, *his Train, and the Chief Justice.*

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, master Shallow.—Do not you grieve at this: I shall be sent for in private to him. Look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how, unless you should give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours[3]: go with me to dinner.—Come, lieutenant Pistol;—come Bardolph.—I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter Prince JOHN, *the Chief Justice, Officers, &c.*

Ch. Just. Go, carry sir John Falstaff to the Fleet:
Take all his company along with him

Fal. My lord, my lord!—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.—
Take them away.

Pist. Se fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta[4].

[*Exeunt* FAL. SHAL. PIST. BARD. *Page, and Officers.*

P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the king's.
He hath intent, his wonted followers

[3] Fear no colours:] We have already had this proverbial expression in "Twelfth-Night," A. i. sc. 5, Vol. ii. p. 651.

[4] — il sperare me contenta.] We have had this motto before in this play, A. ii. sc. 4, and there, in the old copies, the words given are these—

"Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contente."

Here the 4to. has it,

"Si fortuna me tormenta spero contenta;"

and the folio, 1623,

"Si fortuna me tormento, spera me contento."

As we have already stated (p. 465) on the authority of Sir T. Hanmer, the words ought to be

"Se fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta."

It was the inscription on Pistol's sword, and Douce had a weapon of the time and kind with the same motto in French, *Si fortune me tourmente, l'espérance me contente.* It was Pistol's only consolation on the downfall of his own and his master's hopes.

Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd, till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.
Ch. Just. And so they are.
P. John. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.
Ch. Just. He hath.
P. John. I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords, and native fire,
As far as France. I heard a bird so sing[5],
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE,

By one that can dance[6].

First my fear, then my courtesy, last my speech. My fear is your displeasure, my courtesy my duty, and my speech to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech, now, you undo me; for what I have to say is of mine own making, and what indeed I should say will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you, (as it is very well) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some; and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt; but a good conscience

[5] I HEARD a bird so sing,] The folio, "I *hear* a bird so sing," which is clearly wrong: the 4to, "heard."

[6] Epilogue, BY ONE THAT CAN DANCE.] These are the words in the corr. fo. 1632. The play, as Johnson remarks, concludes flatly, and this Epilogue by a dancer, or rather by an actor who, like Kemp and many other performers, could dance, was no doubt added, in order, in the words of Barton Halliday, "the more cheerfully to dismiss the spectators." In the 4to. and folio, 1623, it is only headed "Epilogue."

will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly [7].

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France; where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man [8]. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

[7] — which was never seen BEFORE in such an assembly.] The word "before" is from the folio, 1623. There is a more important variation at the end of this Epilogue; for in the 4to, the words "and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the queen," (with the addition of *I* before "kneel,") are inserted at the end of the first paragraph, instead of being placed at the close of the Epilogue, as in the folio. We have adopted the arrangement of the folio, though it hardly seems likely that the dancer would have jumped up from his prayer for the queen, in order to treat the audience with a dance.

[8] — for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.] Here also we have a relic of the fact, that the original name of Falstaff was Oldcastle.

KING HENRY V.

"The Cronicle History of Henry the fift, With his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Togither with Auntient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Tho. Millington, and Iohn Busby. And are to be sold at his house in Carter Lane, next the Powle head. 1600." 4to. 27 leaves.

"The Chronicle History of Henry the fift, With his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with Auntient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Thomas Pauier, and are to be sold at his shop in Cornhill, at the signe of the Cat and Parrets, neare the Exchange. 1602." 4to. 26 leaves.

"The Chronicle History of Henry the fift, with his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with ancient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants. Printed for T. P. 1608." 4to. 27 leaves.

"The Life of Henry the Fift," in the folio of 1623, occupies twenty-seven pages, viz. from p. 69 to p. 95 inclusive. The pagination from "Henry IV." Part ii. to "Henry V." is not continued, but a new series begins with "Henry V." on p. 69, and is regularly followed to the end of the "Histories." The folio, 1632, adopts this error, but it is avoided by continuous pagination in the two later folio impressions.

INTRODUCTION.

It is a circumstance deserving remark, that not one of the title-pages of the 4to. editions of "Henry V." attribute the authorship of the play to Shakespeare. It was printed three several times during the life of the poet, but in no instance with his name. The fact, no doubt, is, that there never was any thing like an authorized edition of "Henry V." until it appeared in the folio of 1623, and that the 4to. impressions were surreptitious, and were published without the consent of the author, or of the company to which he was attached. They came out in 1600, 1602, and 1608, being merely reprints of each other; and, considering the imperfectness and deficiency of the text in the 4to. of 1600, it is perhaps strange that no improvements were made in the subsequent impressions. The drama must have enjoyed great popularity; it must have been played over and over again at the theatre, and yet the public interest, as far as perusal is concerned, would seem to have been satisfied with a brief, crude, and mutilated representation of the performance. The 4tos. can be looked upon in no other light than as fragments of the original play, printed in haste for the gratification of public curiosity.

They bear strong external and internal evidence of fraud: the earliest of them was not published by a bookseller or booksellers by whom Shakespeare's genuine dramas were issued; and the second and third came from the hands of Thomas Pavier, who was instrumental in giving to the world some pieces, with the composition of which Shakespeare had no concern, though ascribed to him on the title-pages. The internal evidence shows that the edition was made up, not from any authentic manuscript, nor even from any combination of the separate parts delivered out to the actors by the copyist of the theatre, but from what could be taken down in short-hand, or could be remembered, while the performance was taking place. It is true that the 4to. impressions contain not the slightest hint of the Chorusses, nor of whole scenes, and long speeches found in the folio of 1623; and the inference seems to be that "Henry V." was originally produced by Shakespeare in a comparatively incomplete state, and that large portions contained in the folio, and of which no trace can be pointed out in the 4tos, were added at a subsequent date, to give greater novelty and attraction to the drama. Such, we know, was a very common course with all our early stage-poets. A play called "Henry V." was represented at Court on the 7th Jan. 1605, as we learn from "The Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels," edited by Mr. P. Cunningham, and printed by the Shakespeare Society, p. 204; and

these important additions may have been inserted for that occasion. The entry runs, literatim, as follows:

> "On the 7 of January was played the play of Henry the fift."

In the margin we are informed that it was acted "by his Majesty's players," but the name of the author is not in this instance given, although "Shaxberd" is placed opposite the title of "Measure for Measure," stated to have been exhibited on a preceding night. The fact that the actors belonged to Shakespeare's company renders it most probable that his play was performed on the occasion; but it is to be recollected also, that the old play of "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth" purports on the title-page to have been "acted by the King's Majesty's servants," even at so late a date as 1617, when the last edition of it made its appearance. Nevertheless, we may perhaps take it for granted, that the "Henry the fift," played at Whitehall by the king's servants, on the 7th Jan. 1605, was Shakespeare's historical drama; and it may not be too much to presume, that most of the additions (Chorusses excepted) included in the folio of 1623, were written in consequence of the selection of "Henry V." by the Master of the Revels for representation before James I.

Our opinion, then, is that Shakespeare did not originally write his "Henry V." by any means as we find it in the folio of 1623, and that it was first produced without various scenes and speeches subsequently written and introduced: we are perfectly convinced that the three 4to. editions of 1600, 1602, and 1608 do not at all contain the play as it was acted in the first instance; but were hastily made up chiefly from notes taken at the theatre during the performance, subsequently patched together. Now and then we meet with a few consecutive lines, similar to what we may call the authentic copy, but in general the text is miserably mangled and disfigured. We might find proofs in support of our position in every part of the play, but as in his "Twenty Quartos" Steevens has reprinted that of 1608, it will be needless to select more than a single specimen. We give the text exactly as we find it in the 4to, 1600, from the copy in the Library of the Duke of Devonshire: our extract is from A. i. sc. 2, the speech of the King, just before the French Ambassadors are called in:—

> "Call in the messenger sent from the Dolphin,
> And by your aid, the noble sinewes of our land,
> France being ours, weele bring it to our awe,
> Or break it all in pieces;
> Eyther our Chronicles shal with full mouth speak
> Freely of our acts,
> Or else like toonglesse mutes
> Not worshipt with a paper epitaph."

Such is the speech as it is abridged and corrupted in the 4to, 1600: the correct text, as contained in the folio of 1623, may be seen on p. 553 of the following play.

It not unfrequently happened that the person who took down the lines as the actors delivered them, for the purpose of publishing the 4to, 1600, misheard what was said, and used wrong words, which in sound nearly resembled the right: thus, earlier in the same scene, the Archbishop of Canterbury says, according to the folio, 1623,

> "They of those Marches, gracious sovereign,
> Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
> Our *inland* from the pilfering borderers."

In the 4to, 1600, the materials for which were probably surreptitiously obtained at the theatre, the passage is thus given:—

> "The Marches, gracious soveraigne, shalbe sufficient
> To guard your *England* from the pilfering borderers."

We might multiply instances of the same kind, but we do not think there can be any reasonable doubt upon the point.

The 4tos, as we have stated, contain no hint of the Chorusses, but a passage in that which precedes Act v. certainly relates to the expedition of the Earl of Essex to Ireland, between the 15th April and the 28th Sept. 1599, and must have been written during his absence:—

> "As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
> Were now the general of our gracious empress
> (As in good time he may) from Ireland coming,
> Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
> How many would the peaceful city quit
> To welcome him."

The above lines were, therefore, composed between the 15th April and the 28th Sept. 1599; and most likely the Chorusses formed part of the piece as originally acted, although the short-hand writer did not think it a necessary portion of the performance to be included in the earliest 4to, 1600, which was to be brought out with great speed: perhaps the length of these and other recitations might somewhat baffle his skill. Upon this supposition, the question when Shakespeare wrote his "Henry V." is brought to a narrow point; and confirmed as it is by the omission of all mention of the play by Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, we need feel little doubt that his first sketch came from the pen of Shakespeare, for performance at the Globe theatre, early in the summer of 1599. The enlarged drama, as it stands in the folio of 1623, we are disposed to believe was not put into the complete shape in which it has there come down to us, until shortly before 1605, the date when it was played at Court.

Michael Drayton's "Ode" upon Agincourt, which he published soon after James I. came to the throne, and his long heroic poem on the same event, which came out not long after the commencement of the reign of Charles I., are so well known, that a reference to them will be sufficient. A spirited black-letter ballad, of early date, the only existing copy of which was, however, "printed for Henry Harper in Smithfield" not long anterior to the Civil Wars, has never been noticed in modern times: it is worth subjoining in reference to the main incident of Shakespeare's play, and it bears for title "Agincourt, or the English Bowman's Glory," purporting to have been sung "to a pleasant new tune." Although it contains no special allusion to any extant drama, it most likely grew out of the extreme popularity of the subject, partly by reason of theatrical representations.

"Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt,
Where English slue and hurt
All their French foemen?
With our pikes and bills brown,
How the French were beat downe,
Shot by our bowmen.

"Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt,
Never to be forgot
Or known to no men?
Where English cloth-yard arrows
Kill'd the French like tame sparrows,
Slaine by our bowmen.

"Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt,
Where we won field and fort;
French fled like wo-men?
By land, and eke by water,
Never was seene such slaughter,
Made by our bowmen.

"Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?
English of every sort,
High men and low men,
Fought that day wondrous well, as
All our old stories tell us,
Thanks to our bowmen.

"Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?
Either tale, or report,
Quickly will show men
What can be done by courage,
Men without food or forage,
Still lusty bowmen.

"Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?
Where such a fight was fought,
As, when they grow men,
Our boys shall imitate,
Nor need we long to waite;
They'll be good bowmen.

"Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?
Where our fifth Harry taught
Frenchmen to know men:
And when the day was done,
Thousands there fell to one
Good English bowman.

"Agincourt, Agincourt,
Huzza for Agincourt!
When that day is forgot
There will be no men.
It was a day of glory,
And till our heads are hoary
Praise we our bowmen.

"Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?
When our best hopes were nought,
Tenfold our foemen,
Harry led his men to battle,
Slue the French like sheep and cattle:
Huzza! our bowmen.

"Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?
O, it was noble sport!
Then did we owe men;
Men, who a victory won us
'Gainst any odds among us:
Such were our bowmen.

"Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?
Dear was the victory bought
By fifty yeomen.
Ask any English wench,
They were worth all the French:
Rare English bowmen[1]!"

Shakespeare, besides the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk, Sir Richard Ketly, and "Davy Gam, esquire," states the loss of the English at only five and twenty: Stowe (*Annales*, p. 572, edit. 1605) omits Gam, and makes our loss much greater.

[1] In the original it is "Rare English *women*," but probably a mistake for "bowmen," the printer having been misled by the word "wench" above. All the other stanzas end with "bowmen."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.
DUKE OF GLOSTER, } Brothers to the King.
DUKE OF BEDFORD, }
DUKE OF EXETER, Uncle to the King.
DUKE OF YORK, Cousin to the King.
EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. BISHOP OF ELY.
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE, } Conspirators.
LORD SCROOP, }
SIR THOMAS GREY, }
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS, JAMY, Officers in King Henry's Army.
BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, Soldiers.
PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.
BOY, Servant to them. An English Herald.
CHORUS.
CHARLES THE SIXTH, King of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.
The CONSTABLE of FRANCE.
RAMBURES, and GRANDPRE, French Lords.
MONTJOY, A French Herald.
Governor of Harfleur. Ambassadors to England.

ISABEL, Queen of France.
KATHARINE, Daughter of Charles and Isabel.
ALICE, a Lady attending on the Princess.
MRS. QUICKLY, a Hostess.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

The SCENE in England, and in France.

[1] Rowe first gave a list of the characters.

CHORUS.

Enter CHORUS [1], *as Prologue.*

O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirit that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O [2] the very casques,
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work [3].

[1] Enter Chorus,] The old stage-direction is "Enter Prologue," but it was the same "Chorus" as in a subsequent part of the play: near the end of the address the speaker calls himself "Chorus," and only professes to deliver the lines "Prologue-like," not absolutely as the Prologue. Consistently with this notion the direction in the corr. fo. 1632 is altered to "Enter Chorus, as Prologue," and thus we have given it.

[2] Within this wooden O] The Globe Theatre, on the Bankside, was circular within, and probably this historical drama was first acted there; but the company to which Shakespeare belonged also played in the winter at the Blackfriars Theatre, regarding the shape of which we have no information. See Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage, Vol. iii. p. 296. The Globe differed from the Fortune in Cripplegate, which was a square building. Ibid. Vol. iii. p. 302.

[3] On your IMAGINARY forces work.] An emendation is here introduced in the corr. fo. 1632, but a water-stain has so obliterated it, that it is not legible.

Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance [4]:
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning th' accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me chorus to this history;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

Johnson suggested *imaginative*, as more proper than "imaginary;" and in a line, nearer the end of this Prologue,

"And make imaginary puissance,"

the word is employed in its ordinary signification. We should be disposed to read *imaginative*, if the word had been employed by Shakespeare or his contemporaries: it is nevertheless as old as the time of Lord Berners. We must here suppose that our poet uses "imaginary" for *imaginative*.

[4] And make imaginary puissance:] A chorus of a similar kind precedes the anonymous play of "The Famous History of Thomas Stukely," printed in 1605, but acted some years before. The speaker of the chorus there says, in accordance with Shakespeare,

"Your gentle favour we must needs entreat
For rude presenting such a royal fight;
Which more imagination must supply
Than all our utmost strength can reach unto."

KING HENRY V.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. An Ante-chamber in the KING's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, *and Bishop of* ELY.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you, that self bill is urg'd,
Which in th' eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scambling and unquiet time [1]
Did push it out of farther question.
Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?
Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession [2];
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us; being valued thus,—
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houses, right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside,

[1] But that the SCAMBLING and unquiet time] "Scambling" is a word which occurs again in this play, and has before been employed in "Much Ado About Nothing," Vol. ii. p. 259. It was in frequent use among our old authors, and is what has since been changed to *scrambling*, though they also had it in that form.

[2] — of our possession;] So all the old copies; but the corr. fo. 1632, perhaps unnecessarily, alters "possession" to *possessions*. We may suppose that the recitation by the actor of the part of the Archbishop (Chicheley, who had been translated from St. David's in 1414) was in the plural.

A thousand pounds by the year. Thus runs the bill.
Ely. This would drink deep.
Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.
Ely. But what prevention?
Cant. The king is full of grace, and fair regard.
Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.
Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd th' offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
T' envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady current scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.
Ely. We are blessed in the change.
Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say, it hath been all-in-all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences;
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric:
Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain;
His companies unletter'd[3], rude, and shallow;

[3] His COMPANIES unletter'd,] In "Midsummer Night's Dream," A. i. sc. 1 (Vol. ii. p. 194), we have had, as here, "companies" for *companions;* although there in the old impressions it is misprinted *companions*, "companies" being required for the rhyme.

His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd,
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent,
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,
Than cherishing th' exhibiters against us;
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
Upon our spiritual convocation,
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France,—to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save, that there was not time enough to hear
(As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done)
The severals, and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great grandfather.

Ely. What was th' impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant
Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come,
To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy,
Which I could with a ready guess declare,

Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.
Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. A Room of State in the Same.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and Attendants.*

K. Hen. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?
Exe. Not here in presence.
K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.
West. Shall we call in th' ambassador, my liege[4]?
K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, *and Bishop of* ELY.

Cant. God, and his angels, guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!
K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul,
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know, how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation[5]
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore, take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war:

[4] Shall WE call in th' ambassador, my liege?] At this point the play, according to the 4tos. of 1600, 1602, and 1608, begins, but they all assign the line to Exeter, and give it thus:

"Shall I call in th' ambassadors, my liege?"

[5] Shall drop their blood in APPROBATION] *i. e.* In *probation* or *proof*. See "The Merchant of Venice," A. i. sc. 2. Vol. ii. p. 274.

We charge you in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms did contend,
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord,
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd,
As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,
That owe yourselves, your lives, and services,
To this imperial throne.—There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France,
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—
In terram Salicam mulieres nè succedant,
"No woman shall succeed in Salique land."
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze[6]
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law, and female bar:
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Where Charles the great[7], having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law,—to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land:
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear, the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of king Pharamond,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six, and Charles the great

[6] — unjustly GLOZE,] *i. e. Explain*, sometimes *flatter*. See this Vol. p. 240.

[7] Where Charles the GREAT,] In the 4to. editions it stands, "Where Charles the *fift*." This passage, down to the line, "Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen," is struck out in the corr. fo. 1632.

Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also,—who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorain, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the great,—
To fine his title [8] with some shows of truth,
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himself [9] as th' heir to the lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the great. Also king Lewis the tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorain:
By the which marriage the line of Charles the great
Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,

[8] To FINE his title] The folio, 1623, alters "fine" of the 4tos. to *find*, which the old corrector of the fo. 1632 changes to *found*, as if the title were to be founded on some shows of truth. We prefer the oldest text, but at the same time think that the poet's word was neither "fine," *find*, nor *found*, but *line*, and that the compositor misread, misheard, or misprinted *line*, "fine." "To *line* his title" would mean to strengthen it, as in "Macbeth," A. i. sc. 3,

> ——— "whether he was combin'd
> With those of Norway, or did *line* the rebel
> With hidden help and vantage."

Again, in "Henry IV., Pt. I.," A. ii. sc. 3, this Vol. p. 351,

> "I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
> About his title; and hath sent for you
> To *line* his enterprize."

These two instances of the use of *line*, in my opinion, so strongly support the emendation I would make, that I am almost disposed to place it in the text. The whole of this genealogical deduction is struck out in the corr. fo. 1632.

[9] CONVEY'D himself] As Malone states, this use of the word "convey" Shakespeare found in his ordinary authority, Holinshed. It means passed himself off as the heir to the lady Lingare, when he was not entitled to be so considered: it is one of the frequent instances in which "convey" is employed in a fraudulent sense; but Shakespeare oftener uses it as we still employ it.

King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female.
So do the kings of France unto this day,
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,
To bar your highness claiming from the female;
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Than amply to imbare their crooked titles [1]
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign;
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter [2]. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back into your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great uncle's, Edward the black prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill [3]
Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.
O noble English! that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France,
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action [4].

[1] Than amply to IMBARE their crooked titles] With reference to the word "imbare," it is necessary to state the old readings. The 4tos. of 1600 and 1602 read *imbace*, and have *causes* for "titles:" the 4to, 1608, alters the word to *embrace*. These are no doubt wrong, and the folio, 1623, substitutes *imbarre*. The true reading seems that of Malone, supported by Steevens and M. Mason, "imbare," in the sense of *expose*, *lay bare*, or *lay open*. The printer of the first 4to. inserted by mistake, a *c* for an *r*, and subsequent compositors not knowing how to correct the error, the corruption of the text was only varied. The word is amended to "imbare" in the corr. fo. 1632, which, we think, under the circumstances must be decisive.

[2] Descend unto the daughter.] The Archbishop refers to Numbers, ch. xxvii. v. 8: "If a man die, and have no son, then ye shall cause his inheritance to pass unto his daughter."

[3] Whiles his most mighty father on a hill] See A. ii. sc. 4, p. 571, of this Vol., where a similar description of Edward III. surveying the battle of Cressy is given with a remarkable misprint.

[4] — and cold for action.] *i. e.* Cold for want of action,—cold because they were out of action.

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats.
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprizes.

Exe. Your brother kings, and monarchs of the earth,
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know, your grace hath cause, and means, and might;
So hath your highness[5]:—never king of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O! let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your right:
In aid whereof, we of the spiritualty
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm t' invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot; who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers[6].

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us[7]:

[5] So hath your highness, &c.] Perhaps, says Coleridge, (Lit. Remains, vol. ii. p. 183,) these lines ought to be recited dramatically thus:—

"They know your grace hath cause, and means, and might:—
So *hath* your highness—never king of England
Had nobles, richer," &c.

Westmoreland breaks off from the grammar and natural order by his earnestness, and in order to give the meaning more passionately. Malone would poorly understand Westmoreland to confirm the opinion of Henry's "brother kings," as to his powers and resources—"So hath your highness."

[6] Our inland from the pilfering borderers.] See our Introduction, where this passage is adduced to show that the 4to. impressions were made from short-hand notes, taken in the theatre during the representation of "Henry V."

[7] — a GIDDY neighbour to us:] The corr. fo. 1632 alters "giddy" to *greedy*,

For you shall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force;
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook, and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege;
For hear her but exampled by herself:
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a stray,
The king of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill king Edward's train with prisoner kings,
And make their chronicle [8] as rich with praise,
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.

West. But there's a saying, very old and true,—
"If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin [9]:"
For once the eagle, England, being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel, Scot,
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat [10].

but needlessly, if "giddy" be taken in the sense of uncertain, unsteady: still, *greedy* may have been misheard "giddy," or the word may have been mistaken by the old annotator.

[8] And make THEIR chronicle, &c.] The folio, 1623, has "their," the 4to. *your*: "*their* chronicle" is the chronicle of that time. In the preceding line "train" is from the corr. fo. 1632 instead of *fame*, the true word having been evidently misheard or misprinted.

[9] Then with Scotland first begin:] This "saying, very old and true," is in Hall's and Holinshed's Chronicles, and is also quoted in the old anonymous play of "The Famous Victories of Henry V."

[10] To TEAR and havoc more than she can eat.] The folio reads, "To *tame* and havoc:" the 4tos. have *spoil*. Theobald substitutes *taint*, but it is very evident that it is a mere misprint of *tame* for "tear," which was of old spelt with a final *e*. Mr. Singer adopts "tear" from our first edition, and might have acknowledged it without any very heavy burden of obligation. Malone preferred *spoil*—at all events an authorised lection.

Exe. It follows then, the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity[1],
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th' advised head defends itself at home:
For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing[2] in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order[3] to a peopled kingdom:
They have a king, and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale

[1] Yet that is but a CRUSH'D necessity,] We agree with Mr. Singer that "crush'd," the reading of the folio, 1623, ought here to be preferred to *curst* of the 4tos: "crush'd necessity" is to be taken in the sense of *compelled* necessity —a necessity *forced* upon England. So in "Twelfth-Night," A. ii. sc. 5 (Vol. ii. p. 680), Malvolio says, "and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me," *i. e.* to *compel* or *strain* it a little.

[2] Congreeing] *i. e.* Agreeing together, an unusual but expressive word. The 4tos. have *congrueth*. Pope substituted *congruing*, but the change seems much for the worse.

[3] The ACT of order] So the folios, and so the 4tos, and on this account we do not amend it to "*art* of order," as in corr. fo. 1632, although "act" is still, very possibly, a misprint. In the next line, we prefer "officers of sorts" to "officers of *state*," to which it is changed in the same authority: "officers of sorts" means officers of various kinds and degrees.

The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
That many things, having full reference
To one concent, may work contrariously;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town[4];
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose[5], and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore, to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried, and our nation lose
The name of hardiness, and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Now are we well resolv'd: and, by God's help,
And your's, the noble sinews of our power,
France being our's, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: or there we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery
O'er France, and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
Either our history shall, with full mouth,
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph[6].

[4] Come to one mark; as many ways MEET in one town;] This line alone, among many regular lines, is irregular, and the corr. fo. 1632 would plausibly read,

"Come to one mark; as many ways *unite;*
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;"

but we do not feel warranted in making so decided a change, by no means required for intelligibility, although convenient for the verse. The proposed alteration also avoids the repetition of "meet," but this may have been intended.

[5] END in one PURPOSE,] The folio has *And;* precisely the same error as that made in "All's Well that Ends Well," Vol. ii. p. 573, where "*And* ere I do begin" is misprinted for "*End* ere I do begin." The 4tos. have "*End* in one *moment.*" "End" is of course right, but *moment* seems to have been a mere guess. In the next line the 4to. has *defect* for "defeat," an evident misprint, but still one which gives a clear meaning.

[6] — with a WAXEN epitaph.] The sense is clear—an epitaph as little permanent as if it were wax; but the 4tos. have "*paper* epitaph."

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for, we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

Amb. May 't please your majesty, to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off,
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king,
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons;
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness,
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

Amb. Thus then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, king Edward the third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says, that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd, there's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won:
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure[7]; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us.
His present, and your pains, we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chases[8]. And we understand him well,

[7] This tun of treasure;] The "tun" was formerly made obvious to the audience, and was introduced, as a theatrical property, with the ambassadors. "Showing it" is here inserted in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632, and "opening it," just afterwards, opposite Exeter's information, "Tennis-balls, my liege." In the old play "The Famous Victories," &c., the present consists of "a gilded tun of tennis-balls and a carpet."

[8] With CHASES.] A "chase" at tennis is the duration of a contest between

How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor seat of England,
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous licence; as 'tis ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state,
Be like a king, and show my soul of greatness[9],
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For here I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working days,
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince, this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down,
And some are yet ungotten, and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.—
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition;

the players, in which the strife on each side is to keep up the ball, which is, as it were, *chased* between them. The other terms in the text belonging to the game are sufficiently intelligible.

[9] — and show my SOUL of greatness,] "*Sail* of greatness" in all the early impressions, and in every modern edition, but an indisputable and an easy misprint for "soul," which is the word substituted in the corr. fo. 1632: two lines below it tells us to read "here" for *that*, and with obvious propriety, because "here" is put in opposition to "there" in the next line but one.

For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon,
That may with seasonable swiftness [1] add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now strive the armourers [2], and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries:
For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy

[1] That may with SEASONABLE swiftness] So the corr. fo. 1632, for "*reasonable* swiftness" of the old copies. There can be no hesitation in adopting this trifling but important emendation (trifling as regards the mere change of a letter, but important in reference to the intentions of the King), and Mr. Singer was unable to resist it—especially as he finds it singularly fortified by the very same alteration in his folio, 1632. Nobody ever hinted at this emendation before it made its appearance in "Notes and Emendations," p. 256.

[2] Now STRIVE the armourers,] "Now *thrive* the armourers" has hitherto been the universal text, and doubtless the armourers did *thrive* in this time of bustling preparation; but their pecuniary gain was not at all in the mind of the poet, but their patriotic eagerness, from "honour's thought," to make all ready for the expedition. For this reason we may be sure that the emendation in the corr. fo. 1632, "strive" for *thrive*, was what Shakespeare wrote. How one word might be mistaken for another requires no enforcement.

Seek to divert the English purposes.—
O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns, and three corrupted men,
One, Richard earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry lord Scroop of Marsham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland,
Have, for the gilt of France, (O guilt, indeed!)
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France:
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.—
Linger your patience on; and well digest
Th' abuse of distance, and so force a play[3].
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton.
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit,
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But till the king come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene[4]. [*Exit.*

[3] Th' abuse of distance, AND SO force a play.] The old reading is this:—
"Th' abuse of distance: force a play;"
the line being clearly defective. Pope inserted *while we* before "force a play," which has been commonly followed; but the old annotator on the folio, 1632, who in this part of the drama has given us such irresistible emendations, informs us that the missing words were "and so," and these we have placed in our text. It is the only irregular or defective line in the whole Chorus, and was assuredly not left so by the poet.

[4] But till the king come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.] The meaning is clear, though obscurely expressed: the scene is not to be changed to Southampton until the King makes his appearance. No alteration is necessary, though various new readings have been recommended by Sir T. Hanmer, Edwards, Heath, and Malone. The corr. fo. 1632 offers no emendation here.

SCENE I.

London. Eastcheap.

Enter NYM *and* BARDOLPH.

Bard. Well met, corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smites[5];—but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will; and there's an end[6].

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends, and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good corporal Nym.

Nym. 'Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest; that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly; and, certainly, she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare[7], yet she will plod: there must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL *and Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Bard. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife.—Good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host Pistol?

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host?

[5] — there shall be SMITES;] *i. e. Blows*, in revenge for former injury: our text, "smites" for *smiles*, is furnished by the corr. fo. 1632, and had been conjectured by Farmer. A "smite" for a *blow* is still provincial.

[6] — and there's AN END.] So the folio: the 4tos, "and there's *the humour of it*," which was certainly a favourite phrase with Corporal Nym.

[7] — a tired MARE,] The folio reads *name;* the 4tos, "mare."

Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [NYM *draws his sword.*] O well-a-day, lady! if he be not hewn now [8]!—we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed. Good lieutenant—good corporal, offer nothing here [9].

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-eared cur of Iceland!

Quick. Good corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus.*
[*Sheathing his sword.*

Pist. Solus, egregious dog? O viper vile!
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy [1];
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels:
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason [2]; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I

[8] — if he be not HEWN now!] The Rev. Mr. Dyce prefers *drawn* to "hewn," and thinks it necessary to adduce several passages to show that *drawn* means the drawing of a sword. All we can say is, that *drawn* would do very well, if it were in any old copy: "hewn" is in the folio, 1623, and of course means that Mrs. Quickly fears that her husband will be "hewn" down, and thereby "wilful adultery and murder committed." Why are we to change a word which probably was Shakespeare's, for another word which probably was not Shakespeare's, for which there is no authority, and which is not at all required?

[9] — offer nothing here.] We willingly yield to the suggestion, that the words from "Good lieutenant" to the end of the speech belong to Mrs. Quickly. We admit the soundness of the Rev. Mr. Dyce's reasons for the change.

[1] — yea, in thy maw, PERDY;] "Perdy" is a corruption of *par dieu,* often occurring in early writers. It seems to have been going out of use in Shakespeare's time, but is affectedly given to Pistol, in imitation of a style of drama preceding that of our great poet.

[2] I am not BARBASON;] "Barbason" was the name of a fiend or demon, whom Nym pretends to suppose Pistol intended to conjure by his absurd phraseology. "Barbason" is mentioned as a devil's name, "a devil's addition," in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," A. ii. sc. 2.

may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggart vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale. [PISTOL *and* NYM *draw.*

Bard. Hear me; hear me what I say:—he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier.
[*Draws.*

Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall [3]. [*They sheathe their swords.*

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

Pist. *Coupe le gorge*, that's the word?—I defy thee again.
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No; to the spital go,
And from the powdering tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind [4],
Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly
For the only she; and—*pauca*, there's enough [5].

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and your hostess.—He is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming pan: 'faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the king has killed his heart.—Good husband, come home presently. [*Exeunt Mrs.* QUICKLY *and Boy.*

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together: why, the devil, should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

[3] Thy spirits are most TALL.] *i. e.* Courageous or valiant. See Vol. ii. p. 645, and various other places which it is superfluous here to point out. After this speech, the corr. fo. 1632 adds the stage-direction we have inserted.

[4] — the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,] "Kites of Cressid's kind" are mentioned in the same sense by Gascoigne and by Greene.

[5] — *pauca*, there's enough.] The folio adds, "to go to," but it seems merely surplusage. Possibly we ought to read "*so*, go to."

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound. Push home. [*Draws.*

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings, I won of you at betting[6]?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me.
Is not this just? for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue. [*Sheathing his sword.*
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well then, that's the humour of it.

[*They shake hands*[7].

Re-enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. As ever you come of women, come in quickly to sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted, and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king; but it must be as it may: he passes some humours, and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight, for lambkins we will live.

[*Exeunt.*

[6] I shall have my eight shillings, I won of you at betting?] This repetition, which seems necessary to the continuity of the dialogue, is from the 4to: the folio omits it, perhaps accidentally.

[7] They shake hands.] This and the preceding stage-directions, with a few other immaterial notes of the same kind, are from the corr. fo. 1632. They show the practice on the stage in the time of the old annotator.

SCENE II.

Southampton. A Council-Chamber.

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold to trust these traitors.
Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.
West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves,
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.
Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.
Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow[8],
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours;
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery[9]!

Trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, *Lords, and Attendants.*

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of Marsham,—
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution, and the act,
For which we have in head assembled them?
Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.
K. Hen. I doubt not that: since we are well persuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,

[8] Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,] Meaning Scroop, as appears by the play of "The First Part of Sir John Oldcastle" (imputed formerly to Shakespeare), A. v. sc. 1, where Scroop says "I am his bedfellow," &c. Steevens referred to the following apposite passage from Holinshed, Shakespeare's usual authority:—"The said Lord Scroop was in such favour with the king, that he admitted him sometime to be his bedfellow." The commentators collected many examples to prove that it was usual for men to speak of other men as their "bedfellows," when they wished to show their extreme intimacy.

[9] His sovereign's life to death and treachery!] After this line the 4to, 1600, and the two subsequent editions in the same form, add "O the good lord Marsham," but the general variations are too worthless and minute to be regularly noticed. The folio is the only authentic original of this play.

That grows not in a fair consent with our's;
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,
Than is your majesty: there's not, I think, a subject[1],
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True: those that were your father's enemies,
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And, on our more advice[2], we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example
Breed by his sufferance more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O! let us yet be merciful[3].

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir, you show great mercy, if you give him life
After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas! your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye,
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,

[1] — there's not, I THINK, a subject,] The old annotator on the folio, 1632, erases "I think," possibly because it lengthens the line to twelve syllables. We retain the words, not considering that reason alone sufficient.

[2] And, on OUR more advice,] It is "*his* more advice" in the folio, 1623, but the man was not pardoned on his own "more advice," but on the "more advice" of the King who had committed him yesterday: *his* is therefore amended to "our" in the corr. fo. 1632.

[3] O! let us yet be merciful.] We hesitate to add *my lord* at the end of this speech; but it is found in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632. The line seems more emphatic without this conclusion, although the measure is left incomplete.

Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care,
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes:
Who are the state commissioners[4]?

Cam. I one, my lord:
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there is your's;—
There your's, lord Scroop of Marsham:—and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is your's:—
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.—
[*They read and start*[5].
My lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen!
What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion?—look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault,
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you[6].—
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge here,
You know, how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents[7]

[4] Who are the STATE commissioners?] So the corr. fo. 1632 instead of "*late* commissioners:" Henry refers to the commissioners who were to have charge of the state during his absence: "*late* commissioners" could hardly mean lately appointed commissioners, but commissioners whose duties had expired. "State" must have been misheard *late*.

[5] They read and start.] This is the significant stage-direction in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632.

[6] — worrying YOU.] The 4tos. have *them* for "you;" but that of the folio seems the better reading.

[7] To furnish HIM with all appertinents] "Him" is omitted in the folio, 1623.

Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which,
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn.—But O!
What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use.
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause [8],
That admiration did not whoop at them:
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason, and on murder:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence,
And other devils, that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms, being fetch'd
From glistering semblances of piety:
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions—I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?

[8] — in a natural CAUSE,] The corr. fo. 1632 has "natural *course*" for "natural cause," but as the latter is by no means certain to be wrong, we leave "cause" in the text, noting only that it has been doubted.

Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet;
Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger;
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
Such, and so finely bolted, didst thou seem;
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man, and best indued[9],
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee,
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man[1].—Their faults are open:
Arrest them to the answer of the law,
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry lord[2] Scroop, of Marsham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd,
And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me,—the gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in sufferance[3] heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,

[9] To MARK the full-fraught man, and best indued,] The folios read *make* for "mark," which was Theobald's amendment.

[1] Another fall of man.] Of this hemistich, and of the thirty-seven preceding lines, there is no trace in the 4tos, which afford but a bare and miserable skeleton of the whole scene.

[2] — HENRY lord, &c.] Thus the 4to. The folio, erroneously, *Thomas*.

[3] Which *I* in sufferance] The folio, 1623, omits "I," but it was added in the folio, 1632.

Prevented from a damned enterprize.
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.
K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.
You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought[4], that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death;
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences.—Bear them hence[5].
[*Exeunt Conspirators, guarded.*
Now, lords, for France; the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings: we doubt not now,
But every rub is smoothed on our way.
Then, forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France. [*Exeunt.*

[4] Whose ruin you HAVE sought,] "Have" we take from the 4to. impressions, and it is required by the measure. Malone, without any authority from the 4tos. or folios, printed "Whose ruin you *three* sought."

[5] Bear them hence.] The old play of "The First Part of Sir John Oldcastle," imputed to Shakespeare, and printed in 1600, but really by Munday, Drayton, Wilson, and Hatheway (see Henslowe's Diary, pp. 153. 162. 166), contains a wretchedly poor imitation of this scene, which is dismissed in a couple of pages, A. v. sc. 1. The King there becomes acquainted with the treachery of the three conspirators by listening behind a door. The wonder is that four men of talent could write so badly with such a noble example before them,—if, indeed, they wrote after Shakespeare's "Henry V." had been brought out. We cannot but believe that the printed copy of "Sir John Oldcastle" gives a most abbreviated and imperfect representation of what was originally written and performed.

SCENE III.

London. Mrs. Quickly's House in Eastcheap.

Enter Pistol, *Mrs.* Quickly, Nym, Bardolph, *and Boy.*

Quick. Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.—
Bardolph, be blithe; Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. 'Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven, or in hell.

Quick. Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a fine end[6], and went away, an it had been any christom child; 'a parted ev'n just between twelve and one, ev'n at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his finger's end, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields[7]. How now, sir John? quoth I: what man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him, a' should not think of God; I hoped, there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So, 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his

[6] 'A made a FINE end,] The folio, 1623, has "'A made a *finer* end," but the comparative degree was evidently a mistake by the printer. Johnson was of opinion that "*finer* end" was Mrs. Quickly's blunder for *final* end; but Monck Mason, much more plausibly, argues that we ought to read "*fine* end." The 4tos, which print this and many other prose passages as verse, afford us no light.

[7] — his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a BABBLED of green FIELDS.] This was Theobald's emendation of the text of the folio, "and *a table of green fields.*" The change has been so universally admitted and approved, that we cannot displace it, even by the MS. correction in the folio, 1632, where we read, "his nose was as sharp as a pen *on* a table of green *frieze.*" Mr. Singer refers to an alteration by a Mr. Smith—"a table of green *fells*," and says that the corrector of the second folio "adopts the suggestion;" which assertion could not be true, even if Mr. Singer (who here, and elsewhere, sometimes wrongs himself) were able to establish that *frieze* and *fells* are the same word. We believe the emendation of the folio, 1632, to have been the language of Shakespeare.

knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack.

Quick. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils incarnate.

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never liked.

Boy. 'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic [8], and talked of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hell?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels, and my moveables.
Let senses rule; the word is "pitch and pay [9];" trust none;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:
Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France: like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.

Quick. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

[8] — but then he was RHEUMATIC,] Malone thought that Mrs. Quickly meant *lunatic*; but this is doubtful, as the accent on the two words is different, especially among the lower orders. In "Henry IV., Part II.," A. ii. sc. 4, p. 461, Mrs. Quickly says of Falstaff and Doll, "you are as rheumatic as two dry toasts," and there she does not mean *lunatic*, but testy and touchy.

[9] — the WORD is, "pitch and pay;"] *i. e.* Pay on pitching down what is to be paid for. The expression is proverbial; but the folios all have *world* for "word," which is found among the fragments of this scene in the 4tos. The letter *l* in *world* is erased in the corr. fo. 1632, and there could be no doubt about it.

SCENE IV.

France. A Room in the French King's Palace.

Flourish. Enter the French King, attended; the Dauphin, the Duke of BURGUNDY, *the Constable, and others.*

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us,
And more than carefully it us concerns,
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you, prince Dauphin, with all swift despatch,
To line, and new repair, our towns of war
With men of courage, and with means defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As waters to the sucking of a gulph.
It fits us, then, to be as provident
As fear may teach us out of late examples,
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question)
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more, than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris dance:
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king.
Question your grace the late ambassadors,

With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and, withal,
How terrible in constant resolution,
And you shall find, his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable;
But though we think it so, it is no matter.
In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we king Harry strong;
And, princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us,
And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too much memorable shame,
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales;
Whiles that his mighty sire,—on mountain standing [10],
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—
Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him,
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God, and by French fathers,
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

[10] Whiles that his MIGHTY sire,—on mountain standing,] The text of the folio, 1623 (there is no trace of the speech in the 4tos.), is "Whiles that his *mountain* sire," which, if not nonsense, is hardly to be distinguished from it. The corr. fo. 1632 alters "*mountain* sire" to "mighty sire;" and there can be little doubt that the printer, by mistake, composed *mountain*, which occurs later in the same line, for "mighty," the true epithet. In A. i. sc. 2 of this very play (p. 549) we have seen Edward III. (who was any thing but a man-mountain) termed the "mighty father" of the Black Prince, and the word is repeated here. We are far from wishing to displace the old text, where it can properly be preserved.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry, King of England,
Do crave admittance to your majesty.
Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them.— [*Exeunt Mess. and certain Lords.*
You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.
Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER *and Train.*

Fr. King. From our brother of England?
Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long
To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,
By custom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,
'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line, [*Giving a pedigree.*
In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook this pedigree,
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him, the native and true challenger.
Fr. King. Or else what follows?
Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore, in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove,

That, if requiring fail, he will compel:
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans [1],
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this farther:
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother of England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorn, and defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king: and, if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance [2].

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe:
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,

[1] — the PINING maidens' groans,] The folio reads *privy*, and the 4tos. "pining." It was very easy to misprint the one for the other, especially when we recollect that *v* was then written *u*. The 4tos. are not by any means useless as exponents in particular passages, though valueless as continuous representatives of the text of our poet.

[2] In second accent of his ORDINANCE.] So spelt in the original, and the orthography is necessarily preserved on account of the verse. In the next page but one, in the line "Behold the ordnance on their carriages," it is only wanted as a dissyllable, but it is nevertheless spelt as a trisyllable in the folio.

As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters now. Now he weighs time,
Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Exe. Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay,
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon despatch'd with fair conditions.
A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose, that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier[3]
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning[4]:
Play with your fancies, and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden sails,
Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind[5],
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge. O! do but think,
You stand upon the rivage[6], and behold

[3] — at HAMPTON pier] "At *Dover* pier," in all the folios.

[4] — Phœbus FANNING:] The folio, *fayning*. Corrected by Rowe, and shown to be right by a similar emendation in the corr. fo. 1632.

[5] BORNE with th' invisible and creeping wind,] It is "*blown* with th' invisible," &c. in the corr. fo. 1632, a word which may appear, on some accounts, more proper; but as "borne" gives a clear sense, we here, as on various other occasions, feel that we are not warranted in making the change.

[6] — rivage,] The *bank* or *shore*. Fr. *Rivage*. The word is used by Chaucer, Gower, and Spenser, but it does not elsewhere occur in Shakespeare.

A city on th' inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy;
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance:
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege:
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose, th' ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
[*Alarum; and chambers go off*[7].
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

France. Before Harfleur.

Alarums. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, *and Soldiers with scaling ladders.*

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more[8];
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness, and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:

[7] — CHAMBERS go off.] "Chambers" were small pieces of ordnance. See "Henry IV., Part II.," A. ii. sc. 4, p. 461. They seem to have been used in theatres, and the Globe was burnt by a discharge of them in 1613.

[8] Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;] No fragment of this speech is to be found in the 4to. editions.

Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood[9],
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height!—On, on, you noblest English[1]!
Whose blood is fet[2] from fathers of war-proof,
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers: now attest,
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood[3],
And teach them how to war.—And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture: let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not,
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand, like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start[4]. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!

[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*

[9] — SUMMON up the blood,] Old copy, *commune*, &c. Corrected by Rowe, and again found in the corr. fo. 1632: the emendation is self-evident.

[1] On, on, you NOBLEST English!] So the folio, 1632: the folio, 1623, has "you *noblish* English," the compositor having carelessly confounded the two terminations.

[2] Whose blood is FET] This form of the participle is very common in the writers of Shakespeare's time. Pope needlessly altered it to *fetch'd*.

[3] Be copy now to MEN of grosser blood,] All the old editions have "Be copy now to *me*," one folio has followed the blunder of the other, the letter *n* having accidentally dropped out in the folio, 1623: it is added in MS. in the corr. fo. 1632—so minute was the old annotator.

[4] STRAINING upon the start.] "*Straying* upon the start" in the old copies—"*straying* upon the start" in the corr. fo. 1632; and such indeed has necessarily been the ordinary text.

SCENE II.

The Same.

Forces pass over; then enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *and Boy.*

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks are too hot; and for mine own part, I have not a case of lives[5]: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just, for humours do abound;
Knocks go and come
To all and some,
God's vassals feel the same;
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Do win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

Pist. And I:
If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I now.

Boy. And as duly,
But not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough[6].

[5] — I have not a CASE of lives:] Meaning, "I have not *two* lives:" a *case* of poignards meant a couple of poignards; and in a passage referred to by Whalley, Ben Jonson speaks of two masks as "a *case* of masks."

[6] As bird doth sing on bough.] This is the manner in which this scrap of some old current ballad is given in the corr. fo. 1632: we subjoin the way in which it appears in the folio, 1623, leaving the reader to judge between the two:—

"*Pist.* The plaine-Song is most just: for humors doe abound: Knocks goe and come: Gods Vassals drop and dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne immortall fame.

"*Boy.* Would I were in an Alehouse in London, I would give all my fame for a Pot of Ale and safetie.

"*Pist.* And I: If wishes would prevayle with me, my purpose should not fayle with me; but thither would I high.

"*Boy.* As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth sing on bough."

Here all is given as prose, and it is quite certain that something must be wrong: the question is, whether the old corrector has furnished what is right? and the still more imperfect fragments in the 4tos. seem to show that "dye" and "hie" (so there spelt) were meant to rhyme.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Up to the preach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions! [*Driving them forward.*

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould!
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage;
Abate thy rage, great duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours!—your honour wins bad humours. [*Exeunt* NYM, PISTOL, *and* BARDOLPH, *followed by* FLUELLEN.

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered, and red-faced; by the means whereof, 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men, and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward; but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds, for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase[7]. Bardolph stole a lute case; bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals[8]. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine, for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Exit Boy.*

[7] They will steal any thing, and call it PURCHASE.] "Purchase," in the language of thieves, was booty obtained by robbery or fraud. See "Henry IV., Pt. I.," A. ii. sc. 1, p. 345 of this Volume.

[8] — the men would CARRY COALS.] Innumerable passages might be produced from our old authors, from Skelton (as cited by Steevens, for we have not been able to find the quotation) downwards, to show that "carrying coals" was synonymous with what the boy calls "pocketing up of wrongs:" it is so used by Shakespeare in "Romeo and Juliet," A. i. sc. 1.

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER *following.*

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines: the duke of Gloster would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines? tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war: the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you) is digget himself four yards under the countermines[9]. By Cheshu, I think, 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world. I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS *and* JAMY, *at a distance.*

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say, gude day, captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, goot captain James.

Gower. How now, captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish la, tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I

[9] — is DIGGET himself four yards under the countermines.] So the 4to, where "digged" is spelt *digd*; but because in the folio, 1623, it is properly spelt *digt*, in order to give Fluellen's Welsh pronunciation, some modern editors have fancied that the word ought to be printed *dight*. There is no such word as *dight* in the sense of "digged," for *dight* means prepared, apparelled. In the 4to. the depth is stated at "*five* yards under the countermines."

would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O! tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now, will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the wars [1], the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline: that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be very gude, gude feith, gude captains bath: and I sall quit you [2] with gude leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me. The day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet calls us to the breach, and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all; so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

Jamy. By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gude service, or aile lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sal I surely do, that is the brief and the long. Marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation? ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure, I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both in

[1] — the disciplines of the WARS,] "Wars" is in the singular in the old copies, but wrongly: Fluellen has previously spoken of the true disciplines of the "wars," and he should do the same here, according to the corr. fo. 1632 and the custom of the time, for war was then usually spoken of as "wars." Besides, we have the mention of "the Roman *wars*" the next moment. All modern editors print "disciplines of the *war*."

[2] — I sall QUIT you] *i. e.* I shall *requite* you. "Quit" and "quite" are often used for *requite*; and "quit" sometimes means *acquit*, as in a subsequent scene (p. 586), where the King of France says "*quit* you of great shames."

the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Au! that's a foul fault. [*A parley sounded.*

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of wars; and there is an end.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. Before the Gates of Harfleur.

The Governor and some Citizens on the Walls; the English Forces below. Enter King HENRY *and his Train.*

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves,
Or, like to men proud of destruction,
Defy us to our worst; for, as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur,
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Arrayed in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?

We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon th' enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send precepts to the Leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town, and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of deadly murder[3], spoil, and villainy.
If not, why, in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks[4] of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end.
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates; dispose of us, and our's,
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates!—Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain, [*Gates opened*[5].
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.

[3] Of DEADLY murder,] The folio, 1623, reads "*headly* murder," which must be wrong, and the folio, 1632, alters it to "*heady* murder," which may be right; but still it seems much more probable that "deadly," as applied to murder, should have been misprinted *headly*, than that the poet should here have used the epithet *heady*. After all, is it not possible, that the original word was *heedless*, in reference to the reckless character of the threatened slaughter?

[4] DEFILE the locks] The folio, 1623, and all the subsequent impressions in that form, read "*Desire* the locks," an obvious misprint, which Pope corrected, and which is set right in the same way in the corr. fo. 1632.

[5] Gates opened.] Such is the stage-direction in the corr. fo. 1632, showing that the gates of the town were thrown open before the eyes of the audience.

To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we addrest.

[*Flourish. The King, &c. enter the Town.*

SCENE IV.

Rouen. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KATHARINE *and* ALICE.

Kath. Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage[6].

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseigniez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appellez vous la main, en Anglois?

Alice. La main? elle est appellée, de hand.

Kath. De hand. *Et les doigts?*

Alice. Les doigts? may foy, je oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts? je pense, qu'ils sont appellé de fingres; *ouy,* de fingres.

Kath. La main, de hand; *les doigts,* de fingres. *Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier: j'ay gagné deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appellez vous les ongles?*

Alice. Les ongles? les appellons, de nails.

Kath. De nails. *Escoutez; dites moy, si je parle bien:* de hand, de fingres, de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, *madame.*

Kath. Et le coude.

[6] — *et tu parles bien le langage.*] Gildon very reasonably asked why the Princess and Alice should be made to speak French, when other French characters talk English? and Farmer supposed that these French scenes came from "a different hand." Of this we have not the slightest evidence; but it was certainly opposed to the ordinary practice of the stage to make foreign characters speak a foreign language, though not unusual to represent them using broken English. Such is the case in the old "Famous Victories of Henry V." where, towards the close, the French soldiers throw dice for the English and their "brave apparel." We have printed the old French nearly as it stands in the folio, 1623, with a few changes made by Theobald in the persons of the speakers, as the prefixes in the original copies are confused. The whole interview is struck out in the corr. fo. 1632, and most likely it was not acted in the time of the old annotator.

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. *Je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris dès à present.*

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez moy, Alice; escoutez: de hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, *madame.*

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie; de elbow. *Comment appellez vous le col?*

Alice. De nick, *madame.*

Kath. De nick: *Et le menton?*

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. *Le col,* de nick: *le menton,* de sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur; en verité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas deja oublié ce que je vous ay enseignée?

Kath. Non, je reciteray à vous promptement. De hand, de fingre, de mails,—

Alice. De nails, *madame.*

Kath. De nails, de arme, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf vostre honneur, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis je; de elbow, de nick, *et* de sin: *Comment appellez vous le pied et la robe?*

Alice. De foot, *madame; et* de con.

Kath. De foot, *et* de con? *O Seigneur Dieu! ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user. Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Il faut* de foot, *et* de con, *neant-moins. Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble:* de hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de con.

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois: allons nous a disner[7].

[*Exeunt.*

[7] — *allons nous a disner.*] Several passages in French are introduced into the Chester Series of Miracle-plays, but they do not appear to have been spoken by any of the characters. The earliest instance we can call to mind of the use of broken English on our stage is in the Miracle-play of "The blessed Sacrament," which exists in a manuscript, of not later date than the reign of Edward IV., belonging to Trinity College, Dublin.

SCENE V.

The Same. Another Room in the Same.

Enter the French King, the Dauphin, Duke of BOURBON, *the Constable of France, and others.*

Fr. King. 'Tis certain, he hath pass'd the river Somme.
Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France: let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.
Dau. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?
Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards.
Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.
Con. Dieu de battailes! where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull,
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O! for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields,
Poor, we may call them[8], in their native lords.
Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
To new-store France with bastard warriors.
Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,

[8] — we MAY call them,] "May" was added by the editor of the second folio.

And teach lavoltas high, and swift corantos [9];
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy, the herald? speed him hence:
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour, edg'd
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field.
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois,
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights [10],
For your great seats, now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted [11] in the blood of Harfleur:
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon.
Go, down upon him!—you have power enough,—
And in a captive chariot into Rouen [1]
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march,
For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And for achievement offer us his ransom.

[9] And teach LAVOLTAS high, and swift CORANTOS;] We have spoken of the "coranto" in a note upon "Twelfth-Night," A. i. sc. 3, Vol. ii. p. 649. A "lavolta" was a dance in which the gentleman assisted his partner to spring upwards, and hence the name.

[10] — and KNIGHTS,] The old copy reads *kings:* the emendation (first made in print by Theobald) is in the corr. fo. 1632. In the next line it calls upon us to read *states, i. e.* estates, for "seats;" but although the proposed change is plausible, it is not necessary, since "seats" may readily be understood in much the same sense.

[11] With pennons painted] Steevens cites Harl. MS. No. 2413 respecting the difference between pennons and bannerets. A pennon was allowed to a knight, and was two and a half yards long, round at the end, and painted with the arms of the owner. A knight, when made a knight-banneret, had his pennon slit at the end by the king or his lieutenant.

[1] — into ROUEN] Meant to be pronounced as one syllable (though not necessarily so, at the end of a line), and spelt Rhone in the 4to, and Roan in the folio, 1623, both here and afterwards.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy.
And let him say to England, that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.—
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.—
Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The English Camp in Picardy.

Enter GOWER *and* FLUELLEN.

Gow. How now, captain Fluellen? come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not (God be praised, and plessed!) any hurt in the world; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an ancient, lieutenant, there at the pridge[2],—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony, and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called ancient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

[2] There is an ancient, lieutenant, there at the pridge,] Fluellen does not seem to be sure whether the person at the bridge was an "ancient" or a lieutenant. The 4to. has *ensigne*, and the folio "aunshient lieutenant." The Rev. Mr. Dyce ("Remarks," p. 117) seems about as much puzzled as Fluellen, and fancies that "lieutenant" must apply to Gower, who, by the way, was a captain, as we afterwards learn. After all, as Mr. Dyce says, it is very likely to be an error of the printer, who might mistake, and mean to correct "ancient" by "lieutenant," or *vice versâ*; but it cannot be a question of much importance, especially as Pistol, in his own proper person, comes in instantly afterwards.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Here is the man [3].

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:
The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is plind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls. In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: fortune is an excellent moral [4].

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stol'n a pax [5], and hanged must 'a be.
A damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his wine-pipe suffocate.
But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For *pax* of little price:
Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice,
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for

[3] Here is the man.] The 4to, 1600, reads, "Do you not know him? here comes the man." Malone injudiciously made up his text from the two editions, 4to. and folio, often without giving notice of the variations from the one or the other. Of this play, as before stated, the folio, 1623, is the only authentic copy, though it may be right to mark the differences.

[4] — fortune is an excellent moral.] In our former edition the printer accidentally put a comma after "fortune," upon which the Rev. Mr. Dyce observes ("Remarks," p. 119): he is quite right, and we have erased it.

[5] — a PAX,] The "pax" was a small image of the Saviour, on which the kiss of *peace* was bestowed by the congregation.

if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his goot pleasure, and put him to execution, for discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd; and *fico* for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain! [*Exit* Pistol [6].

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal: I remember him now; a bawd; a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave words at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well, what he has spoke to me; that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names, and they will learn you by rote where services were done;—at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on: and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-coined oaths [7]: and what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do, among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain Gower; I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him, from the pridge [8].

Enter King Henry, Gloster, *and Soldiers* [9].

Flu. Got pless your majesty!

[6] Exit Pistol.] "Making the sign" adds the corr. fo. 1632, viz. putting the thumb between the first and second fingers. See this Vol. p. 524.

[7] — with new-coined oaths:] So the corr. fo. 1632: the ordinary reading is new-*tuned*, an easy and, we may almost say, an undoubted misprint.

[8] — and I must speak with him from the pridge.] *i. e.* As I have come from the bridge, regarding which the King would be glad to have intelligence. Accordingly, the King's first speech applies to the bridge, and what had been achieved there.

[9] — and Soldiers.] The stage-direction in the folio, 1623, deserves to be quoted, as proving the appearance that the sick and enfeebled soldiers of Henry V.

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen? cam'st thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages. Marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the pridge. I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church; one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language, for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom [1], the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. *Enter* MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep; advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur; but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our cue, and

were intended to bear upon the stage, "Drum and colours. Enter the King and his poor soldiers." The 4to, 1600, has "Enter King, Clarence, Gloster, and others;" but Clarence was not present. In the corr. fo. 1632 we are told that the appearance of Henry's soldiers was "sick and tattered."

[1] — when LENITY and cruelty play for a kingdom,] The folio, 1623, by the turning of the letter *n*, has *leuity* instead of "lenity." The later folios repeat the obvious error, but it may be worth noting that it is amended in the corr. fo. 1632.

our voice is imperial. England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested: which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance; and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced.—So far my king and master: so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now,
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
My people are with sickness much enfeebled;
My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many French:
Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus!—this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me: I must repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am:
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
[*Giving a chain* [2].
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:

[2] Giving a chain.] From the corr. fo. 1632. The folio, 1623, and the 4tos. afford us no information as to the nature of the King's gift. Holinshed merely calls it "a great reward."

We would not seek a battle, as we are,
Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it:
So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.
[*Exit* MONTJOY.

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in their's.
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The French Camp, near Agincourt.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord RAMBURES, *the Duke of* ORLEANS, *the Dauphin, and others.*

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world. Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour—

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this!—I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns[3]. *Ça, ha!* He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs[4]; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it: the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for

[3] — that treads but on four PASTERNS.] For "pasterns," the folio, 1623, has *postures:* it was amended afterwards.

[4] as if his entrails were HAIRS;] It is "were *air*" in the corr. fo. 1632, but we do not alter the text, inasmuch as the word "bounds" may show that the allusion was to tennis-balls, which were stuffed with hair.

Perseus: he is pure air and fire, and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys: his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all. 'Tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: "Wonder of nature!"—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise, and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Nay; for methought yesterday, your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did your's.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O! then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait trossers [5].

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warned by me, then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

[5] — and in your strait TROSSERS.] It is *strossers* in the folio, 1623, and the Rev. Mr. Dyce ("Remarks," p. 119) seems astonished that we do not reprint the old form of the word. Why are we to reprint what is in itself merely a corruption? "Trossers" was a more common mode of spelling the word than *strossers*, and it is the original of our trowsers, though "trossers" were the reverse of what we now understand by trowsers. By the "strait trossers" of the kerns of Ireland the Dauphin means, that they rode without any covering of the kind. Drayton, in his "Polyolbion," speaks of "the poor *trows'd* Irish."

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his own hair[6].

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au bourbier: thou makest use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour, that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be; for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises: who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would, I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way; but I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight: I'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

[6] — my mistress wears HIS own hair.] The mistress of the Dauphin is his horse, and therefore he properly says, "my mistress wears *his* own hair;" but most modern editors, (including Malone) not understanding how "his" could apply to a "mistress," altered it to *her*, without stating (as they were bound to have done) that they varied from the old copies.

Con. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears it will bate[7].

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with—there is flattery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that with—give the devil his due.

Con. Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil. Have at the very eye of that proverb, with—a pox of the devil.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much—a fool's bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England!—he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge[8].

[7] — and when it appears it will BATE.] Respecting the word "bate," see this Vol. p. 393. The allusion in the words "hooded valour" is to falcons and their hoods: the "poor pun," as Steevens calls it, is sufficiently obvious.

[8] — so far out of his knowledge.] On a previous page the Rev. Mr. Dyce complains gravely of the erroneous insertion of a comma, and here ("Remarks," p. 119) he objects to the absence of a note of exclamation. Surely it is a mere observation upon Henry and his followers; and is it worth while to convert such mole-hills into mountains? Mr. Dyce (we say it with sincere respect) is too fond of points of exclamation, especially at the ends of his own notes, sometimes by twos and threes together. "Peevish fellow," in our text, of course means *silly* or *foolish* fellow, as before repeatedly.

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures: their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples. You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and, then, give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, by ten,
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,

Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name[9].
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice[1];
And chide the cripple, tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them[2] unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O! now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and visits all his host,
Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him,
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night;
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,
With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle, all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where, O for pity! we shall much disgrace—

[9] — of drowsy morning NAME.] The folio reads *nam'd:* the error was corrected by Tyrwhitt. The corr. fo. 1632 has "*morning's* named," but the change seems hardly worth notice.

[1] — play at dice;] *i. e.* Play at dice for the low-rated English. This is historical, from Holinshed.

[2] PRESENTETH them] The folio, *presented.* It is amended to "presenteth" in the corr. fo. 1632; and such has been the ordinary reading, for the blunder corrects itself.

With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous,—
The name of Agincourt. Yet, sit and see;
Minding true things by what their mockeries be. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

The English Camp at Agincourt.

Enter King HENRY, BEDFORD, *and* GLOSTER.

K. Hen. Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater, therefore, should our courage be.—
Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out,
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful, and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing,
That we should 'dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter Sir THOMAS ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.
Erp. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lie I like a king.
K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains,
Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them; and, anon,
Desire them all to my pavilion.
Glo. We shall, my liege. [*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* BEDFORD.

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?
K. Hen. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom must debate a while,
And, then, I would no other company.
Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!
[*Exit* Erpingham.
K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. *Qui va là?*
K. Hen. A friend.
Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common, and popular?
K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.
Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?
K. Hen. Even so. What are you?
Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.
K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.
Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?
K. Hen. Harry *le Roy.*
Pist. *Le Roy!* a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?
K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.
Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?
K. Hen. Yes.
Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon Saint David's day.
K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about your's.
Pist. Art thou his friend?
K. Hen. And his kinsman too.
Pist. The *fico* for thee then!
K. Hen. I thank you. God be with you!
Pist. My name is Pistol called. [*Exit.*
K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter Fluellen *and* Gower, *severally.*

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So, in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak lower [3]. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and auncient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, or pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp: I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb? in your own conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt* GOWER *and* FLUELLEN.

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter BATES, COURT, *and* WILLIAMS [4].

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be; but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under sir Thomas Erpingham [5].

[3] — speak LOWER.] This is doubtless the true reading, and not "speak *fewer*," as it stands in the folio. The origin of the error seems to have been this: in the two earliest 4tos, those of 1600 and 1602, the word is by accident printed *lewer* instead of "lower:" the printer of the folio, who may have seen the 4tos, 1600 or 1602, thought that the mistake was *lewer* for *fewer*, and therefore changed the wrong letter. The 4to, 1608, however, has it "lower," as in the text: it is only in cases of this kind that the 4to. editions can be of much use. In accordance with this emendation Gower very soon afterwards says, "I will speak *lower*;" and in the corr. fo. 1632 *fewer* is altered to "lower."

[4] Enter Bates, Court, and Williams.] In the 4tos. they are only called "three soldiers;" but in the stage-direction of the folio even their Christian names are inserted—"Enter three soldiers; John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams." Did Shakespeare refer to some now unknown narrative?

[5] Under sir THOMAS Erpingham.] It is "sir *John* Erpingham" in the folios (the 4tos. do not contain the name), but amended in MS. to "sir Thomas Erpingham" in the corr. fo. 1632.

Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should; for, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the element shows to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man, and though his affections are higher mounted than our's, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as our's are: yet in reason no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck: and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think, he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds. Methinks, I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company, his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects. If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But, if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make: when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—"We died at such a place:" some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well, that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the

king that led them to it, whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle: war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away, and where they would be safe, they perish: then, if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore, should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head[6]: the king is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

[6] — the ill is upon his own head:] The folios are without "is," which is derived from the 4tos: modern editors make no note upon the insertion.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so to make us fight cheerfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then! That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch. You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round[7]: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove: give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, "This is my glove," by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one they will beat us, for they bear them on their shoulders; but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
Our sins, lay on the king!—we must bear all.
O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
Subject to the breath of every fool,

[7] Your reproof is something TOO ROUND:] *i. e.* Too plain or unceremonious. See Vol. ii. p. 668. The 4tos. have it, "Your reproof is somewhat *too bitter*.

Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing.
What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy?
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul but adulation[8]?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form?
Creating awe and fear in other men,
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O! be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose:
I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king[9],
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world;
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,

[8] What is thy soul BUT ADULATION?] This is the emendation of the corr. fo. 1632, and it seems on every account required. The usual text has been "What is thy soul *of adoration*;" and there is an unquestionable misprint in the folio, 1623, "of *odoration*," which has been taken for *adoration*, but the true word seems to be "adulation" which clears the whole sense of the passage. Mr. Singer tells us that "adulation" has been the proposed amendment, but he omits to add that he derived his knowledge of it from the corr. fo. 1632: it is, and has been, mentioned no where else, and the repetition of the word, a few lines lower, shows that it cannot be a mistake.

[9] The FARCED title running 'fore the king,] The *stuffed*, *tumid*, or *inflated* title.

Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread [10],
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever running year
With profitable labour to his grave.
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand [1] and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it, but in gross brain little wots,
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter Sir THOMAS ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.
K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.
Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. Hen. O, God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts:
Possess them not with fear: take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if th' opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them [2]!—Not to-day, O Lord!

[10] — cramm'd with DISTRESSFUL bread,] Here the corr. fo. 1632 substitutes *distasteful* for "distressful;" but as the latter, though an unusual epithet, may have been that of the poet, we make no change, rather leaving the matter to the taste and discretion of the reader, than taking upon ourselves authoritatively to say which is right. Mr. Singer is again unwilling or forgetful; and though he says that "*distasteful* has been proposed," he does not state where, though he well knew that he could only find *distasteful* in the corr. fo. 1632. He would have done himself more credit, and his edition more justice, if he could have prevailed upon himself to be more candid and explicit. Compounded as his notes are, his own knowledge will hardly pass even for what it is worth.

[1] HAD the fore-hand] The corr. fo. 1632 reads *Hath* for "had," unnecessarily.

[2] ——— IF th' opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them!] The folio has *of* for "if," an easy misprint, the correction of which seems necessary to the intelligibility of the passage, and which correction we at once admit on the warrant of the corr. fo. 1632: it removes the whole difficulty, with the smallest possible alteration. There is a

O! not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown.
I Richard's body have interred new,
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do, is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. My liege!
K. Hen. My brother Gloster's voice?—Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee.—
The day, my friends[3], and all things stay for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The French Camp.

Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, *and others.*

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour! up, my lords!
Dau. Montez à cheval:—My horse! *valet! lacquay!* ha!
Orl. O brave spirit!
Dau. Via!—les eaux et la terre[4]*!*
Orl. Rien puis? l'air et le feu!
Dau. Ciel! cousin Orleans.

passage which may remind us of this in "Bonduca," by Beaumont and Fletcher, A. iv. sc. 4, where Suetonius says,

——————— "No man discover,
Upon his life, the enemy's full strength,
But make it of no value."

[3] The day, my FRIENDS,] The folios all read "my *friend*," as if the King had called his brother his friend. The 4tos. have "friends," referring of course to his companions in arms who were expecting him. The emendation in the corr. fo. 1632 is consistent with the text of the 4tos.

[4] *Via!—les eaux et la terre!*] "Via!" is an exclamation, signifying *away!* often met with. We have had it twice in "Love's Labour's Lost," A. v. sc. 1 and 2.

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord Constable!
Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.
Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And doubt them with superfluous courage [5]: Ha!
Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.
Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men [6].
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive against all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe [7],
Though we, upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honours must not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then, let the trumpets sound
The tucket-sonnance [8], and the note to mount:

[5] And DOUBT them with superfluous courage:] This is the old reading, and taking "doubt them" in the sense of making them doubt, or alarming them for the issue, is quite as intelligible as *dout* or *do out*, *extinguish*, which some modern editors substitute. Pope read *daunt*, and perhaps rightly.

[6] — the SHALES and husks of men.] "Shale" was the old word for *shell*; from the Sax. *schale*, and hence *scale*.

[7] — such a HILDING foe,] We have already had "hilding" used both as a substantive and adjective, in "All's Well that Ends Well," A. iii. sc. 6, and in "Henry IV., Part II.," A. i. sc. 1. As a substantive it means a base unworthy fellow, and as an adjective what is low and contemptible.

[8] The TUCKET-SONNANCE,] *i. e.* The sounding of the tucket. A *tucket*, as is

For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter GRANDPRÉ.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yond' island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit [9]
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words,
To demonstrate the life of such a battle,
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guidon [1]. To the field!
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt.*

explained in a note to "The Merchant of Venice," Vol. ii. p. 341, was properly not a trumpet, but the sound produced by a trumpet: this is what the Constable of France calls "the tucket-sonnance:" Peele terms it *sonizance* in his "Eclogue Gratulatory," 1589, Edit. Dyce, iii. p. 148.

[9] — the GIMMAL bit] *i. e.* The *double* bit, from the Latin *gemellus:* it seems to have meant a bit composed of two pieces united in the middle.

[1] I stay but for my GUIDON. To the field!] We adopt this emendation from Mr. Knight's "Shakespere," v. 381. "Guidon" means the standard appropriate to a leader, the absence of which the Constable supplied, according to history, by taking the banner from a trumpet. The old text has been "I stay but for my *guard. On* to the field!" The corr. fo. 1632 here makes no emendation; but it is not likely that, at such a moment, the Constable would wait for his "guard" before he rushed upon the enemy.

SCENE III.

The English Camp.

Enter the English Host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, *and* WESTMORELAND.

Glo. Where is the king?
Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.
West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.
Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.
Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,—
My dear lord Gloster,—and my good lord Exeter,—
And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu!
Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!
Exe. Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour [2].
[*Exit* SALISBURY.
Bed. He is as full of valour, as of kindness;
Princely in both.
West. O! that we now had here

Enter King HENRY.

But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day.
K. Hen. What's he, that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland!—No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,

[2] — thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.] This part of the dialogue is given according to Theobald's distribution of it, supported in part by the 4to. editions. In the folio, 1623, the line "Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly to-day," is assigned to Bedford, and follows the two next lines, which it evidently ought to precede. The later folios adopt the error of the first, but a MS. correction in the folio, 1632, (and the figures 1, 2, 3, in the margin, according to the order in which the lines should come) sets the whole right.

The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not [3] if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O! do not wish one more:
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian [4]:
He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He, that shall live this day, and see old age [5],
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say—to-morrow is Saint Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars [6].
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,

[3] It YEARNS me not] *i. e.* It *grieves* me not. We have had "yearn" in this sense earlier in the play, A. ii. sc. 3, p. 568, where Pistol "yearns" for the death of Falstaff. So in Robert Greene's "Maiden's Dreame," on the death of Sir C. Hatton, 4to, 1591, "yearnful" is used for *griefful:*

"She wet her visage with a *yearnfull* streame."

[4] — of CRISPIAN:] The battle of Agincourt was fought upon the 25th of October [1415], St. Crispin's day.

[5] He, that shall LIVE this day, and SEE old age,] The folio reads,

"He that shall *see* this day, and *live* old age."

The obvious transposition was made by Pope.

[6] Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.] To this line Malone added another, found in the 4tos,

"And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's day."

It is quite unnecessary to the completeness of the sense, the defectiveness of which could form the only excuse for such an insertion. If we adopted this line, we must, in consistency, add and alter many others.

Familiar in their mouths as household words,—
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son,
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition [7]:
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.
K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.
West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!
K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, cousin?
West. God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, might fight this royal battle.
K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men,
Which likes me better than to wish us one.—
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. *Enter* MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow?
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,

[7] — gentle his condition:] This day shall advance him to the rank of a gentleman. Tollet informs us, that King Henry V. inhibited any person, but such as had a right by inheritance or grant, to assume coats of arms, except those who fought with him at the battle of Agincourt.

The Constable desires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man, that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves, upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work;
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd: for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven,
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark, then, abounding valour in our English;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality [8].
Let me speak proudly:—Tell the Constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day;
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd [9]
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host,
(Good argument, I hope, we will not fly)
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass [1], our hearts are in the trim;

[8] Killing in relapse of mortality.] We do not here disturb the text as it has been usually received, but we subjoin, for the reader's information, the mode in which the old annotator of the folio, 1632, leads us to believe the passage was recited in his day:—

"Mark then, *rebounding* valour in our English;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in *reflex* of mortality."

[9] Our gayness and our GILT are all BESMIRCH'D] "Gilt" is *gilding;* and we find it used in the same sense in "Timon of Athens," A. iv. sc. 3, as well as in "Twelfth-Night," A. iii. sc. 2. "Besmirch'd" is *sullied, dirtied.*

[1] But, by the mass,] Here, and elsewhere in this play, this asseveration was

And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do this,
As, if God please, they shall, my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints,
Which, if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, king Harry: and so fare thee well.
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. I fear, thou wilt once more come here for ransom [2].

Enter the Duke of York.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward [3].

K. Hen. Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers, march away:
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Field of Battle.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter French Soldier, Pistol, *and Boy.*

Pist. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. Je pense, que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.

not objected to, though we have sometimes seen it carefully erased, probably at the instance of the Master of the Revels, who purged very unsparingly the copies of some preceding dramas.

[2] I fear, thou wilt once more come HERE for ransom.] It is "come *again* for a ransom," to the ruin of the measure: the corr. fo. 1632 has substituted "here" for *again*, and struck out *a*, which seems all that is required.

[3] The leading of the VAWARD.] *i. e.* The *vanward*, or advanced body of the army. We have had "the vaward of the day" in "Midsummer-Night's Dream," A. iv. sc. 1, and "the vaward of our youth" in "Henry IV., Part II.," A. i. sc. 2. The Duke of York was Aumerle in "Richard II."

Pist. Quality? *Callino, castore me*[4]*!* art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. O seigneur Dieu!

Pist. O! signieur Dew should be a gentleman.
Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark:—
O signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox[5],
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitié de moy!

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;
For I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat[6],
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?

Pist. Brass, cur?
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moy!

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?—
Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French,
What is his name.

Boy. Escoutez: comment estes vous appellé?

Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He says his name is master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him.—Discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

[4] Quality? *Callino, castore me!*] This is an old tune, to which a song was sung that is printed in Clement Robinson's "Handful of Pleasant Delights," 1584. The notes are preserved in Playford's "Musical Companion," 1673. There can be no doubt that this is what is meant, though the words put into Pistol's mouth in the old copy are "Calmie custure me." Boswell pointed out the air, and the true reading, and thus put an end to the doubt as to an expression which had puzzled the commentators.

[5] — thou diest on point of FOX,] "Fox" was a very common word for a sword in the time of Shakespeare, and long afterwards. Webster, in his "White Devil," 1612 (edit. Dyce, i. 62), makes one of his characters ask, "O! what blade is it—a Toledo, or an English fox?"

[6] For I will fetch thy RIM out at thy throat,] Malone has shown, from the authority of Coles's Dictionary, 1677, that "rim" is "the caul in which the bowels are wrapped." Pistol means merely that he will drag the Frenchman's vitals out through his throat. We find "rim" used in this sense by Chapman, Philemon Holland, and others, and we need not therefore conjecture, with Warburton, that we ought to read *ransom*, or with Monck Mason, that the true word is *ryno*. Perhaps "For" ought to be *Or*.

Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monsieur ?

Boy. Il me commande à vous dire que vous faites vous prest; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.

Pist. Ouy, couper le gorge, par ma foy, peasant,
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. O ! je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner. Je suis le gentilhomme de bonne maison: gardez ma vie, et je vous donneray deux cents escus.

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and, for his ransom, he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il ?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement, de pardonner aucun prisonnier; neantmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est content à vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, et tres distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy seigneur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.—Follow me! [*Exit* PISTOL.

Boy. Suivez vous le grand capitaine. I did never know so [*Exit French Soldier.*
full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true,—the empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph, and Nym, had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play[7], that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger, and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay

[7] — this roaring devil i' the old play,] An allusion to the introduction of the devil in the old Moralities, who was often made to roar for the amusement of the spectators, sometimes by the Vice, who beat him with his "wooden dagger," also mentioned by the boy.

with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it [8], for there is none to guard it, but boys. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, BOURBON, *Constable,* RAMBURES, *and others.*

Con. O diable!
Orl. O, seigneur!—le jour est perdu! tout est perdu!
Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sit mocking in our plumes.—*O meschante fortune!*—
Do not run away. [*A short Alarum.*
Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.
Dau. O perdurable shame!—let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?
Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?
Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let us not fly:—in!—once more back again [9];
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,
Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminate [1].

[8] — if HE knew of it,] This has been the ordinary text, which we do not alter, because alteration is not necessary for intelligibility, although the corr. fo. 1632 tells us to read *they* for "he."

[9] Let us NOT FLY:—in!—once more back again;] So the corr. fo. 1632: the negative having been omitted by accident in the MS., the compositor seems to have printed *die* for "fly." Bourbon encourages the French nobles not to fly, but to return once more to the battle. The Rev. Mr. Dyce (Remarks, p. 119) advocates the insertion of "honour," not from Bourbon's speech in the 4tos, but from the speech of the Constable of France: according to this method, it would be easy to import any word that was wanted from any other part of the 4tos. The change in the corr. fo. 1632 is natural and consistent.

[1] His fairest daughter is CONTAMINATE.] The folio has *contaminated:* the 4to, 1600, has *contamuracke*, which nonsense is repeated in the 4tos. of 1602 and 1608. In Shakespeare, and other writers of the time, we often meet with "create" for *created*, "consecrate" for *consecrated*, &c. In "The Comedy of Errors," A. ii. sc. 2, this apposite passage occurs:—

"And that this body, *consecrate* to thee,
By ruffian lust should be *contaminate.*"

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives[2].
Orl. We are enough, yet living in the field,
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.
Bour. The devil take order now. I'll to the throng:
Let life be short, else shame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter King HENRY *and Forces;* EXETER, *and others.*

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.
Exe. The duke of York commends him to your majesty.
K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down, thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.
Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain[3]; and by his bloody side,
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died; and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
He cries aloud,—"Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine; then fly a-breast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry!"

[2] Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives.] The 4tos. here add another line, which may be worth preserving, though it ought not to be inserted in the text, where Malone placed it, viz.,

"Unto these English, or else die with fame."

[3] LARDING the plain;] We should be disposed strongly to insert *loading* for "larding," as the text is amended in the corr. fo. 1632, if we did not find that "larding" was the word in the 4tos. There seems no reason why the Duke of York should be said to "lard the plain," although very proper to say that Falstaff "larded the lean earth," in "Henry IV., Part I.," A. ii. sc. 2.

Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up:
He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand[4],
And, with a feeble gripe, says, "Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign."
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.
K. Hen. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes[5], or they will issue too.— [*Alarum.*
But, hark! what new alarum is this same?—
The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men:—
Then, every soldier kill his prisoners!
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.[6]

Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offered. In your conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals, that ran from the battle, have done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king most worthily hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O! 'tis a gallant king.

[4] — RAUGHT me his hand,] *i. e. Reached* me his hand: the old past tense of *to reach*. See "Love's Labour's Lost," Vol. ii. p. 130.

[5] With MISTFUL eyes,] The folio reads *mixtful*, a misprint, set right by Warburton, but anticipated in the corr. fo. 1632.

[6] Scene vii.] Here in the folio the third Act ends, but erroneously, as Pope showed, the business of the preceding scene being continued. It may be even doubted whether a new scene ought to be marked, as the place is not by any means necessarily changed.

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, captain Gower. What call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think, Alexander the great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think, it is in Macedon, where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain,—if you look in the maps of the world, I warrant, you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth, but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that: he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he. I'll tell you, there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY, *with a Part of the English Forces;* WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER, *and others.*

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France

Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond' hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirr away[7], as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have;
And not a man of them that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy. Go, and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.
Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.
K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not,
That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?
Mont. No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To look our dead[8], and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes, woe the while!
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes, and their wounded steeds[9]
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O! give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.
K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,

[7] And make them SKIRR away,] A word of not uncommon occurrence, and signifying the same as what we now call *scour*: it was sometimes spelt of old *scur* and *scurr*. We meet with "skirr" in "Macbeth," A. v. sc. 3, and it is found in Beaumont and Fletcher, Heywood, and other dramatists of the time of Shakespeare.

[8] To LOOK our dead,] *i. e.* To look for our dead, a very common mode of using the word "look." The text has always been "to *book* our dead;" but Montjoy could not mean that the names of the dead were to be entered in a *book*, but that they should be sought for over the field of battle, and then buried. This small and excellent emendation is from the corr. fo. 1632.

[9] — and THEIR wounded steeds] The folio has "and *with* wounded steeds."

I know not if the day be our's, or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is your's.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!—
What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true. If your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps[1], which, your majesty knows, to this hour is an honourable padge of the service; and, I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour;
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pless it, and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the world: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so!—Our heralds go with him:
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead,
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Pointing to* Williams. *Exeunt* Montjoy *and others.*

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

[1] — Monmouth caps,] "The best caps," says Fuller, in his "Worthies of Wales," p. 50, "were formerly made at Monmouth, where the *Cappers*' chapel doth still remain." They were worn both by soldiers and sailors, as various authorities might be adduced to show, even considerably after the Restoration. Heywood, in a song in his "Challenge for Beauty," 1636, speaks of Monmouth caps as much worn by the Welsh.

Will. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if 'a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap, (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath. If he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack-sauce, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain, and is good knowledge, and literatured in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap. When Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours, as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggriefed at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once, and please Got of his grace, that I might see.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, and please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloster,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.
The glove, which I have given him for a favour,
May haply purchase him a box o' the ear:
It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word)
Some sudden mischief may arise of it,
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Before King HENRY's Pavilion.

Enter GOWER *and* WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I peseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it. [*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblood! an arrant traitor, as any's in the universal world, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain Gower: I will give treason his payment into plows[2], I warrant you.

[2] — will give treason his payment INTO plows,] This is certainly a strange use of the preposition "into," and Heath suggested that the true reading was "*in two*

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he is a friend of the duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK *and* GLOSTER.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is, praised be God for it! a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter King HENRY *and* EXETER.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain, and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him if he did. I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowsy knave it is. I hope your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it.

'Twas I, indeed, thou promisedst to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under

plows." However, the employment of prepositions of old, as has already been remarked, was licentious in Shakespeare's time, and Fluellen, as a Welshman, might not be very well skilled in them.

that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence. Therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow,
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns.—
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly.—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions; and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will. I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot: 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.
[*Delivers a paper.*

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;
John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords, and barons, knights, and 'squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French,
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, 'squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures;

Great master of France, the brave sir Guischard Dauphin;
John duke of Alençon; Antony duke of Brabant,
The brother to the duke of Burgundy;
And Edward duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
Grandpré, and Roussi, Fauconberg, and Foix,
Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!—
Where is the number of our English dead?
[*Herald presents another paper.*
Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire[3]:
None else of name, and of all other men
But five and twenty. O God! thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to thy arm alone, [*Kneeling.*
Ascribe we all. [*Rising*[4].]—When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock, and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss,
On one part and on th' other?—Take it, God,
For it is only thine!

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death, proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from God,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites:
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*.
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
And then to Calais; and to England then,
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men. [*Exeunt.*

[3] Davy Gam, esquire:] Malone informs us that "this gentleman being sent by Henry, before the battle, to reconnoitre the enemy, and to find out their strength, made this report:—'May it please you, my liege, there are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away.' He saved the King's life in the field. Had the poet been apprised of this circumstance, this brave Welshman would probably have been more particularly noticed, and not have been merely registered in the muster-roll of names."

[4] Rising.] This stage-direction, and the one preceding it, "Kneeling," show what was the custom of the stage in the time of the old corrector of the folio, 1632. They are in no printed edition of the play.

ACT V.

Enter CHORUS.

Cho. Vouchsafe to those[5] that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now, we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives[6], and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which, like a mighty whiffler[7], 'fore the king
Seems to prepare his way. So, let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where, that his lords desire him, to have borne
His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,
Before him through the city, he forbids it;
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride,
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,

[5] Vouchsafe TO those] There is something awkward in the commencement of this Chorus, but we have nevertheless given it as it stands in the folio, 1623, and in the other folios, merely adding here the way in which it is represented in the corr. fo. 1632:—

> "Vouchsafe *all* those that have not read the story,
> That I may prompt them: and *for* such as have,
> I humbly pray them," &c.

The emendation in the second line (adopted by Mr. Singer) was proposed long ago, but it seems less required than the change of "to" to *all* in the first line. Still, the passage is very intelligible as originally printed, and the changes made by the old annotator are therefore no part of our text.

[6] — with WIVES,] "With," wanting in the first folio, was supplied in the second, for the sake of the measure.

[7] — a mighty WHIFFLER,] Douce correctly states that a "whiffler" is properly a *fifer*. "In process of time (he adds) the word 'whiffler,' which had always been used in the sense of *fifer*, came to signify any person who went before in a procession." "Illustrations of Shakespeare," Vol. i. p. 507.

In the quick forge and workinghouse of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens.
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,
Like to the senators of th' antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:
As, by a lower but by loving likelihood[8],
Were now the general of our gracious empress
(As in good time he may) from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him! much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now, in London place him.
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the king of England's stay at home:
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them; and omit
All the occurrences[9], whatever chanc'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France.
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you, 'tis past.
Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

France. An English Court of Guard.

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

[8] As, by a lower but by loving likelihood,] This, and some lines following, down to "Did they this Harry," certainly relate to the expedition of Robert, Earl of Essex, to Ireland in 1599 (see our Introduction, p. 537), and having only a temporary application, they are struck through with a pen in the corr. fo. 1632. We may conclude that they were not recited on the stage in the time of the old annotator, and, most likely, had not been repeated before James I. in 1605.

[9] To order peace between them; and omit
All the occurrences,] The construction is not easy, although the meaning is evident:—As yet the lamentations of the French invite, or induce, the King of England to remain in his own country: omit (understood) the coming of the Emperor Sigismond, to procure peace between England and France, and omit besides all the occurrences, &c.

Flu. There is occasions, and causes, why and wherefore, in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower. The rascally, scald, beggarly, lowsy, pragging knave, Pistol, which you and yourself, and all the world, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks. —Got pless you, ancient Pistol! you scurvy, lowsy knave, Got pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan, To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy lowsy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is. I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it. [*Striking him again.*] You called me yesterday, mountain-squire, but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree[1]. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days.—Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

[1] — a squire of low degree.] An expression, derived from the title of an old popular romance, called "The Squyre of Lowe Degre," printed by W. Copland, formerly among Garrick's Plays in the British Museum. It was reprinted by Ritson in Vol. iii. of his Collection.

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt, and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge. I eat, and eat, I swear—

Flu. Eat, I pray you. Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel: thou dost see, I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot.—Hold you; there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes; verily, and in truth, you shall take it, or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking[2] and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [*Exit.*

Pist. Doth fortune play the huswife with me now?
News have I, that my Nell is dead i' the spital[3]
Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.

[2] I have seen you GLEEKING] To "gleek" is to *scoff*, *gird*, or *jest*. Bottom uses the word in "Midsummer-Night's Dream," Vol. ii. p. 216.

[3] News have I that my NELL is dead i' the spital] *i. e.* In the hospital of the "malady of France." It is *Doll* in all the old copies (for even the 4tos. have, possibly from misrecitation, "that Doll is sick"), but we yield to the Rev. Mr. Dyce's reasons in favour of the substitution of "Nell." See his "Remarks," p. 120.

Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgelled. Well, bawd I'll turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,
And swear, I got them[4] in the Gallia wars. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Troyes in Champagne. An Apartment in the French King's Palace.

Enter, at one door, King HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen* ISABEL, *the Princess* KATHARINE, *Lords, Ladies, &c., the Duke of* BURGUNDY, *and his Train.*

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met.
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day:—joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;—
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
We do salute you, duke of Burgundy;—
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all.
Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—
So are you, princes English, every one.
Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England[5],
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

[4] And SWEAR, I got them] It is *swore* in the two earliest folios, but altered to "swear" in that of 1664. In the corr. fo. 1632 *swore* is amended to "swear," and it is "swear" in the 4tos.

[5] — brother ENGLAND,] The folio, 1623, only has "brother *Irelznd.*"

K. Hen. To cry amen to that thus we appear.
Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.
Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love.
Great kings of France and England, that I have labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since, then, my office hath so far prevail'd,
That face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment, there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleached,
Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair [6],
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery:
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank [7],
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,

[6] ——— her edges even-pleached,
Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair, &c.] The meaning seems to be, that the hedges, formerly "even-pleached," were neglected, so that the long branches, instead of being cut and interwined, shot up irregularly, and looked like the long wildly over-grown hair of prisoners. R. Greene, Shakespeare's contemporary, was remarkable for his neglected, ragged hair.

[7] Wanting the scythe, ALL uncorrected, rank,] The folio has "*withall* uncorrected," but the measure, as well as the sense, show that it was a printer's error, and we find *withall* reduced to "all" by the erasure of the first syllable in the corr. fo. 1632. The 4to. editions contain no part of this speech after the line in our text, "Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace," which is thus given, apparently for the sake of concluding the sentence, "To keep you from the gentle speech of peace."

Losing both beauty and utility;
And as our vineyards [8], fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness;
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country,
But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour,
You are assembled; and my speech entreats,
That I may know the let, why gentle peace
Should not expel these inconveniences,
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to th' imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them; to the which, as yet,
There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well then, the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary eye [9]
O'er-glanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass or accept [1], and peremptory answer.

[8] And AS our vineyards,] It is "And *all* our vineyards" in the folio, 1623; and a wish to restore the old text, where it was possible, induced us formerly to reprint *all*, instead of "as." We have to thank the Rev. Mr. Dyce for his elaborate enforcement of Mr. Roderick's emendation, applying, indeed, only to two letters, but occupying a full page of "Remarks" (121) duly emphasised with Italic type and capitals. We agree, that Mr. Roderick was right.

[9] — with a CURSORARY eye] Our lexicographers cite no other instance of the use of this word, for *cursory*. The folio, 1623, prints it *curselarie*, and the 4to. 1600, *cursenary:* in the 4to, 1608, it is spelt properly "We have but with a *cursorary* eye."

[1] Pass OR accept,] *i. e.* We will suddenly pass such articles as we object to, *or* accept them. This is the emendation of the corr. fo. 1632, for in the early copies (the 4tos. have no such words) "or" was misprinted *our*. The error was a very common one, arising out of abbreviation.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—
And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloster,—
Warwick,—and Huntingdon,—go with the king;
And take with you free power, to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantage for our dignity[2],
Any thing in, or out of, our demands,
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them.
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but King* HENRY, KATHARINE, *and* ALICE *her Gentlewoman.*

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine! if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonnez moy, I cannot tell vat is—like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

Kath. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?

Alice. Ouy, vrayment, sauf vostre grace, ainsi dit il.

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine, and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

[2] Shall see ADVANTAGE for our dignity,] It is *advantageable* in the folios; but our poet no where else uses the word, and Richardson only cites the above instance in his Dictionary: Todd however found it in Sir John Heyward. It certainly spoils the measure, while it in no respect aids the sense. The corr. fo. 1632 erases the two last syllables, (which probably had crept in by corruption) and leaves the line complete.

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. Ouy; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.

K. Hen. The princess is the better English-woman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad, thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think, I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me farther than to say—Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i'faith, do, and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady?

Kath. Sauf vostre honneur, me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me into verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure[3], yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leapfrog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife: or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-a-napes, never off; but, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will

[3] — I have no strength in MEASURE,] *i. e.* I have no force or skill in dancing what were called "measures."

wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon, for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me: and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king, and what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France, for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am your's, then your's is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off.—*Quand j'ay la possession de France, et quand vouz avez le possession de moy,* (let me see, what then? Saint Dennis be my speed!) —*donc vostre est France, et vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.

K. Hen. No, 'faith, is't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know, thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt) I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shalt not thou and I, between Saint Dennis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by

the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy, and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très chère et divin deesse?*

Kath. Your *majesté* have *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage damoiselle* dat is *en France.*

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear, thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempting effect of my visage[4]. Now, beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say—Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music, for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English: wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is, as it shall please de *roy mon pere.*

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate: it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den, it shall also content me.

[4] — notwithstanding the poor and UNTEMPTING effect of my visage.] "Untempting" is from the corr. fo. 1632, for *untempering* of the folio, 1623, followed by the other editions in the same form. There can now surely be no doubt about a corruption, which Warburton was the first, in modern times, to point out. There is no corresponding passage in the 4tos.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure: excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre baisées devant leur nopces, il n'est pas la coûtume de France.

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les* ladies of France, —I cannot tell what is, *baiser*, in English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entend* bettre *que moy.*

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Ouy, vrayment.

K. Hen. O, Kate! nice customs curtesy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-faults, as I will do your's, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French King and Queen, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, *and other French and English Lords.*

Bur. God save your majesty. My royal cousin,
Teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you

for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind. Can you blame her, then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield, as love is blind, and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively: the cities turned into a maid, for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered [5].

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content, so the maiden cities, you talk of, may wait on her; so the maid, that stood in the way for my wish, shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article:
His daughter, first; and then in sequel, all [6],

[5] — that war hath NEVER entered.] The folios all omit "never," clearly wanting to the sense, and some modern editors have supplied the deficiency without any notice. We refrain from substituting *not* for "never," although *not* is the negative inserted in the corr. fo. 1632: "never" has perhaps greater force here.

[6] — and then in sequel, all,] *Then*, which is not in the folio, 1623, was added after "and," most likely for the sake of the metre, in the folio, 1632.

According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this :—
Where your majesty demands,—that the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French, —*Notre très cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, heretier de France;* and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissimus filius*[7] *noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you, then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest;
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up
Issue to me, that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale,
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate:—and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [*Flourish.*

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms[8],

[7] — *Notre* TRES CHER *filz*— and thus in Latin,—PRÆCLARISSIMUS *filius*] It appears here as if Shakespeare intended to translate *très cher* by the Latin word *præclarissimus;* but the fact is, as Steevens remarked, he only, as usual, followed Holinshed: Malone adds, "In all the old historians that I have seen, as well as in Holinshed, I find this mistake; but in the preamble of the original treaty of Troyes, Henry is styled *præcarissimus;* and in the 22nd article the stipulation is, that he shall always be called, 'in lingua Gallicana notre tres cher fils, &c. in lingua vero Latina hoc modo, noster *præcarissimus* filius Henricus,' &c. See Rymer's Fœd. ix. 893." In Hall's Chronicle, as Mr. Knight states, the epithet is *precharissimus.*

[8] — the PACTION of these kingdoms,] The two earliest folios have "the *pation* of these kingdoms," an obvious typographical error, the letter *c* having dropped out. The third folio, 1664, substitutes *passion* for *pation:* "paction" of course means *compact*, or *contract*, and is used in that sense by our old writers.

To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage:—on which day,
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be! [*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS, *as Epilogue*[9].

Thus far, with rough and all unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursu'd the story;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly, liv'd
This star of England. Fortune made his sword,
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
Of France and England, did this king succeed:
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed,
Which oft our stage hath shown[1]; and for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exit.*

[9] Enter Chorus, AS EPILOGUE.] *i. e.* As speaker of the Epilogue. In the commencement of the play we have seen Chorus introduced "as Prologue," and both changes seem to have been made by the old annotator on the folio, 1632, for greater perspicuity: the fact may be said to speak for itself.

[1] Which oft our stage hath shown;] Alluding, of course, to the three parts of Henry VI., which had been frequently represented before Shakespeare wrote his "Henry V." See our Introduction to the three parts of Henry VI.

FIRST PART

OF

KING HENRY VI.

"The first Part of Henry the Sixt" was printed originally in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-four pages; viz. from p. 96 to p. 119 inclusive, in the division of "Histories." It was reprinted in the folios 1632, 1664, and 1685.

INTRODUCTION.

This historical drama is first found in the folio of 1623: no earlier edition of it in any shape, or in any degree of imperfectness, has been discovered. Of the second and third parts of "Henry VI.," copies in 4to, under different titles, lengthened in some speeches, and abbreviated in others, are extant; but the first part of "Henry VI." appeared originally in the collected edition of "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies," put forth under the care of his fellow-actors, Heminge and Condell.

This single fact is sufficient, in our mind, to establish Shakespeare's claim to the authorship of it, even were we to take Malone's assertion for granted (which we are by no means inclined to do) that the internal evidence is opposed to that claim. When Heminge and Condell published the folio of 1623, many of Shakespeare's contemporaries, authors, actors, and auditors, were alive; and the player-editors, if they would have been guilty of the dishonesty, would hardly have committed the folly of inserting a play in their volume which was not his production, and was well known to have been the work of some rival dramatist. If we imagine the frequenters of theatres to have been comparatively ignorant upon such a point, living authors and living actors must have been aware of the truth, and in the face of these Heminge and Condell would not have ventured to appropriate to Shakespeare what had really come from the pen of another. That tricks of the kind were sometimes played by fraudulent booksellers, in publishing single plays, is certainly true; but Heminge and Condell were actors of repute, and men of character: they were presenting to the world, in an important volume, scattered performances, in order to "keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare," and we cannot believe that they would have included any drama to which he had no title. In all probability they had acted with Shakespeare in the first part of "Henry VI.:" they had received his instructions and directions from time to time with reference to the performance of it, and they must almost necessarily have been acquainted with the real state of the property in it.

Our opinion is therefore directly adverse to that of Malone, who, having been "long struck with the many evident Shakespeareanisms

in these plays," afterwards came to the conclusion that he had been entirely mistaken, and that none of these peculiarities were to be traced in the first part of "Henry VI.:" "I am, therefore (he added), decisively of opinion, that this play was not written by Shakespeare." To support this notion, he published a "Dissertation on the Three Parts of King Henry VI.," in which he argued that the first part was not only not the authorship of Shakespeare, but that it was not written by the same persons who had composed the second and third parts of "Henry VI."

With reference to the question, how far and at what time Shakespeare became connected with the plays, known as the three parts of "Henry VI.," it is necessary to observe, that it was very usual in the time of our great dramatist, for one poet to take up the production of another, and, by making additions to and improvements in it, to appropriate it to his own use, or to the use of the theatre to which he belonged. This practice applied to the works of living as well as of dead poets, and it has been conjectured that when Robert Greene, in his "Groatsworth of Wit," 1592, spoke of Shakespeare, as "the only Shake-scene in the country," and as "an upstart crow beautified with our feathers," he alluded chiefly to the manner in which Shakespeare had employed certain dramas, by Greene and others, as the foundation of his three parts of "Henry VI." These certain dramas were some undiscovered original of the first part of "Henry VI.;" the first part of "The Contention betwixt the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster," 1594; and "The True Tragedy of Richard duke of York," 1595. It was by making additions, alterations, and improvements in these three pieces, that Shakespeare's name became associated with them as their author, and hence the player-editors felt themselves justified in inserting them among his other works in the folio of 1623.

There are two other theories respecting the elder plays we have mentioned, neither of them, as it seems to us, supported by sufficient testimony. One of them is, that the first part of "Henry VI." as it is contained in the folio of 1623, the first part of the "Contention," 1594, and the "True Tragedy," 1595, were in fact productions by Shakespeare himself, which he subsequently enlarged and corrected: the other theory is, that the two latter were early editions of the same dramas that we find in the folio, and that the imperfections or variations in the 4to. impressions are to be accounted for by the surreptitious manner in which the manuscript, from which they were printed, was obtained by the booksellers. In support of the first of these opinions, little better than conjecture can be produced, contradicted by the expressions of Greene in 1592, as far as those expressions apply to these plays; and with regard to the second opinion, in some places the 4to. editions of

the first part of the "Contention" and the "True Tragedy" are fuller, by many lines, than the copy in the folio, 1623, which would hardly have been the case, had the dialogue been taken down in short-hand, and corrected by memory: in the next place, some of the speeches have such a degree of completeness and regularity as to render it improbable that they were obtained by so uncertain and imperfect an expedient. We think it most likely that the first part of "Henry VI." was founded upon a previous play, although none such has been brought to light; and that the materials for the second and third parts of "Henry VI." were mainly derived from the older dramas of the first part of "The Contention betwixt the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster," 1594, and "The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York," 1595.

Although no such drama has come down to us, we know, on the authority of Henslowe's Diary, (p. 22.) that there was a play called "Henry the VI." acted on 3rd March, 1591-2, and so popular as to have been repeated twelve times. This was, perhaps, the piece which Shakespeare subsequently altered and improved, and to which Nash alludes in his "Pierce Penniless," 1592 (sign. H. 2.), where he speaks of "brave Talbot" having been made "to triumph again on the stage," after having been two hundred years in his tomb. Malone (Shakespeare, by Boswell, vol. iii. p. 298.) concludes decisively in the affirmative on both these points, forgetting, however, that the "Henry the VI." acted by Henslowe's company, might possibly be a play got up and represented in consequence of the success of the drama in the authorship of which Shakespeare was concerned.

If our great dramatist founded his first part of "Henry VI." upon the play produced by Henslowe's company, of course, it could not have been written until after March, 1592; but with regard to the precise date of its composition we must remain in uncertainty. Malone's later notion was, as we have already observed, that Shakespeare's hand was not to be traced in any part of it; but Steevens called attention to several remarkable coincidences of expression, and passages might be pointed out so much in the spirit and character of Shakespeare, that we cannot conceive them to have come from any other pen. Coleridge has instanced the opening of the play as unlike Shakespeare's metre (Lit. Remains, vol. ii. p. 184.): he was unquestionably right; but he did not advert to the fact, of which there is the strongest presumptive evidence, that more than one author was engaged on the work. The very discordance of style forms part of the proof; and in his Lectures in 1818, Coleridge adduced many lines which he believed must have been written by Shakespeare.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
DUKE OF GLOSTER, Uncle to the King, and Protector.
DUKE OF BEDFORD, Uncle to the King, Regent of France.
DUKE OF EXETER.
HENRY BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester.
JOHN BEAUFORT, Earl of Somerset.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.
EARLS OF WARWICK, SALISBURY, and SUFFOLK.
TALBOT, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury:
JOHN TALBOT, his Son.
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.
Mortimer's Keeper, and a Lawyer.
SIR JOHN FASTOLFE. SIR WILLIAM LUCY. SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE. SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.
WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower. Mayor of London.
VERNON, of the White Rose, or York Faction.
BASSET, of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction.

CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.
REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and King of Naples.
DUKES OF BURGUNDY and ALENÇON. BASTARD OF ORLEANS.
Governor of Paris. Master Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.
General of the French Forces in Bourdeaux.
A French Sergeant. A Porter. An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET, Daughter to Reignier.
COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.
JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan of Arc.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French.

SCENE, partly in England, and partly in France.

[1] Rowe first made and prefixed a list of characters.

FIRST PART

OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Westminster Abbey.

Dead March[1]. *The corpse of King* HENRY *the Fifth is discovered, lying in state; attended on by the Dukes of* BEDFORD, GLOSTER, *and* EXETER; *the Earl of* WARWICK, *the Bishop of* WINCHESTER, *Heralds, &c.*

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death!
King Henry the fifth[2], too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king, until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;

[1] Dead March.] In our old stage a curtain did not rise, but curtains were drawn apart, and the characters, &c. entered; and such was the case in this instance, as appears by the old stage-direction in these words:—"Dead march. Enter the funeral of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloster, Protector; the Duke of Exeter; Warwick; the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset."

[2] King Henry the fifth,] In the corr. fo. 1632 "King" is erased, probably, for the sake of the measure; but as "King" may have been considered necessary in order to denote more emphatically who was intended, we leave it in the text.

His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive.
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contriv'd his end?

Win. He was a king, bless'd of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment day
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector,
And lookest to command the prince, and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious churchmen may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace!
Let's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us.—
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms,
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck[3],

[3] When at their mothers' MOIST eyes babes shall suck,] This is the line as it stands in the folio, 1632: that of 1623 has *moisten'd* for "moist," giving a redundant syllable. It is impossible to read the line as verse, if *moisten'd* be preserved in it.

Our isle be made a marish of salt tears [4],
And none but women left to wail the dead.—
Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invocate;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright Cassiopé [5].

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all.
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.
Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.
Glo. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.
Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?
Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.
Among the soldiers this is muttered,—
That here you maintain several factions;
And whilst a field should be despatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.
One would have lingering wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expense at all [6],
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.

[4] — a MARISH of salt tears,] Pope substituted "marish," *i. e. marsh*, for *nourish*, which is the word in the first and in the later folios.

[5] Than Julius Cæsar, or bright CASSIOPÉ.] In all the old copies a blank is left for the name of the constellation. It is difficult to account for the omission, and various modes of supplying the deficiency have been proposed, the most plausible (indeed so apparently right that we have inserted it) being that of the old annotator on the folio, 1632, who wrote "Cassiopé" in the margin. Drayton in his "Endymion and Phœbe," 1594, applies the same epithet to the same constellation—"bright Cassiopey" as he there spells it; and we have little doubt that Cassiopé, or Cassiopey was what the poet wrote. Professor Mommsen adopts "Cassiopé" without any question:—

"Als Julius Cäsar oder Cassiopeia."

[6] A third MAN thinks, without expense at all,] "Man" is from the folio, 1632; and it is necessary, unless we suppose, as Malone might have contended, that "third" is to be pronounced as a dissyllable.

Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern; regent I am of France.—
Give me my steeled coat! I'll fight for France.—
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds will I lend the French, instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

*

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin, Charles, is crowned king in Rheims;
The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exe. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O! whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats.—
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight,
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

3 *Mess.* O, no! wherein lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having scarce full six thousand in his troop,
By three-and-twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;

He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he slew.
The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him.
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! A Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If sir John Fastolfe[7] had not play'd the coward:
He, being in the vaward, plac'd behind[8]
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre:
Enclosed were they with their enemies.
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then, I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

[7] If sir John FASTOLFE] Mis-spelt *Falstaffe* in the old copies, but not of course intended for the humorous knight, who figures in "Henry IV.," Parts I. and II. and who died in "Henry V." The text relates to the historical sir John Fastolfe, who, as Fuller complains (Worthies, 1662, p. 253), had been misrepresented on the stage, as "a Thrasonical puff," when in fact he was "as valiant as any of his age." However, Hall and Holinshed assert that he was degraded for cowardice, although subsequently, "upon good reason alleged in his defence, restored to his honours."

[8] He being in the VAWARD, plac'd behind] The "vaward" is the advanced body of the army (see Vol. ii. p. 447), and this passage has been hitherto thought a contradiction, inasmuch as the "vaward" could not be "behind." But the meaning of Shakespeare seems to be, that what was usually the "vaward" of the army had in this instance purposely been "plac'd behind," in order to "relieve and follow" the rest. This explanation seems to remove a difficulty felt and expressed by most of the commentators. The corr. fo. 1632 has "*rear*ward" for "vaward," but if that were right, "plac'd behind" would be unnecessary: we therefore leave the text as in the old copies.

3 *Mess.* O, no! he lives; but is took prisoner,
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.
Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay.
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne;
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend:
Four of their lords I'll change for one of our's.—
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I.
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake[9].
3 *Mess.* So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd.
The English army is grown weak and faint;
The earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.
Exe. Remember lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.
Bed. I do remember it; and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*
Glo. I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,
To view th' artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*
Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [*Exit.*
Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office:
The king from Eltham I intend to steal[1],
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [*Exit.*

[9] — shall MAKE all Europe quake.] "Make" and "quake" sound awkwardly, but that of itself is no sufficient reason for substituting *cause*, which we find in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632.

[1] — I intend to STEAL,] "I intend to *send*" is the word in the folios, but "steal," as we are assured by the corr. fo. 1632, ought to be substituted: the fact was historically so, the rhyme most probable; and the old printer, who had just composed "intend," following it by *send*, may have fancied that it afforded the proper jingle at the conclusion of the scene. Mason was in favour of "steal," and was the first, in modern times, to propose it.

SCENE II.

France. Before Orleans.

Flourish. Enter CHARLES, *with his Forces;* ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known[2].
Late did he shine upon the English side,
Now we are victors; upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleasure here we lie near Orleans,
The whiles the famish'd English, like pale ghosts[3],
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves:
Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege. Why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury,
And he may well in fretting spend his gall;
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.
Now, for the honour of the forlorn French[4]!
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

[2] — to this day is not known.] So Nash (says Steevens) in the address to the reader before his "Have with You to Saffron Walden," 1596: "You are as ignorant in the true movings of my muse, as the astronomers are in the *true movings of Mars*, which to this day they could never attain to." Mr. Singer, perhaps not knowing the book itself, quotes it, second hand, by its second title.

[3] THE WHILES the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,] It is misprinted *Otherwhiles* in all editions, and amended (most irresistibly) in the corr. fo. 1632 as we have given it, improving the sense and correcting the measure.

[4] — the FORLORN French!] The epithet is changed to *forborne* in the corr. fo. 1632, and perhaps rightly, meaning ironically that the French had been spared by the English; but we do not change the word, because the original is well adapted to the place. For a similar reason we do not amend "fly" to *flee*, in the next line but one, thinking that the author may purposely have intended to avoid so obvious a rhyme, existing perhaps in the unknown older play, upon which we suppose "Henry VI., Part I.," to have been founded.

Alarums; Excursions; afterwards a Retreat[5].

Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I!—
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.
Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.
Alen. Froissart, a countryman of our's, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,
During the time Edward the third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons, and Goliasses,
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?
Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them be more eager[6]:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.
Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals, or device[7],
Their arms are set like clocks still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so, as they do.
By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.
Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the prince Dauphin? I have news for him.
Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

[5] Alarums; Excursions; afterwards a Retreat.] The stage-direction in the folio is, "Here Alarum: they are beaten back by the English with great loss."

[6] — enforce them be more eager:] So the corr. fo. 1632: the early reading is "enforce them *to* be more eager," but no ellipsis can be commoner, and it corrects the versification.

[7] I think, by some odd GIMMALS, or device,] A "gimmal," or *gimmor*, as it is spelt in the folio, 1623, is a piece of machinery, which in the text is supposed to strike, like the figures in connexion with clocks, which of old struck the hours. The etymology has been disputed; but probably it is from the Latin *gemellus*. This is the derivation given by Skinner, *Etymol. Ling. Angl.* We have had "gimmal bits," or double bits, for horses mentioned in "Henry V.," A. iv. sc. 2.

Bast. Methinks, your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd:
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.

Char. Go, call her in.—[*Exit Bastard.*] But first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern.
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath. [*Retires.*

Enter La Pucelle, *Bastard of Orleans, and others.*

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wond'rous feats?

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin?—Come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart.—
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our gracious Lady[8] hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo! whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity.
Her aid she promis'd, and assured success:
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,

[8] Heaven and our gracious Lady] The words "gracious Lady" are accidentally transposed in the folios: corrected in MS. in the folio, 1632.

With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bless'd with, which you may see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this; thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms.
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make:
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me[9],
And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepar'd. Here is my keen-edg'd sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then, come o' God's name: I fear no woman.

Puc. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*They fight*[1].

Char. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me.
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be:
'Tis the French Dauphin sueth thus to thee[2].

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred, from above:

[9] — thou shalt BUCKLE with me,] We have seen in "Henry IV., Part II.," A. i. sc. 1, p. 431, that to "buckle" means to *bend*: here we are to take it as to strive with, *i. e.* to clasp each other in the conflict, as if buckled together. A buckle was originally so called because it was bent. The last line of this speech runs much better in the corr. fo. 1632, "*Or* I renounce all confidence *in you*," and the rhyme may formerly have existed in the old drama; but the verse as it stands is complete, and alteration seems inexpedient.

[1] They fight.] The old stage-direction is, "Here they fight, and Joan de Pucel overcomes." Possibly, the last line ended with "*no* man."

[2] — sueth thus to thee.] The reviser of this old play did not alter the rhymes in the speech of Pucelle which follows these words, and we may feel assured that the Dauphin closed his address with a rhyme: it is misrepresented in this respect in the folio, 1623, and we here restore the jingle by altering the position of three small words,—"to thee thus,"—as they are altered in the corr. fo. 1632.

When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.
Char. Mean time look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.
Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.
Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock,
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.
Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?
Alen. He may mean more than we, poor men, do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.
Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?
Puc. Why, no, I say: distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.
Char. What she says, I'll confirm: we'll fight it out.
Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which Cæsar and his fortune[3] bare at once.
Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
Thou with an eagle art inspired, then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet St. Philip's daughters were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?
Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.
Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours.
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.
Char. Presently we'll try.—Come, let's away about it:
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [*Exeunt.*

[3] Which Cæsar and his FORTUNE] It is amended to *fortunes* in the corr. fo. 1632, but "fortune," in the singular, may very well keep its place. So, in the concluding line of the next speech, the last syllable of "reverently" is struck out by the old annotator, and it certainly is somewhat injurious to the metre; but the adverb is grammatical, and we reprint it.

SCENE III.

London. Tower Hill.

Enter, at the Gates, the Duke of GLOSTER, *with his Serving-men.*

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance[4].—
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates! 'Tis Gloster that calls[5]. [*Servants knock.*

1 *Ward.* [*Within.*] Who's there, that knocks so imperiously?

1 *Serv.* It is the noble duke of Gloster.

2 *Ward.* [*Within.*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 *Serv.* Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

1 *Ward.* [*Within.*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There's none protector of the realm but I.—
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize.
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?
[*Gloster's Men rush at the gates.*

Enter, to the Gates, WOODVILLE, *the Lieutenant.*

Wood. [*Within.*] What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates! here's Gloster that would enter.

Wood. [*Within.*] Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;
The cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandement,
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?

[4] — I fear, there is CONVEYANCE.] *i. e. Fraud* or *peculation*,—perhaps *theft*. See this Vol. p. 291.

[5] 'Tis Gloster that calls.] "That *now* calls" in the corr. fo. 1632, possibly for the purpose of patching the defective verse. So again, lower down, Gloster is made, in the same authority, to ask "Who will'd you *so?*" but if we read "willed" as two syllables, no addition is required.

Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.
1 *Serv.* Open the gates unto the lord protector,
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter WINCHESTER, *attended by Servants in tawney coats* [6].

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey! what means this?
Glo. Pill'd priest [7], dost thou command me to be shut out?
Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector, of the king or realm.
Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;
Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin [8].
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat [9],
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.
Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain [1],
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.
Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back.
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll use to carry thee out of this place.
Win. Do what thou dar'st; I'll beard thee to thy face.

[6] — Servants in TAWNEY COATS.] The attendants of a bishop seem to have been usually so attired. Stow, in a passage quoted by Steevens, speaks on one occasion of the Bishop of London, who was "attended on by a goodly company of gentlemen in *tawney coats*." Summoners, officers belonging to the Bishops' Courts, also wore "tawney coats."

[7] PILL'D priest,] "Pill'd" is what is now usually spelt *peel'd*, and in the folio, 1623, the orthography of the word is *pield*; but we have had it before, in exactly the same sense, in "Measure for Measure," A. i. sc. 2. The allusion is to the shaven crown of the Bishop of Winchester.

[8] — indulgences to sin.] The Stews in Southwark were formerly under the jurisdiction of the bishops of Winchester, whose palace (a relic of which is still left) stood near those on the Bankside. See, in a note to the Percy Society's reprint of Rowley's "Search for Money," p. 45, a curious and early account of the Stews in Southwark.

[9] I'll CANVASS thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,] *i. e.* I'll *sift* thee. Cotgrave renders *canabasser* (which Skinner says means *to beat hemp*) by the words "to canvass, or curiously to examine, or sift out."

[1] This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,] Reed pointed out the following illustrative quotation from "The Travels of Sir John Mandeville:"—"And in that place where Damascus was founded, Kayn sloughe Abel his brother." Ritson added the subsequent passage from the "Polychronicon:"—"Damascus is as much as to say shedding of blood; for there Chaym slew Abel, and hid him in the sand."

Glo. What! am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?—
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue coats to tawney coats[2]. Priest, beware your beard;
[GLOSTER *and his Men attack the Bishop.*
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly.
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat,
In spite of pope or dignities of church;
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.
Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.
Glo. Winchester goose[3]! I cry—a rope! a rope!—
Now beat them hence, why do you let them stay?—
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—
Out, tawney coats!—out, scarlet hypocrite!
[GLOSTER'S *Men beat out the Cardinal's Men.*

Enter, in the hurly-burly, the Mayor of London and his Officers.

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace.
Glo. Peace, mayor! thou knowest little of my wrongs.
Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.
Win. Here's Gloster too[4], a foe to citizens;
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm;
And would have armour, here, out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.
Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.
[*They skirmish again.*

[2] BLUE COATS to tawney coats.] The usual livery of servants at the period when Shakespeare wrote, and long before, was blue: such therefore was the colour of the dress worn by the attendants on the Duke of Gloster.

[3] Winchester goose!] Johnson here understands an allusion to the "consequence of love" for the inhabitants of the Stews, under the control of the Bishop of Winchester: that "consequence" was certainly called "a Winchester goose" by many old writers (see Dyce's Webster's Works, Vol. iii. p. 328), but there seems no necessary reference to it in the text, though it may have been intended.

[4] Here's Gloster TOO,] The word "too" is from the folio, 1632. In the corr. fo. 1632 the word "e'er" is erased in the next speech of the Mayor, apparently for the same reason that "too" was inserted above: "e'er" is, however, worse than needless, and we omit it. Instead of this course, Mr. Singer, without warrant from any old copy, and without notice, omits the verb "cry." If Shakespeare's text be arbitrarily altered, at least the reader ought to be apprised of the fact: that omission may have been merely accidental.

May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation.—
Come, officer: as loud as thou canst cry.

Off. *All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day, against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.*

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law;
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.
Win. Gloster, we'll meet, to thy dear cost [5] be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.
May. I'll call for clubs [6], if you will not away.—
This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.
Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou may'st.
Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;
For I intend to have it off, ere long [7]. [*Exeunt.*
May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.—
Good God! that nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

France. Before Orleans.

Enter, on the Walls, the Master-Gunner and his Son.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd,
And how the English have the suburbs won.
Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.
M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;

[5] — to thy DEAR cost] So the second folio; which seems to have been edited, as regards this play, with more than usual care. The first folio omits "dear."

[6] I'll call for CLUBS,] The usual cry in the city in case of tumult. See "As You Like It," A. v. sc. 2, Vol. ii. p. 422.

[7] For I intend to have it OFF, ere long.] The word "off" is from the corr. fo. 1632, and is clearly necessary for sense and verse. Two lines lower *these* of the old copies is amended to "that" on the same authority, and with nearly equal necessity. Rowe took this course, but without any such warrant as we now fortunately possess.

Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's espials have informed me,
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont, through a secret grate [8] of iron bars
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city;
And thence discover, how, with most advantage,
They may vex us with shot, or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
And even these three days have I watch'd, if I
Could see them.
Now, do thou watch, for I can stay no longer [9].
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word,
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*

Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care:
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter, in an upper Chamber of a Tower, the Lords SALISBURY *and* TALBOT; *Sir* WILLIAM GLANSDALE, *Sir* THOMAS GARGRAVE, *and others.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy! again return'd?
How wert thou handled, being prisoner,
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The duke of Bedford [1] had a prisoner,
Called the brave lord Ponton de Santrailes;
For him I was exchang'd and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I disdaining scorn'd; and craved death,
Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd [2]:

[8] WONT, through a secret grate] The old copies have *Went* for "Wont;" but the latter, suggested by Tyrwhitt, seems to accord better with the rest of the passage, and the misprint was a very easy one. "Wont," for "*are* wont," is a frequent elliptical expression in our old poets.

[9] — for I can stay no longer.] On some accounts the wording and regulation of the folio, 1632, seems preferable: it is this:

"And *fully* even these three days have I watch'd
If I could see them. Now, *boy*, do thou watch,
For I can stay no longer,"

on my post, adds the corr. fo. 1632, in order to complete the line. Our regulation is not precisely that of the folio, 1623, because there we have two imperfect lines instead of only one.

[1] The DUKE of Bedford] In the folios he is here by mistake called *earl*.

[2] — so VILE-esteem'd:] The old reading (and it runs through all the folios)

In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart;
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.
Sal. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.
Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a public spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scare-crow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute-while,
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart[3].
Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now, it is supper-time in Orleans:

is, "*pil'd* esteem'd," an evident misprint for "vile-esteem'd." "Vile" was often of old spelt *vild*, and hence, perhaps, the error. Mr. Singer naturally adopts our explanation of the cause of the corruption here, but does not remark upon the confusion frequently occasioned by the misspelling of "vile" *vild*, in our old dramatists especially. *Vild* seems to have been brought into use when the word was followed by a vowel, as in "*vild*-esteemed;" but it is of course quite opposed to etymology, and what purpose it can serve to retain *vild*, when all the world has agreed to use "vile," we cannot divine. Yet the Rev. Mr. Dyce, throughout his Beaumont and Fletcher, and elsewhere, confounds the two, sometimes printing "vile" (as he ought to have done in all cases) and sometimes treating us with *vild*. We need not enter into proofs to show how injudicious this irregularity is, and we may say, with all due deference, that it would almost be better to adhere to a vulgarism (for it is nothing else) and a corruption, than to introduce this inconvenient variation. Whoever now spells "vile" *vild?* We reprint Shakespeare in the orthography of our time, save in a few strictly exceptional cases.

[3] — to shoot me to the heart.] Here, according to the old stage-direction, the Master-Gunner's Son enters "with a linstock" in order to fire upon Salisbury, Talbot, &c. How the scene was contrived in the time of Shakespeare we know not, but the imaginations of the spectators must necessarily have been considerably stretched.

Here, through this grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:
Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions,
Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled [4].

[*Shot from the Town.* SALISBURY *and Sir* THO. GARGRAVE *fall.*

Sal. O Lord! have mercy on us, wretched sinners.

Gar. O Lord! have mercy on me, woeful man.

Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath cross'd us?—
Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes [5], and thy cheek's side struck off!—
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the fifth he first train'd to the wars:
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—
Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace:
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands [6]!—
Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.—
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
Thou shalt not die, whiles——
He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me,

[4] Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.] We need hardly remark that such words as "enfeebled," "assembled," &c. were often used by our old dramatists as quadrisyllables. To read "through" *thorough*, in the first line of this page, would not cure its defective metre, unless we could also insert *can*, "I *can* count," &c.

[5] One of THY eyes,] The corr. fo. 1632 here introduces an unusual refinement of emendation, by changing "thy" to *thine* before "eyes."

[6] If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!] This and the eight preceding lines are struck out in the corr. fo. 1632, and they were probably not repeated when the old annotator saw the play.

As who should say, "When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French."—
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero [7],
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.
[*An Alarum; it thunders and lightens.*
What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord! the French have gather'd head:
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,
A holy prophetess, new risen up,
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.
[SALISBURY *lifts himself up, and groans* [8].

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.—
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you,
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish [9],
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what dastard Frenchmen dare [10].
[*Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*

[7] — and like thee, NERO,] "Nero" was omitted in the first folio; but the sense fills up the blank, and possibly the word had dropped out. We have previously had blanks (see p. 651 and 666), but there they were supplied by what printers call a *rule:* here there is no such indication of deficiency.

[8] Salisbury lifts himself up, and groans.] So the expressive stage-direction in the old copies is worded: modern editors say only, "Salisbury groans."

[9] Pucelle or PUZZEL, DOLPHIN or dogfish.] "Puzzel" in the time of Shakespeare, meant a low prostitute, and Minsheu derives it from the Italian *puzza*, malus fœtor; but it may be doubted whether it is not merely a corruption of *pucelle*, applied in derision to women of that abandoned class, and particularly to French prostitutes, in accordance with a passage, cited by Tollet, where the "puzzles of Paris," *i. e.* the *pucelles* of Paris, are mentioned. "Dauphin" is invariably printed *Dolphin* in the folio, 1623, and so it seems to have been pronounced on our stage: hence "dolphin or dogfish."

[10] And then we'll try what dastard Frenchmen dare.] There are many lines in these, and indeed in other plays, where we may feel assured that the original measure has been spoiled by the corrupt insertion or exclusion of expletives. The word "these" in this line, before "dastard," is in point, for both sense and metre are improved by the erasure of it in the corr. fo. 1632. In the same way small unimportant words are often needed to complete defective measure; but, of course, in both cases, we feel bound to adhere to the usual authorities, when we have no reason to suppose that those authorities are in error.

SCENE V.

The Same. Before one of the Gates.

Alarum. Skirmishings. TALBOT *pursues the Dauphin, and drives him in: then enter* JOAN LA PUCELLE, *driving Englishmen before her. Then enter* TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

Enter LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes.—I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee.
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch[1],
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.
Puc. Come, come; 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.
[*They fight.*
Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.
Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
O'ertake me if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be.
[PUCELLE *enters the Town, with Soldiers.*
Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do.
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;

[1] Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,] It was supposed of old, and the superstition has survived even to our own day, that if blood could be drawn from a witch, the enchantment was dissolved, and her power at an end.

Now, like to whelps, we crying run away. [*A short Alarum.*
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf[2],
Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.
[*Alarum. Another skirmish.*
It will not be.—Retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans
In spite of us, or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt* TALBOT *and his Forces.*

SCENE VI.

The Same.

Flourish. Enter, on the Walls, PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, *and Soldiers.*

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls!
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English wolves[3].
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.
Char. Divinest creature, bright Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:

[2] Sheep run not half so TIMOROUS from the wolf,] The folio, 1623, reads *treacherous*, and the word was adopted in all editions previous to that of Pope, who properly changed it to "timorous." The leaf of the corr. fo. 1632, containing this and many other passages, is unfortunately lost.

[3] Rescu'd is Orleans from the English WOLVES.] The word "wolves" is derived from the second folio, and seems necessary, though Malone strangely contends that "English" ought to be pronounced as a trisyllable. In the next line but one, "bright" is also from the second folio; but Malone goes the absurd length of insisting that "Astræa" ought to be pronounced *Asteræa*.

More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.
Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud[4] throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.
Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.
Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won,
For which I will divide my crown with her;
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
Than Rhodope's, or Memphis', ever was:
In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in; and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Same.

Enter, to the Gates, a French Sergeant, and two Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant.
If any noise, or soldier, you perceive,
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard. [*Exit Sergeant.*
1 *Sent.* Sergeant, you shall.—Thus are poor servitors

[4] — ring not out the bells ALOUD] Here "aloud" seems surplusage, as regards metre and meaning; for, if the bells were rung out, they must be rung aloud. It was probably an interpolation.

(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *and Forces, with scaling Ladders; their Drums beating a dead march.*

Tal. Lord regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted.
Embrace we, then, this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art, and baleful sorcery.
Bed. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell.
Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?
Tal. A maid, they say.
Bed. A maid, and be so martial?
Bur. Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long;
If underneath the standard of the French,
She carry armour, as she hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits;
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.
Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.
Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways,
That if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.
Bed. Agreed. I'll to yon corner.
Bur. And I to this.
Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.—
Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English scale the walls, crying* "St. George! a Talbot!" *and all enter the Town.*

Sent. [*Within.*] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!

[*The French leap over the walls in their shirts.*

Enter, several ways, Bastard, Alençon, Reignier, *half ready, and half unready* [5].

Alen. How now, my lords! what, all unready so?
Bast. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.
Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.
Alen. Of all exploits, since first I followed arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or desperate than this.
Bast. I think, this Talbot be a fiend of hell.
Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.
Alen. Here cometh Charles: I marvel, how he sped.

Enter Charles *and* La Pucelle.

Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.
Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?
Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,
Or will you blame, and lay the fault on me?—
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fallen.
Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.
Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.
Bast. Mine was secure.
Reig. And so was mine, my lord.
Char. And for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels:

[5] — half READY, and half UNREADY.] *i. e.* Half *dressed*, and half *undressed*. "Ready" and "unready," in the time of Shakespeare, were the commonest words for *dressed* and *undressed*. Examples might, if necessary, be pointed out in nearly every old writer.

Then how, or which way, should they first break in?
Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How, or which way: 'tis sure, they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made;
And now there rests no other shift but this,—
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms[6] to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying, "a Talbot! a Talbot!" *They fly, leaving their clothes behind.*

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Orleans. Within the Town.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *a Captain, and others.*

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.
[*Retreat sounded.*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.—
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans,

[6] And lay new PLATFORMS] *i. e. Plots* or *plans.* The *plot* of a play was formerly called a "platform." See the "Hist. of Eng. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," Vol. iii. p. 393, &c. *Plot* and *plat* are the same word, only in the last the *a* is pronounced very broadly.

The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself, as far as I could well discern,
For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night,
Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin, and his trull;
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
That could not live asunder, day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou would'st vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies;
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see, our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for, when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd.—
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.—
Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly, it is more than manners will;
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*]—You perceive my mind.
Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Auvergne. Court of the Castle.

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me.
Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam, according as your ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.
Count. And he is welcome.—What! is this the man?
Mess. Madam, it is.
Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.
Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;
But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you. [*Going.*
Count. What means he now?—Go ask him, whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.
Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter, with Keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.
Tal. Prisoner! to whom?
Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs;
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.
Tal. Ha, ha, ha!
Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.
Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,
Whereon to practise your severity.
Count. Why, art not thou the man?
Tal. I am indeed.
Count. Then have I substance too.
Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see, is but the smallest part,
And least proportion of humanity.
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.
Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce[7];
He will be here, and yet he is not here:

[7] This is a riddling MERCHANT for the NONCE;] "For the *nonce*" is for the occasion: see Vol. ii. p. 330. "Merchant" was often, of old, used as a term of contempt: thus in "Jacob and Esau," 1568, A. v. sc. 6,

"What, ye saucie merchant, are ye a prater now?"

The Morality of "The Conflict of Conscience," 1581, contains several instances of the same application of the term. See also "Romeo and Juliet," A. ii. sc. 4, where the nurse calls Mercutio "a saucy merchant." The terms "merchant" and "pedlar" were of old sometimes nearly synonymous.

How can these contrarieties agree?
Tal. That will I show you, lady, presently[8].

He winds his Horn. Drums strike up; a peal of Ordnance. The Gates being forced, enter Soldiers.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.
Count. Victorious Talbot, pardon my abuse:
I find, thou art no less than fame hath bruited[9],
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.
Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me:
No other satisfaction do I crave,
But only, with your patience, that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.
Count. With all my heart; and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. The Temple Garden.

Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, *and* WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, *and a Lawyer.*

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

[8] That will I show you, LADY, presently.] The word "lady" is from the corr. fo. 1632, and as the lines here are generally regular, we may presume that it escaped under the hands of a careless printer.

[9] — no less than fame hath BRUITED,] "Bruited" is *noised*, from the Fr. *bruit*. It is a word of constant occurrence in writers of the time, both as a substantive and as a verb. See "Troilus and Cressida," A. v. sc. 10, "Hamlet," A. i. sc. 2, &c.

Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too loud:
The garden here is more convenient.
Plan. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth,
Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error[10]?
Suf. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.
Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then, between us.
War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment;
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.
Plan. Tut, tut! here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.
Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.
Plan. Since you are tongue-tied, and so loath to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts.
Let him, that is a true-born gentleman
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.
Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.
War. I love no colours; and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.
Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.

[10] Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?] The meaning is, "Or, *in other words*, was not wrangling Somerset in error?" Johnson would read *i' the right* for "in error;" and Sir T. Hanmer, *And was not*, instead of "Or else was." Shakespeare seems to have intended to make Richard Plantagenet assert his own correctness in two different forms of speech. In the old copy, in the prefixes, Plantagenet is called *York;* although he was not then Duke of York, and though near the end of the scene (p. 681) Warwick talks of the justice of creating him Duke of York.

Ver. Stay, lords, and gentlemen; and pluck no more,
Till you conclude that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.
Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected:
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.
Plan. And I.
Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so, against your will.
Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.
Som. Well, well, come on: who else?
Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you;
In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.
Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?
Som. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that,
Shall die your white rose in a bloody red.
Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.
Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear, but anger, that thy cheeks[1]
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.
Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?
Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth,
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.
Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding-roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.
Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy faction[2], peevish boy.

[1] — THAT thy cheeks] "*And* thy cheeks" in the corr. fo. 1632, but it seems an alteration questionable, if not needless.

[2] I scorn thee and thy FACTION,] The old copies have *fashion*, a word that may possibly be tortured into a meaning, as Warburton attempted; but which was,

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.
Plan. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him and thee.
Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole:
We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset:
His grandfather was Lionel, duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward, king of England.
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?
Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege [3],
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.
Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, Richard earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And by his treason stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.
Plan. My father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker Poole, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd.
Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still,
And know us by these colours for thy foes;
For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.
Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,

in all probability, a mere misprint for "faction," to which Theobald changed it. Warburton's notion was, that it referred to the *fashion* of wearing the red rose; but the same character, not long afterwards, employs the word "faction" in precisely the same sense,

"Will I for ever, and my *faction*, wear."

A copy of the fourth folio, lent to me by Mr. Holgate, which formerly belonged to Southern, the poet, has *fashion* corrected to "faction," in his hand-writing, and it is also amended to "faction" in the corr. fo. 1632. There could be no reasonable doubt on the subject.

[3] He BEARS him on the place's privilege,] *i. e.* He conducts himself as he does, relying on the privilege of the Temple. The corr. fo. 1632 has "He *braves* him on the place's privilege;" but the change is unadvisable, though when "bears" was written *beares*, a misprint of the kind is easily accounted for.

Will I for ever, and my faction, wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.
Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition:
And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*
Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*
Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!
War. This blot, that they object against your house,
Shall be wip'd out [4] in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster;
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose.
And here I prophesy,—this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls [5] to death and deadly night.
Plan. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.
Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.
Law. And so will I.
Plan. Thanks, gentle sir [6].
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say,
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Same. A Room in the Tower.

Enter MORTIMER, *brought in a chair by two Keepers.*

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—

[4] Shall be WIP'D out] So the second folio: the first has "*whipt* out."
[5] A thousand souls] Altered to "*Ten* thousand souls" in the corr. fo. 1632.
[6] Thanks, gentle SIR.] "Sir" is from the second folio: it is obviously necessary, though, as Malone remarks, it does not complete the line commenced by "And so will I:" the poet perhaps wrote, "I thank you, gentle sir." It would be just as reasonable here to leave "gentle" by itself, "Thanks, gentle," as to print "Be merry, *gentle*" in "The Winter's Tale," A. iv. sc. 3, this Vol. p. 70.

Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care [7],
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent [8]:
Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening grief,
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.—
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

1 *Keep.* Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber [9],
And answer was return'd that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfied.—
Poor gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance:
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence.
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

1 *Keep.* My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

[7] Nestor-like aged, in AN AGE of care,] We do not venture here to vary from the old copies, but an alteration in the corr. fo. 1632 instructs us to read "in a *cage* of care," referring to Mortimer's long imprisonment: he has already mentioned his advanced years in the words "Nestor-like aged."

[8] — to their EXIGENT:] *i. e.* To their *extremity* or *end;* an application of the word, countenanced by the following line from the comedy of "The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll," 1600, quoted by Steevens:—

"Hath driven her to some desperate *exigent.*"

[9] We sent unto the Temple, TO his chamber,] It is "*unto* his chamber" in the folio, 1623, but *unto* being omitted in the folio, 1632, the old annotator supplied its absence by "to," which preserves the measure. Mr. Singer does the same, but it was a trifle hardly worth acknowledgment.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come ?
Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.
Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp.
O ! tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despis'd ?
Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm,
And in that ease I'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me ;
Among which terms he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death :
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake, declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.
Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.
Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was :
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.
Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew Richard, Edward's son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent :
During whose reign the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was for that (young king Richard thus remov'd [1],
Leaving no heir begotten of his body)

[1] — KING Richard thus remov'd,] The first folio omits "king," inserted by the editor of the second folio, to complete the line ; and we may presume that it had dropped out in the press. There could certainly be no good reason for excluding it from the text.

I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son [2]
To king Edward the third, whereas he,
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark: as, in this haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the fifth,
(Succeeding his father Bolingbroke) did reign,
Thy father, earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army, weening to redeem,
And have install'd me in the diadem;
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest, that I no issue have,
And that my fainting words do warrant death.
Thou art my heir: the rest, I wish thee gather;
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me.
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic:
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence,
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle! would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age.

Mor. Thou dost, then, wrong me; as the slaughterer doth,
Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only, give order for my funeral:
And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes,

[2] — THE third son] "The" is also from the second folio, and necessary.

And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war! [*Dies.*

Plan. And peace, no war, befal thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.—
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.—

[*Exeunt Keepers, bearing out* MORTIMER.

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:
And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress;
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill th' advantage of my good[3]. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Same. The Parliament-House.

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *and* SUFFOLK; *the Bishop of* WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *and others.* GLOSTER *offers to put up a bill;* WINCHESTER *snatches it, and tears it.*

Win. Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines?
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd?
Humphrey of Gloster, if thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention, suddenly;
As I, with sudden and extemporal speech,
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,

[3] Or make my ILL th' advantage of my good.] The old editions read, "Or make my *will*," &c. But we adopt Theobald's amendment, which clears the sense, and preserves the antithesis. The corrector of the folio, 1632, preserves *will* and alters "advantage" to *advancer* with some apparent fitness.

Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession, and degree:
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest,
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge, as at the Tower?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse[4],
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it, I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do, except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know, I am as good——

Glo. As good?
Thou bastard of my grandfather!—

Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,

[4] — or PERVERSE,] "*Proud*" says the old annotator on the folio, 1632; and the word suits both verse and sense best, because Gloster has just asserted of Winchester that "very infants prattle of thy pride:" on the other hand he has also accused him of being "froward by nature," and on the whole it seems fit to leave the text as it has stood. We say the same of the next proposed emendation, four lines lower, where *preserveth* is substituted for "preferreth:" "preferreth" answers its purpose, although in the preceding speech it has been used with a different meaning, viz. that of bringing forward.

But one imperious in another's throne?
Glo. Am I not the protector, saucy priest[5]?
Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?
Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.
Win. Unreverent Gloster!
Glo. Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.
Win. Rome shall remedy this.
War. Roam thither then.
My lord, it were your duty to forbear.
Som. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.
Methinks, my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such[6].
War. Methinks, his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.
War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?
Plan. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue; [*Aside.*
Lest it be said, "Speak, sirrah, when you should;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?"
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.
K. Hen. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O! what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar.
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissension is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—
[*A noise within:* "Down with the tawney coats!"
What tumult's this?
War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.
[*A noise again:* "Stones! Stones!"

[5] Am I not THE protector, saucy priest?] Here the line is defective without the insertion of "the:" it is found in the corr. fo. 1632, which has recently reformed several defects of the same kind.

[6] And know the office that belongs to such.] Theobald changed the prefixes to this and some preceding lines, but apparently without sufficient reason for varying from the old copies. The altered arrangement of the speeches seems quite as liable to objection, and we follow the folio, 1623.

Enter the Mayor of London and some Citizens.

May. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop's and the duke of Gloster's men[7],
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;
And banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pates,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out.
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter, skirmishing, the Retainers of GLOSTER *and* WINCHESTER, *with bloody pates.*

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaughtering hands, and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.
1 *Serv.* Nay, if we be
Forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.
2 *Serv.* Do what ye dare; we are as resolute.
[*Skirmish again.*
Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.
1 *Serv.* My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his majesty;
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate[8],
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

[7] The BISHOP'S and the duke of Gloster's men,] It is "the *bishop*" in the old copies, but it ought unquestionably to be "bishop's," and so it is found in the corr. fo. 1632. Four lines lower *pate* is properly altered to "pates."

[8] — an INKHORN mate,] The epithet "inkhorn" was usually applied in derision of pedantry, and pretension to learning: Mr. Singer's note is chiefly borrowed from Reed. Churchyard in his "Choice," sign. E e 1, has this line:—

"As ynkhorne termes smell of the schoole sometyme;"

and in the comedy "The Weakest goeth to the Wall," 1600, one of the characters asks,

"Is not this better farre than *respice*,
And *precor*, and such ink-horne terms?"

3 *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field, when we are dead. [*Skirmish again.*
Glo. Stay, stay [9]!
And, if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.
K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!—
Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace [1],
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?
War. Yield, my lord protector;—yield, Winchester;
Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then, be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.
Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.
Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.
War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern, and tragical?
Glo. Here, Winchester; I offer thee my hand.
[WINCHESTER *refuses it.*
K. Hen. Fye, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?
War. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly gird [2].
For shame, my lord of Winchester, relent:
What! shall a child instruct you what to do?
Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;

[9] Stay, stay!] These two words conclude the preceding line, but *I say*, which is on all accounts mere surplusage, has been carelessly added to them in the early impressions: the words *I say* are struck out in the corr. fo. 1632; and they possibly originated in some early performer of the part.

[1] — to PREFER a peace,] Here again the corr. fo. 1632 tells us to amend "prefer" (of old usually spelt preferre) to *preserve*.

[2] — the bishop hath a kindly GIRD.] A "gird" is a *reproof*, and sometimes a *taunt*. Warwick seems to refer to the merited check the King has just given to Winchester.

Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.
[*Gives his hand.*

Glo. Ay; but I fear me, with a hollow heart.— [*Aside*[3].
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce,
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers.
So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. So help me God, as I intend it not! [*Aside.*

K. Hen. O loving uncle, and kind duke of Gloster[4],
How joyful am I made by this contract!—
Away, my masters: trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content. I'll to the surgeon's.

2 *Serv.* And so will I.

3 *Serv.* And I will see what physic the tavern affords.
[*Exeunt Mayor, Citizens, Servants, &c.*

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick:—for, sweet prince,
An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right;
Especially for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone[5],
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant[6] vows obedience,

[3] Aside.] Not so marked in the old copies, but clearly to be so read. Sometimes the *asides* speak so evidently for themselves, that it is needless to encumber the margin.

[4] O loving uncle, AND kind duke of Gloster,] The conjunction, which we may conclude had escaped, is from the corr. fo. 1632.

[5] If Richard will be true, not that alone,] The folio, 1623, has "not that *all* alone;" an error which the measure detects: the folio, 1632, has the line correctly, omitting *all*.

[6] *Plan.* Thy HUMBLE servant] It is "Thy *honour'd* servant" in the corr. fo.

And humble service, till the point of death.
K. Hen. Stoop then, and set your knee against my foot;
And in reguerdon[7] of that duty done,
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York.
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely duke of York.
Plan. And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty.
All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York!
Som. Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York! [*Aside.*
Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France.
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.
K. Hen. When Gloster says the word, king Henry goes,
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.
Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.
[*Flourish. Exeunt all but* EXETER.
Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late dissension, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degrees[8],
Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which, in the time of Henry, nam'd the fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—
That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all,

1632, and with some appearance of reason, seeing that in the next line Plantagenet promises his "humble service." The poet would hardly have repeated the same epithet so soon, and the new duke had been *honour'd* by his restoration.

[7] And in REGUERDON] "Reguerdon" and *guerdon* are the same; viz. *reward* or *recompence*. We have had "guerdon" in "Much Ado About Nothing," A. v. sc. 3, and in "Love's Labour's Lost," A. iii. sc. 1. "Reguerdon'd" occurs on p. 700 of this play.

[8] — rot but by DEGREES,] So the corr. fo. 1632 instead of *degree* in the singular, which is the word in all the old copies. We are not convinced of the necessity of alteration; but Mr. Singer has availed himself of it (again too insignificant a change to merit acknowledgment), and the line certainly reads better. Malone too printed "degrees" without notice. The whole of this speech is struck out with a pen by the old annotator.

And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all[9]:
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

France. Before Rouen.

Enter La Pucelle *disguised, and Soldiers dressed like Countrymen*[1], *with sacks upon their backs.*

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, (as I hope we shall)
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

1 *Sold.* Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*

Guard. [Within.] *Qui est là?*

Puc. Paisans, les pauvres gens de France:
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Guard. Enter; go in: the market-bell is rung.
[*Opens the gates.*

Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground[2].
[Pucelle, *&c. enter the City.*

Enter Charles, *Bastard of* Orleans, Alençon, *and Forces.*

Char. Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem,
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

[9] — should lose all:] The first folio omits the word "should," which is necessary, and is found in the second folio.

[1] — and Soldiers dressed like Countrymen,] The old stage-direction is "and *four* soldiers," the theatre perhaps being able to afford no more for the occasion.

[2] Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.] It is evident that in this line, and in most others, we must read "Rouen" as one syllable, and it is spelt *Roan* in the old copies. When it falls at the end of a line, it may of course be pronounced as a dissyllable, as in the commencement of this scene:—

"These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen."

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants[3];
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is[4] the best and safest passage in?
Alen. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discern'd, shows, that her meaning is,—
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd[5].

Enter La Pucelle *on a battlement, holding out a burning torch.*

Puc. Behold! this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.
Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend;
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.
Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!
Alen. Defer no time; delays have dangerous ends:
Enter, and cry "The Dauphin!" presently,
And then do execution on the watch. [*They enter.*

Alarums. Enter Talbot, *and English Soldiers.*

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France[6].
[*Exeunt to the Town.*

[3] — and her PRACTISANTS;] The meaning is very obvious; but we have not met with any other instance of the use of the word. The Rev. Mr. Dyce is surprised (Remarks, p. 124) at the hint in our first edition that "partisans" might by possibility have been the word in the MS., since nobody has yet been able to produce an instance of the use of "practisants." At the same time we adhere to the text of the old copies—"practisants"—which Mr. Dyce explains "associates in treachery," although it seems unlikely that the Bastard would cast this implied imputation upon his own friends. "Practisants" is the right word to be reprinted, and we never said that it was the wrong one, although Mr. Dyce writes almost as if he were disappointed that we had not printed *partisans*.

[4] WHERE is] The old copies have "*Here* is," an obvious error corrected by Rowe; but long before in the corr. fo. 1632.

[5] No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.] *i. e.* There is no way compared to that, or as good as that, by which she entered, on account of its weakness.

[6] That hardly we escap'd the PRIDE of France.] Theobald read "*prize* of France;" and Warburton and Steevens explain "pride of France" as *haughty power* of France; but surely the reference here is to La Pucelle, the "pride of France;" from whom Talbot and his friends had "hardly escap'd."

Alarum: Excursions. Enter, from the Town, BEDFORD, *brought in sick in a chair, with* TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and the English Forces. Then, enter on the Walls,* LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, *Bastard,* ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Puc. Good morrow, gallants. Want ye corn for bread?
I think, the duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate.
'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taste?
Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtezan!
I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.
Char. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.
Bed. O! let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason,
Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?
Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of hell's despite[7],
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.
Puc. Are you so hot, sir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace:
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—
[TALBOT, *and the rest, consult together.*
God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?
Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?
Puc. Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be our's, or no.
Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest.
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?
Alen. Signior, no.
Tal. Signior, hang!—base muleteers of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.
Puc. Away, captains[8]! let's get us from the walls,

[7] — and hag of HELL's despite,] It is "hag of *all* despite" in the folios, a very poor and tame expression compared with "hag of hell's despite" to which it is amended in the corr. fo. 1632. We are confident that such must have been the poet's language, and it fully accords with Talbot's last speech.

[8] Away, captains!] Malone and Steevens (as a supposed improvement of Shakespeare's verse, perhaps) inverted these words, and read, "Captains, away," without any authority.

For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks.—
God be wi' you, my lord: we came, but to tell you
That we are here.

[*Exeunt* La Pucelle, *&c. from the Walls.*

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame.—
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,
Either to get the town again, or die:
And I, as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror,
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried,
So sure I swear, to get the town, or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant duke of Bedford.—Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,
And will be partner of your weal, or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,
That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.
Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—
Then, be it so:—heavens keep old Bedford safe!—
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt* Burgundy, Talbot, *and Forces, leaving* Bedford, *and others.*

Alarum: Excursions. Enter Sir John Fastolfe, *and a Captain.*

Cap. Whither away, sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight:
We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [*Exit.*
Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! [*Exit.*

Retreat: Excursions. Enter, from the Town, La Pucelle, Alençon, Charles, *&c. and exeunt, flying.*

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when Heaven please,
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.
[*Dies, and is carried off in his chair.*

Alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgundy, *and others.*

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy;
Yet heavens have glory for this victory.
Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot[9], Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.
Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep:
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks[1]?
What, all a-mort[2]? Rouen hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers,
And then depart to Paris to the king;
For there young Henry with his nobles lies.
Bur. What wills lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.
Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen:
A braver soldier never couched lance,

[9] Warlike and MARTIAL Talbot,] "Warlike and *matchless* Talbot" in the corr. fo. 1632, and probably rightly, but we are not prepared to do such violence to the old text, when it is not imperatively required.

[1] — and Charles his GLEEKS?] *i. e. Scoffs* or *jeers.* Spelt *glikes* in the folio, 1623; but the same word as the verb in "Midsummer-Night's Dream," A. iii. sc. 1, and in "Romeo and Juliet," A. iv. sc. 5. In "Henry V.," A. v. sc. 1, p. 630, we have the participle "gleeking" employed.

[2] What, all A-MORT?] All *dispirited, dead.* See "The Taming of the Shrew," A. iv. sc. 3, Vol. ii. p. 505.

A gentler heart did never sway in court;
But kings, and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. The Plains near the City.

Enter CHARLES, *the Bastard*, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, *and Forces.*

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail,
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.
Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence:
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.
Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.
Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint:
Employ thee, then, sweet virgin, for our good.
Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.
Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.
Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.
Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.
[*Drums heard afar off.*
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

An English March. Enter, and pass over, TALBOT, *and his Forces.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

A French March. Enter the Duke of BURGUNDY *and his Forces.*

Now, in the rearward comes the duke, and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.

[*Trumpets sound a Parley.*

Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France,
Stay: let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lovely babe[3],
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France:
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast.
O! turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

[3] As looks the mother on her LOVELY babe,] A question has arisen whether the epithet here were *lowly*, as in the old impressions, or "lovely:" if there could be any real doubt, the corr. fo. 1632 seems to settle the dispute (carried on between Warburton and Johnson) in favour of "lovely," to which *lowly* is there amended. In the second line above, the corr. fo. 1632 reads "*her* cities and *her* towns," but the change is in no way required, and it may only indicate a difference of recitation on the part of some performer of the character of the heroine.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Whom join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then but English Henry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive?
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe,
And was he not in England prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.
See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord:
Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished: these haughty words of her's
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.—
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are your's.—
So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely played her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers,
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Paris. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and other Lords,* VERNON, BASSET, *&c. To them* TALBOT, *and some of his Officers.*

Tal. My gracious prince, and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,

I have a while given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,—
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet;
And with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. Hen. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,
That hath so long been resident in France?

Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord.
When I was young, (as yet I am not old)
I do remember how my father said,
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of that truth[4],
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you earl of Shrewsbury,
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Flourish. Exeunt King* HENRY, GLOSTER, TALBOT, *and Nobles.*

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours, that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of York,
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

[4] Long since we were resolved of THAT truth,] *i. e.* Convinced of the truth of what Henry's father had said respecting Talbot's stoutness as a champion, as well as convinced by his own experience of Talbot's faithful service and toil in war. For the King to state that he had been long since convinced of "*your* truth and faithful service" would be merely a repetition, for what is faithful service but truth? No doubt, in the MS. used by the printer, "that" was written by a contraction *yt*, which was mistaken for the contraction of "your," viz. *yr*. "That" for *your* is from the corr. fo. 1632, and we have no hesitation in making the substitution.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.
[*Striking him.*

Bas. Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms is such,
That, whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death [5],
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong,
When, thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;
And after meet you sooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Same. A Room of State.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TALBOT, *the Governor of Paris, and others.*

Glo. Lord Bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save king Henry, of that name the sixth!

Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,—
[*Governor kneels.*

That you elect no other king but him,
Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends,
And none your foes, but such as shall pretend [6]
Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!
[*Exeunt Governor and his Train.*

Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.

[5] That, whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death,] The meaning seems to be, that whoever drew a sword within the precincts of the palace was liable to be punished with instant death.

[6] — but such as shall PRETEND] *i. e. Intend;* the word is repeatedly used in this way by Shakespeare and his contemporaries.

Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg [7]; [*Plucking it off.*
Which I have done, because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.—
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest.
This dastard, at the battle of Patay [8],
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away:
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surpris'd, and taken prisoners.
Then, judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill-beseeming any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in worst extremes [9].
He, then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order;

[7] — from thy CRAVEN's leg;] We should prefer, with Warburton, "*craven* leg," and have little doubt that it was so originally written; but we have no authority, printed or MS., for the alteration.

[8] — at the battle of PATAY,] The old copy has *Poictiers*. The error was not corrected, strange as it may seem, until the time of Steevens. The action of which Shakespeare is speaking happened (according to Holinshed) "neere unto a village in Beausse called *Pataie*," in 1428, whereas the battle of *Poictiers* was fought in 1357. "From this battell (of Patay) departed without anie stroke stricken, *Sir John Fastolfe*, the same yeere by his valiantnesse elected into the order of the garter. But for doubt of misdealing at this brunt, the duke of Bedford tooke from him the image of St. George and his garter," &c. See also p. 653 and p. 695, where Fastolfe is introduced.

[9] But always resolute in WORST extremes.] It stands "*most* extremes" in the early editions, but "worst extremes" is so much more expressive, and "worst" was so liable to be misprinted *most*, that we have no difficulty in inserting the emendation as the authentic language of the poet.

And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight.
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death.—

[*Exit* FASTOLFE.

And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his style?
No more but, plain and bluntly,—"To the king!"
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign,
Or doth this churlish superscription
Portend some alteration in good will[1]?
What's here? [*Reads.*] "I have upon especial cause,—
"Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,
"Together with the pitiful complaints
"Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
"Forsaken your pernicious faction,
"And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France."
O, monstrous treachery! Can this be so?
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.

K. Hen. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glo. It is the worst; and all, my lord, he writes.

K. Hen. Why then, lord Talbot, there, shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse.—
How say you, my lord? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight.

[1] PORTEND some alteration in good will?] The word has hitherto been *pretend*, which in the very opening of this scene we have seen used in the signification of *intend*: here the corr. fo. 1632 informs us that *pretend* is a misprint for "portend," and those who adhere to the old lection are obliged to give to *pretend* the force of "portend," viz. to hold out, or put forth. "Portend," in the line before us, means *foreshow*—"does not this churlish superscription *foreshow*, or threaten some alteration in good will?" This slight change of *pretend* to "portend," must express the meaning of the speaker.

Let him perceive, how ill we brook his treason;
And what offence it is to flout his friends.
Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*

Enter VERNON *and* BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!
Bas. And me, my lord; grant me the combat too!
York. This is my servant: hear him, noble prince.
Som. And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour him.
K. Hen. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak.—
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.
Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.
K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.
Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow, here, with envious carping tongue [2]
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth,
About a certain question in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.
Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him,
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing, that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness [3] of my master's heart.

[2] This fellow, here, with ENVIOUS carping tongue] In the folio, 1632, the epithet "envious" in some way escaped from the line: the old corrector restores it. In Vernon's next speech he makes him address the King most properly as "*royal* lord;" but as "noble lord," of the old copies may not be wrong, and as royalty was not unfrequently so spoken to, we make no change. To "repugn the truth," four lines below, is to *oppose* or *resist* the truth.

[3] BEWRAY'D the faintness] *i. e.* "*Betrayed* or *discovered* the faintness of my

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?
Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.
K. Hen. Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men;
When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise!—
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.
York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.
Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it, then.
York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.
Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.
Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.
Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd,
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lords, methinks, you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less, to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves.
Let me persuade you take a better course.
Exe. It grieves his highness:—good my lords, be friends.
K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants.
Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.—
And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation.
If they perceive dissension in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel?
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,

master's heart." The word is of the commonest occurrence, and is from the A. S. *wregan*. It is not to be confounded with *beray*, to befoul, or cover with dirt, which was not unfrequently spelt "bewray," as in our note on "The Taming of the Shrew," A. iv. sc. 1, Vol. ii. p. 493, where, perhaps, it ought properly to have been spelt *beray*.

King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France?
O! think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years; and let us not forego
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood.
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose, [*Putting on a red Rose.*
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset, than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.—
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France:—
And, good my lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
After some respite, will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented by your victories
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.
[*Flourish. Exeunt King* HENRY, GLO., SOM., WIN., SUF., *and* BASSET.

War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. And if I wist he did[4],—But let it rest;

[4] And if I WIST he did,] So Steevens reads, and in all probability rightly. The folios have "And if I *wish* he did." York means to hold out a sort of threat, "And if I wist, or *knew*, that he did;"—but, as we find from what follows, he immediately corrects and restrains himself, by "suppressing his voice." "And" may either be taken as the conjunction copulative, or as a reduplication of *if*, which was very common.—"*An if* I wist he did."

Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt* York, Warwick, *and* Vernon.

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear, we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shouldering of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much, when sceptres are in children's hands,
But more, when envy breeds unkind division:
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

France. Before Bordeaux.

Enter Talbot, *with his Forces.*

Tal. Go to the gates of Bordeaux, trumpeter:
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter, on the Walls, the General of the French Forces, and others.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England;
And thus he would.—Open your city gates,
Be humble to us, call my sovereign your's,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power;
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge,

The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death;
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee.
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd
To wall thee from the liberty of flight,
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, 'due thee withal[5];
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exeunt General, &c. from the Walls.*

Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy.—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale!
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood;
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch[6],

[5] That I, thy enemy, 'DUE thee withal;] The old copies print "'due," *dew*, and some commentators have supposed that it was to be taken in the sense of *bedew*; but we prefer Johnson's explanation, that "'due" was to be understood as *endue*, the first syllable being elided. Not only Shakespeare, but Milton and many other writers have "endue" for *invest*.

[6] Not RASCAL-LIKE, to fall down with a pinch,] We have before had "rascals" used for poor lean deer, in "As You Like It," A. iii. sc. 3, Vol. ii. p. 400. Most of the terms used in this part of Talbot's speech have reference to the forest: "be then in blood" was technical: see "Love's Labour's Lost," A. iii. sc. 2,

But rather moody mad, and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.—
God, and Saint George, Talbot, and England's right
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Plains in Gascony.

Enter YORK, *with Forces; to him, a Messenger.*

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?
Mess. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out,
That he is march'd to Bordeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot. As he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bordeaux.
York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,
And I am lowted by a traitor villain[7],
And cannot help the noble chevalier.
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY[8].

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,

Vol. ii. p. 129, where Holofernes says, "The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*,—in blood; ripe as the pomewater."

[7] And I am LOWTED by a traitor villain,] *i. e.* says Malone, "I am treated with contempt, like a *lowt* or country fellow."

[8] Enter Sir William Lucy.] The old stage-direction is (not "Enter a Messenger," as Malone states) "Enter *another* Messenger," one messenger having already brought intelligence to York: the second messenger, as appears afterwards, was Sir William Lucy.

Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction.
To Bordeaux, warlike duke! to Bordeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God! that Somerset—who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, make me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset[9].

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!
And on his son, young John; whom two hours since
I met in travel toward his warlike father.
This seven years did not Talbot see his son,
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—
Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset, and his delay.

[*Exit* York, *with his Forces.*

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the fifth. Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [*Exit.*

[9] All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.] *i. e.* All *caused* or *occasioned* by this vile traitor, a not uncommon idiom from the A. S. Richardson, in his Dict., appositely cites the prologue to "The Return from Parnassus," 1606, but he does not refer to this passage in Shakespeare, nor to the repetition of the same expression below: they are both exactly in point.

SCENE IV.

Other Plains of Gascony.

Enter SOMERSET, *with his Army; an Officer of* TALBOT'S *with him.*

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now.
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted: all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with. The over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure.
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.
Off. Here is sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, sir William! whither were you sent?
Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold lord Talbot;
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions[10]:
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.

[10] — from his weak LEGIONS:] The folios have *regions*; most probably, though not necessarily, an error, which was corrected by Rowe. We are in a hard strait with the Rev. Mr. Dyce, for here he almost blames us for not preferring the old lection, *regions*, while at the same moment he expresses his entire approbation of the new lection "legions." (Remarks, p. 125.) When he adds that he "cannot form the most distant idea" of certain arguments, we fear we cannot help him.

Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy[1],
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing that you withhold his levied host[2],
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies: he might have sent, and had the horse.
I owe him little duty, and less love,
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot.
Never to England shall he bear his life,
But dies betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will despatch the horsemen straight:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en, or slain,
For fly he could not, if he would have fled,
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The English Camp near Bordeaux.

Enter TALBOT *and* JOHN *his Son.*

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee,
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—O, malignant and ill-boding stars!—
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger[3]:

[1] Orleans the Bastard, Charles, AND Burgundy,] The conjunction is from the folio, 1632, and the line can scarcely be read metrically without it.

[2] — his levied HOST,] Ought we not to read "levied *horse?*"

[3] A terrible and UNAVOIDED danger:] Shakespeare uses "unavoided" precisely in the same way in "Richard II.," A. ii. sc. 1, p. 248,

"And *unavoided* is the danger now;"

meaning *unavoidable, inevitable.*

Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not; begone.
John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O! if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard, and a slave of me:
The world will say he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.
Tal. Fly to revenge my death, if I be slain.
John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.
Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.
John. Then let me stay; and father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast,
In your's they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won,
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage every one will swear,
But if I bow[4], they'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.
Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?
John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.
Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.
John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.
Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.
John. No part of him but will be shame in me.
Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.
John. Yes, your renowned name: shall flight abuse it?
Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.
John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.
Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight, and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.
John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?

[4] But if I BOW,] *i. e.* If I *submit* to circumstances, and fly. The corr. fo. 1632 substitutes *fly* for "bow," but there seems no adequate reason for this deviation: we may possibly take "bow" in the sense of yielding, or bowing to his father's command. Mr. Singer prints "But if I *flew*, they'*d* say," &c.

No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.
Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die,
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly[5]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Field of Battle.

Alarum: Excursions, wherein TALBOT'S *Son is hemmed about, and* TALBOT *rescues him.*

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight[6]!
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot?—pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescued thee from death.
John. O, twice my father! twice am I thy son:
The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done;
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.
Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warmed thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood

[5] And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.] Johnson remarked upon the peculiarity that this portion of the play is entirely in rhyme, and he suspected that it had belonged to some earlier poem. That it formed part of the old lost play on which Shakespeare founded the first part of "Henry VI." is highly probable: he, however, introduced the rhyming scenes by blank-verse of his own, and concluded them in the same way, after the entrance of Sir William Lucy, p. 718.

[6] Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight!] This line alone has no corresponding rhyme, and we may therefore suspect an omission, but the corr. fo. 1632 furnishes nothing here.

Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus: "Contaminated, base,
And misbegotton blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:"—
Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art thou not weary, John? How dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly to revenge my death, when I am dead;
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O! too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain, and if I stay,
'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame.
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;
These words of your's draw life-blood from my heart.
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
(To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame)
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
And like me[7] to the peasant boys of France,
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly I am not Talbot's son:
Then, talk no more of flight, it is no boot[8],
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

[7] And LIKE ME] *i. e.* And *liken* me to, or compare me with.

[8] — it is no BOOT,] "Boot" and *booty* are in fact the same word, and mean gain, profit, or advantage. It is also used as a verb, "to boot," meaning in addition. In "The Taming of the Shrew," A. v. sc. 2, Vol. ii. p. 525, we have had this very phrase "for it is no boot;" and the expression "it boots not" is of frequent occurrence. "Boot" is from the A. S. *botan.*

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus. Thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side,
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Another Part of the Same.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter TALBOT *wounded, supported by a Soldier*[9].

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone:
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?—
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.—
When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tendering my ruin, and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clustering battle of the French:
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His overmounting spirit; and there died
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of JOHN TALBOT.

Sold. O, my dear lord! lo, where your son is borne!
Tal. Thou antick, death[10], which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,

[9] — supported by a Soldier.] The stage-direction in the folio, 1623, is "Enter old Talbot led"—"by a Servant" add modern editors—"by a Soldier" says the corr. fo. 1632; and it is much more proper that the old warrior should be supported on the field of battle by a Soldier than by a man-servant.

[10] Thou ANTICK, death,] Shakespeare, in "Richard II.," A. iii. sc. 2, this Vol. p. 267, has called death an "antick;" and see the note upon the passage.

Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky [1],
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.—
O! thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who should say,
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms.
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. [*Dies.*

Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers, leaving the two bodies. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, *Bastard,* LA PUCELLE, *and Forces.*

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.
Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging wood [2],
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!
Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,
"Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:"
But with a proud, majestical high scorn,
He answered thus: "Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglot wench [3]."
So, rushing in the bowels of the French [4],
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.
Bur. Doubtless, he would have made a noble knight.
See, where he lies inhersed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms [5].

[1] — through the LITHER sky,] *i. e.* "Through the *yielding* sky." Milton's epithet, *buxom*, as applied to the air, has much the same meaning, for the old signification of *buxom* was *obedient*. Chaucer uses it both in the sense of *obedient* and *civil*. See Tyrwhitt's Glossary.

[2] — raging wood,] *i. e.* Raging *mad:* the old word for *mad* was "wood." See "Midsummer-Night's Dream," A. ii. sc. 2. Vol. ii. p. 205.

[3] To be the pillage of a GIGLOT wench."] A "giglot" is a *wanton*, and it is met with in this sense in various authors of Shakespeare's time. We have it, among other places, in Middleton's "Family of Love" (Dyce's Edit. ii. 115), where Gudgeon says, "Leave not thy native soil for a *giglot*," and Lipsalve follows it up by exclaiming, "forsake thy country for a wagtail?"

[4] So, rushing in the bowels of the French,] This line is omitted in the folio, 1632, but inserted in MS. by the old corrector of that impression.

[5] Of the MOST BLOODY nurser of his harms.] "Of the *still bleeding* nurser of his harms" is the reading offered by the corr. fo. 1632, but we only place

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.
Char. O, no! forbear; for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY, *attended; a French Herald preceding.*

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?
Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.
Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me briefly whom thou seekest now [6].
Lucy. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great earl of Washford [7], Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael, and the golden fleece;
Great mareshal to Henry the sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of France?
Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.—

it in a note, because the change is not imperatively called for, and Shakespeare (if he wrote this part of the play) may have meant that Burgundy should call Talbot, who had been the destruction of so many Frenchmen, "most bloody."

[6] But tell me BRIEFLY whom thou seekest NOW.] "Briefly" and "now" are from the corr. fo. 1632, words of no great import in themselves, but of some value for the completion of the verse. We have inserted them; but when the old annotator strikes out "obtain'd" in Lucy's second line, we pause, inasmuch as the word may have come from the poet's pen, and "to know" may have belonged to the previous line, which is complete without "Herald."

[7] Great earl of WASHFORD,] "Washford" seems to have been the ancient name of *Wexford*. R. Compton, in his "Mansion of Magnanimitie," 1599, which contains verses upon Talbot, speaking of his titles, calls him earl of Washford. This enumeration of names is struck out in the corr. fo. 1632, and we can easily believe that they were not recited by the actor of the part of Sir William Lucy.

Him, that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain? the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O! were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.
O! that I could but call these dead to life,
It were enough to fright the realm of France.
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence[8],
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Puc. I think, this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence:
But from their very ashes shall be rear'd[9]
A phœnix that shall make all France afeard.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain. [*Exeunt.*

[8] — that I may bear them HENCE,] In the corr. fo. 1632 the words are "that I bear them *forth*;" "may" having been omitted for the measure, and *forth* substituted for the rhyme. There are other rhymes in this part of the scene, although it is chiefly in blank verse, but we do not see the necessity of here doing violence to the text as we find it preserved in the folios. The case is different where the old annotator inserts "'em" for them, where Pucelle says "For God's sake let him have *'em*," which is *him* in the old copies, and cannot possibly be right.

[9] But from their VERY ashes shall be rear'd] "Very" is not in the folio, 1623, but is obtained from the corr. fo. 1632. It gives additional emphasis to the speech, and restores the measure (which here, we may presume, was intended to be regular), in order that it might match the next line, with which it rhymes. We have little doubt that the same authority is right when he tells us to read the first line of the reply of Charles thus:—

"So we be rid of them, do what thou wilt."

In the folio, 1623, it is,

"So we be rid of them, do with him what thou wilt;"

but *him* is clearly an error, and it has been usual, as in the folio, 1632, to alter *him* to *them* or "'em," and so we give the text, making no change, merely on account of the irregularity of the verse, in a line which, in point of jingle, corresponds with no other: the two concluding lines rhyme, and there each consists of the usual number of syllables. We have frequently deserted the corr. fo. 1632, in places where changes have been made, as far as we can now judge, merely for the sake of the verse.

ACT V. SCENE I.[10]

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and* EXETER.

K. Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?
Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this:—
They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France.
K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion?
Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood[1],
And 'stablish quietness on every side.
K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.
Glo. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect,
And surer bind, this knot of amity,
The earl of Armagnac, near kin to Charles[2],
A man of great authority in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.
K. Hen. Marriage, uncle? alas! my years are young,
And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.

[10] Act v. Scene i.] In the folio, 1623, the acts and scenes are usually correctly marked; but here, what we must consider the commencement of Act v. is only called *Scena Secunda.*

[1] To stop effusion of OUR Christian blood,] The corr. fo. 1632 erases "our" and has *much* in the margin, but we do not see the expediency of the change.

[2] The earl of Armagnac, near KIN to Charles,] Of the fitness of this emendation there can be no doubt, and it is from the corr. fo. 1632: the Duke of Gloster afterwards speaks of Armagnac as *kinsman* to Charles. In the folio, 1623, the word is *knit* for "kin," an evident and an easy misprint. Mr. Singer is obliged to admit that "it has been proposed to read 'near *kin* to Charles.'" Where has it been so proposed? In the corr. fo. 1632, which Mr. Singer has always such a wish to ignore. The emendation was never suggested (not even in Mr. Singer's corrected folio, 1632) until it appeared in our volume of "Notes and Emendations," p. 277.

Yet, call th' ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice,
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors, with WINCHESTER, *as a Cardinal.*

Exe. What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then, I perceive, that will be verified
Henry the fifth did sometime prophesy,—
"If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown."
K. Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;
And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd,
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.
Glo. And for the proffer of my lord, your master,
I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,—
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.
K. Hen. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.— [*Giving it.*
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt King* HENRY *and Train;* GLOSTER, EXETER, *and Ambassadors.*

Win. Stay, my lord legate: you shall first receive
The sum of money, which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness,
For clothing me in these grave ornaments[3].
Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure. [*Exit.*
Win. Now, Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That, neither in birth, or for authority,

[3] — GRAVE ornaments.] Possibly *brave* ornaments: they were scarlet.

The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

France. Plains in Anjou.

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, *and Forces, marching.*

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits.
'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.
Alen. Then, march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.
Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Scout[4].

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!
Char. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee, speak.
Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parties[5], is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently.
Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.
Bur. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there:
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.
Puc. Of all base passions fear is most accurs'd.—
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.
Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate! [*Exeunt.*

[4] Enter a SCOUT.] So called in the stage-direction to the old copies: "Scout" designates his particular employment, and he was not a mere *messenger*, as he is termed in modern editions. He is also called "Scout" in the prefixes.

[5] Into two PARTIES,] Ought we not to read *parts* for "parties?"

SCENE III.

The Same. Before Angiers.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter La Pucelle.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.—
Now help, ye charming spells, and periapts [6];
And ye, choice spirits, that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents: [*Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are call'd [7]
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk, and speak not.*
O! hold me not with silence over-long.
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a farther benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now.—
[*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.
[*They shake their heads.*
Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.—
[*They depart.*
See! they forsake me. Now the time is come,

[6] — ye charming spells, and PERIAPTS;] "Periapts," or *amulets*, were worn about the neck or body as preservatives from disease or danger. Of these the first chapter of St. John's gospel was deemed the most efficacious. See Reginald Scott's "Discovery of Witchcraft," 1584, p. 230, &c.

[7] — that are CALL'd] It is *cull'd* in the old copies, but spirits are "call'd" by magicians and necromancers out of the regions "under earth," and the word is altered to "call'd" in the corr. fo. 1632.

That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with [8].
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting. La Pucelle *and* York *fight hand to hand* [9]*:* La Pucelle *is taken. The French fly.*

York. Damsel of France, I think, I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.—
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.
Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.
York. O! Charles the Dauphin is a proper man:
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.
Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!
York. Fell, banning hag [10]! enchantress, hold thy tongue.
Puc. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while.
York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter Suffolk, *leading in Lady* Margaret.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
[*Gazes on her.*
O, fairest beauty! do not fear, nor fly,
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands:
I kiss these fingers [*Kissing her hand*] for eternal peace [11],

[8] — for me to BUCKLE with.] To *strive* or *contend with:* see p. 653, where the word is used precisely in the same way. Mr. Singer here speaks of a character he calls *Charolois:* there is no such personage in the play, but doubtless he means the Dauphin.

[9] — La Pucelle and York fight hand to hand:] In the old stage-direction we are told, "Burgundy and York fight hand to hand:" it is clearly an error, and Burgundy is not on the stage.

[10] Fell, BANNING hag!] "Ban" was very commonly used as a synonyme to *curse.* It is from the Sax. *abannan.* Other instances must be superfluous, when Shakespeare himself so often uses the word.

[11] I kiss these fingers [*Kissing her hand*] for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.] Malone and others transpose these

And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.
Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.
Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings [1].
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.
[*She turns away, as going.*
O, stay!—I have no power to let her go [2];
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy stream,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fie, De la Poole! disable not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner [3]?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and mocks the sense of touch [4].
Mar. Say, earl of Suffolk, if thy name be so,

lines, but without necessity: Somerset takes the Lady Margaret's hand, which was hanging down by her side, and when he has kissed it, he gently restores it to its place again.

[1] Keeping them PRISONERS underneath HER wings.] The folio, 1623, has *prisoner* and *his:* the folio, 1632, only corrects *his* to *her* (for which it was a misprint, *her* of old having been frequently spelt *hir*), but the folio, 1664, gives both words rightly.

[2] O, stay!—I have no power to let her GO;] "To let her *pass*" in the folios, but this part of the speech is in rhyme, and the corr. fo. 1632 amends *pass* to "go." Two lines below it alters *streams* to "stream," obviously for the same reason: Mr. Singer adopts "stream."

[3] Hast not a tongue? is she not here THY PRISONER?] The words "thy prisoner" are from the second folio, and they are clearly necessary to the sense. Some modern editors have inserted "thy prisoner" without notice, as if the first folio had not been here defective.

[4] Confounds the tongue, and MOCKS THE SENSE OF TOUCH.] The reading of Malone and of most other modern editors is,

"Confounds the tongue, and *makes the senses rough*,"

which is mere nonsense, derived from the old editions. We are confident that the corr. fo. 1632 gives the true, but grossly misrepresented, language of the poet, which we have inserted in our text. It is a fortunate recovery, which completely explains a much disputed and never, till now, cleared up passage.

What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.
Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aside.*
Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?
Suf. She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won [5]. [*Aside.*
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no?
Suf. Fond man! remember that thou hast a wife;
Then, how can Margaret be thy paramour? [*Aside.*
Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at random: sure, the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.
Suf. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: tush! that's a wooden thing [6].
Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that, too;
For though her father be the king of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match. [*Aside.*
Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?
Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.
Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me. [*Aside.*
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps, I shall be rescu'd by the French,
And then I need not crave his courtesy. [*Aside.*
Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—
Mar. Tush! women have been captivate ere now. [*Aside.*
Suf. Lady, pray tell me wherefore talk you so [7]?

[5] She is a woman, therefore to be won.] Steevens pointed out this passage in R. Greene's "Planetomachia," printed in 1585.

[6] — a WOODEN thing.] An awkward business (says Steevens), a clumsy contrivance, or an undertaking not likely to succeed. The epithet "wooden" was not unfrequently so applied.

[7] Lady, PRAY TELL ME wherefore talk you so?] This line was clearly intended to rhyme with the next, but in the original it is three syllables short of the proper

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid* for *quo*.
Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?
Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility,
For princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—[8]
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam; are you so content?
Mar. An if my father please, I am content[9].
Suf. Then, call our captains, and our colours forth!

measure: the corr. fo. 1632 adds the words "pray tell me," and as they are unobjectionable, they ought to be accepted. The same authority instructs us to make other changes in the following lines, and we print them in a note, not feeling it necessary to insert them in the text, as the alterations only apply to rhymes, and do not in any way affect the meaning.

"*Suf.* Say, gentle princess, would you not *then ween*
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?
Mar. A queen in bondage is more vile *to me*
Than is a slave in base servility,
For princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be *true*."

It seems extremely probable that such were the original rhymes; but perhaps they were afterwards rejected, in order to suit the drama to a period when the jingle was less welcome to theatrical auditors. Where the rhymes have been preserved in the folio, 1623, we of course always adhere to them.

[8] If thou wilt condescend to BE MY—] Steevens with plausibility supposed that the words "be my," in all the folios, were an interpolation, and that the incomplete sentence of Suffolk really ended at "to." The change is certainly an improvement of the measure, and gives a more delicate turn to the sense: in our text, however, we somewhat reluctantly follow the old copies.

[9] — I am content.] *I give consent* in the corr. fo. 1632, but there seems no sufficient necessity for the alteration, though it may certainly have been the language of the poet.

And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

[*Troops come forward.*

A Parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER, *on the Walls.*

Suf. See, Reignier, see thy daughter prisoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king,
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto,
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
Suf. Fair Margaret knows,
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.
Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[*Exit, from the Walls.*

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming down[1].

Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, *below.*

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.
Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king.
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?
Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
To be the princely bride of such a lord,
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the county Maine, and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.
Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her;

[1] And here I will expect thy coming DOWN.] The line is imperfect without "down," and there seems no reason for not inserting it from the corr. fo. 1632, although the sense may be complete without it.

And those two counties, I will undertake,
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.
Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king:
And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case.
I'll over, then, to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd.
So, farewell, Reignier. Set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.
Mar. Farewell, my lord. Good wishes, praise, and prayers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*
Suf. Farewell, sweet madam! But hark you, Margaret;
No princely commendations to my king?
Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.
Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly[2] directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again;—
No loving token to his majesty?
Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.
Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*
Mar. That for thyself: I will not so presume,
To send such peevish tokens[3] to a king.
[*Exeunt* REIGNIER *and* MARGARET.
Suf. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth:
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wond'rous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
'Mid natural graces[4] that extinguish art;

[2] — modestly] First folio, *modesty:* corrected in the second folio.

[3] — such PEEVISH tokens] *i. e.* Such *silly* or *trifling* tokens. See "Henry IV., Pt. I.," A. iii. sc. 1, p. 375, &c.

[4] 'MID natural graces] For "'Mid," *i. e. amid*, the folio, 1623, has *Mad*, and the folio, 1632, *Made*, but the old annotator on that edition amends it, incontestably, to "'Mid." The Rev. Mr. Dyce, we think, somewhere (not in his "Remarks" nor in his "Few Notes") claims to have discovered the fitness of

Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Camp of the Duke of York, in Anjou.

Enter York, Warwick, *and others.*

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter La Pucelle, *guarded; and an old Shepherd.*

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright.
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan! sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee.
Puc. Decrepit miser[5]! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood:
Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.
Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify,
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.
War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?
York. This argues what her kind of life hath been;
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.
Shep. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle[6]!
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:

this alteration long ago: if so, of course we give him full credit for it. Mr. Singer still cannot bring himself to mention our corr. fo. 1632, but admits that "'Mid" has been proposed: he however puts up with M. Mason's *And*, rather than attribute the merit of "'Mid" to the corr. fo. 1632. If he had known of Mr. Dyce's lucky guess, it would have saved him some annoyance.

[5] Decrepit miser!] "Miser" is here employed in its etymological sense, and it was not uncommon so to use it at the period.

[6] — that thou wilt be so obstacle!] In various writers of the time of Shakespeare, and earlier, "obstacle" was used by peasants, &c. for *obstinate*. Steevens produces instances from Chapman's "May-Day," 1611, and from Chettle's "Hoffman," printed in 1631, but written about thirty years earlier: other proofs might be found without much difficulty.

Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.
Puc. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.—
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake;
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee.
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O! burn her, burn her: hanging is too good. [*Exit.*
York. Take her away; for she hath lived too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.
Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd;
Not one begotten of a shepherd swain[7],
But issu'd from the progeny of kings:
Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No; misconceived Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy[8],

[7] Not ONE begotten of a shepherd swain,] The early impressions all have "Not *me*," &c. but we quite agree with Malone that it is a misprint for "one," although he nevertheless printed *me* in his text.

[8] No; misconceived Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,] Malone, Steevens, and all other modern editors, strangely point this passage as follows:—
"No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been," &c.
and add, in a note, that "misconceived" is to be understood *misconceivers;* when in fact the meaning merely and clearly is, that Joan asserts that she has herself been *mistaken* and "misconceived," and is not what she has been supposed to be. Capell boldly inserted *misconceivers*, as if it were Shakespeare's text. It would have been too much to expect from Mr. Singer, that he would state his approval of our reading of this passage, which was quite new in our first edition: he silently adopts it, and that is enough for him,—and for us.

Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.
York. Ay, ay.—Away with her to execution!
War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.
Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not, then, the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
York. Now, heaven forfend! the holy maid with child?
War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought!
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?
York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well, go to: we will have no bastards live;
Especially, since Charles must father it.
Puc. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his:
It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.
York. Alençon, that notorious Machiavel?
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.
Puc. O! give me leave; I have deluded you:
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.
War. A married man: that's most intolerable.
York. Why, here's a girl! I think, she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.
War. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.
York. And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.
Puc. Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave my curse.
May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode;
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief, and despair
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!
[*Exit, guarded.*

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT, *attended.*

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse at these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth to confer about some matter.
York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?—
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.
War. Be patient, York! if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, *attended;* ALENÇON, *Bastard,* REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaimed in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.
York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my prison'd voice[9],
By sight of these our baleful enemies.
Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:—
That, in regard king Henry gives consent,

[9] The hollow passage of my PRISON'D voice,] It is "*poison'd* voice" in the old copies, but the epithet is amended to "prison'd" in the corr. fo. 1632. Pope guessed at the change, and rightly made it part of his text. In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Bonduca," A. i. sc. 2, the same misprint is undetected.

Of mere compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liegemen to his crown.
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known, already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Used intercession to obtain a league,
And now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king[1],
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy
[*Aside to* CHARLES.
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility;

[1] Of BENEFIT proceeding from our king,] As Johnson truly says, "benefit" is here used as a term of law: Charles was to accept his title to the kingdom of France as the beneficiary of the King of England. Two lines above the corr. fo. 1632 has *comparisons*, in the plural.

And, therefore, take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.
War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?
Char. It shall; only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.
York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—
[CHARLES *and his Nobles give tokens of fealty.*
So; now dismiss your army when ye please:
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace[2]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, *in conference with* SUFFOLK; GLOSTER *and* EXETER *following.*

K. Hen. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart;
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.
Suf. Tush! my good lord, this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind,

[2] For here we ENTERTAIN a solemn peace.] The corr. fo. 1632 reads *interchange* for "entertain" with great plausibility, but as "entertain" is very intelligible, we leave it. The error, if any, was from mishearing.

She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.
K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.
Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem;
How shall we, then, dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?
Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths:
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds.
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.
Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.
Suf. Yes, my good lord[3], her father is a king,
The king of Naples and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.
Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.
Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.
Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich.
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship:
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,

[3] Yes, my GOOD lord,] Suffolk has before begun "Tush! my good lord," and here we can have no hesitation in accepting "good" from the folio, 1632: in the folio, 1623, it had dropped out. This species of error has been more frequent than usual in this play.

Must be companion of his nuptial bed;
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us [4],
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss [5],
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king:
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
(More than in women commonly is seen)
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve,
As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of Suffolk, or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France:
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen.
For your expences and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.

[4] It most of all these reasons bindeth us,] "*The* most" reads the corr. fo. 1632, but Rowe substituted *It*, which we think is to be preferred. The line cannot be read properly without an additional syllable.

[5] Whereas the contrary bringeth FORTH bliss,] The second folio has "bringeth *forth* bliss:" the line reads almost as well without the word as with it; not, however, supposing, with Malone, that the word "contrary" was meant to be pronounced *conterary*. Malone had several peculiar notions regarding English pronunciation.

Be gone, I say; for till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* EXETER.

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm [6]. [*Exit.*

[6] But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.] This seems a very bald and tame conclusion to the play, without even a rhyming couplet, which we must suppose intentional, since it would have been very easy to have ended the performance by a jingle: all that would have been absolutely necessary would have been to substitute *helm* for "king" in the penultimate line. "Henry VI., Pt. I.," reads on to "Henry VI., Pt. II.," as if there had been no more separation between the two plays than is usual between two acts of the same play.

END OF VOL. III.

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